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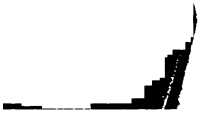

(Beaumont)

A. DOWS

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

LOVE's PILGRIMAGE,
The DOUBLE MARRIAGE,
The MAID *in the* MILL,
The KNIGHT *of* MALTA,
LOVE's CURE; *or*, *The* MARTIAL MAID,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Sympson.

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ERRATA.

Page 136, Line 3, before *I hear Sir* put *Mast*.
Note 29, Line 6, dele *as*
Page 150, in Note, Line 10, for *dwell* read *dwell*
163, Note 50, Line 8, for *Titynis* read *Tityrus*
171, in Note, for *Slave-like* read *Slave like*
188, Note 67, Line 4, for *Poets*, *still* read *Poets Stile*
5, for *that* read *but*
205, Note 3, Line 2, for *any of* read *any change of*
3, for *change* read *one*
285, Note 66, Line 3, after purpose instead of an? put a.
338, Note 34, Line 11, after *of his to her* add viz.—— *no more Rage*
398, Note 5, at the end, add——*unless the Author, or his Editor, wrote* hope *for* holpe, *not regarding the Powers of the Letters so much as the Manner of pronouncing them.*

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

TO this Place, Gentlemen, full many a Day
We've bid ye welcome, and to many a Play:
And thoſe whoſe angry Souls were not diſeas'd
With Law, or lending Mony, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This Night
No mighty Matter, nor no light,
We muſt intreat you look for: A good Tale,
Told in two Hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearſe ye: New
I'm ſure it is, and handſom: but how true
Let them diſpute that writ it. Ten to one
We pleaſe the Women, and I'd know that Man
Follows not their Example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Scene,
For't lyes upon the Road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good Men, leave us not i'th' Mire,
Another Bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but hoa,
And we'll ſtay for ye. When our Journey ends——
Every Man's Pot I hope, and all part Friends.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Governor of Barcelona.
Leonardo, *a noble* Genoeſe, *Father to* Mark Antonio.
Don Zanchio, *an old Lame angry Soldier, Father to* Leocadia.
Alphonſo, *a cholerick Don, Father to* Theodoſia.
Philippo, *Son to* Alphonſo, *Lover of* Leocadia.
Marc-Antonio, *Son to* Leonardo.
Pedro, *a Gentleman, and Friend to* Leonardo.
Rodorigo, *General of the* Spaniſh *Gallies.*
Incubo, *Bailiff of* Caſtel Blanco.
Diego, *Hoſt of* Oſſuna.
Lazaro, *Hoſtler to* Diego.
Hoſt of Barcelona.
Bailiff of Barcelona.
Chirurgions.
Soldiers.
Townſmen.
Attendants.

WOMEN.

Theodoſia, *Daughter to* Alphonſo, } *Love-ſick Ladies in*
Leocadia, *Daughter to Don* Zanchio, } *purſuit of* M. Anton.
Eugenia, *Wife to the Governor of* Barcelona.
Hoſteſs, Wife to Diego.
Hoſteſs, Wife to the Hoſt of Barcelona.

SCENE Barcelona *and the Road.*

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo *the Bailiff, and* Diego *the Hoſt.*

INCUBO.

SIgnior Don *Diego*, and mine Hoſt, ſave thee.
Die. I thank you, Mr. Baily.
Inc. O the Block!
Die. Why, how ſhould I have anſwer'd?
Inc. Not with that
Negligent Rudeneſs: But I kiſs your Hands,
Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, (and then
My Titles;) Maſter Baily of *Caſtel Blanco*;——
Thou ne'er wilt have the Elegancy of an Hoſt;
I ſorrow for thee, as my Friend and Goſſip:
No ſmoak, nor ſteam out-breathing from the Kitchen?
There's little Life i'th' Hearth then.
Die. Ay, there, there,
That is his Friendſhip, harkening for the Spit,
And ſorry that he cannot ſmell the Pot boil.
Inc. Strange
An Inn ſhould be ſo curſt, and not the Sign
Blaſted nor wither'd; very ſtrange, three Days now,
And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion. [traps,
Die. I think they ha' ſtrew'd th' High-ways with Cal-
No Horſe dares paſs 'em; I did never know

A Week of ſo ſad Doings, ſince I firſt
Stood to my Sign Poſt.
Inc. Goſſip, I have found
The Root of all: (1) Kneel pray, it is thy ſelf
Art cauſe thereof; each Perſon is the Founder
Of his own Fortune, good or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy Cloak and Rapier.
Die. How?
Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haſte: Alter thy Fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Doſt thou think
Her good Face e'er will know a Man in *cuerpo?*
In ſingle Body, thus? In Hoſe and Doublet,
The Horſe-Boy's Garb? Baſe Blank, and half Blank *cuerpo?*
Did I, or Mr. Dean of *Sevil* our Neighbour
E'er reach our Dignities in *cuerpo*, think'ſt thou,
In ſquirting Hoſe and Doublet? Signior, no, [Caſſocks,
There went more to't: There were Cloaks, Gowns, and
And other *Paramentos:* Call, I ſay.
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. What means your Worſhip?
Inc. Bring forth thy Husband's Sword; ſo, hang it on,
And now his Cloak, here caſt it up; I mean,
Goſſip, to change your Luck, and bring you Gueſts.
Hoſteſs. Why! Is there Charm in this?
Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the Pace of one that runs on Errands;
For, want of Gravity in an Hoſt, is odious:
You may remember, Goſſip, if you pleaſe,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipſies,
And your ſelf governing a great Man's Mules then)
Me a poor Eſquire at *Madrid* attending
A Maſter of Ceremonies; but a Man, believe it,
That knew his Place to the gold Weight; and ſuch

(1) —*Kneel it is thy ſelf*] The Verb *pray* ſo abſolutely requiſite to compleat the Quantity and Senſe, I have reſtor'd from the Folio of 1647.

Have

Have I heard him oft ſay, ought ev'ry Hoſt
Within the Catholick King's Dominion
Be, in his own Houſe.
Die. How?
Inc. A Maſter of Ceremonies;
At leaſt Vice-Maſter, and to do nought in *cuerpo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not ſpeak with an Ambaſſador's Cook,
See a cold bake Meat from a foreign Part
In *cuerpo*: Had a Dog but ſtay'd without,
Or Beaſt of Quality, as an *Engliſh* Cow,
But to preſent it ſelf, he would put on
His *Savoy* Chain about his Neck, the Ruff
And Cuffs of *Holland*; then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentine* Agat,
The *Milan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa*, ſet
With *Flemiſh* Buttons; all his given Pieces
To entertain 'em in, and Complement [*Knock within.*
With a tame Cony, as with th' Prince that ſent it.
Die. Liſt, who is there?
Inc. A Gueſt, and't be thy Will. [ha?
Die. Look Spouſe, cry Luck, and we be encounter'd,
Hoſteſs. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave Gueſt,
With a brave Horſe.
Inc. Why now, believe of *Cuerpo*

Enter Theodoſia.

As you ſhall ſee Occaſion; go and meet him.
Theo. Look to my Horſe, I pray you, well.
Die. He ſhall, Sir.
Inc. Oh how beneath his Rank and Call was that now?
Your Horſe ſhall be entreated as becomes
A Horſe of Faſhion, and his Inches!
Theo. Oh.
Inc. Look to the Cavalier: What ails he? Stay
If it concern his Horſe, let it not trouble him,
He ſhall have all Reſpect the Place can yield him
Either of Barly, or freſh Straw. *Die.* Good Sir,
Look up. *Inc.* He ſinks, ſomewhat to caſt upon him,
He'll go away in *cuerpo* elſe.

Die. What, Wife!
Oh your hot Waters quickly, and ſome cold
To caſt in his ſweet Face.
Hoſteſs. Alas,——fair Flower! [*Exit.*
Inc. Does any Body entertain his Horſe?
Die. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.

Enter Hoſteſs with a Glaſs of Water.

Inc. Go you ſee him in Perſon. [*Exit* Diego.
Hoſteſs. Sir, taſte a little of this, of mine own Water,
I did diſtill't my ſelf; ſweet Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
Faint not upon your Stalk, 'tis firm and freſh,
Stand up, ſo, bolt upright, you're yet in growing.
Theo. Pray you let me have a Chamber.
Hoſteſs. That you ſhall, Sir.
Theo. And where I may be private, I entreat you.
Hoſteſs. For that, in troth Sir, we ha' no Choice: Our Houſe
Is but a (2) Vent of need, that now and then
Receives a Gueſt between the greater Towns
As they come late; only one Room.
Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
Of thoſe wild, ſcatter'd Heaps, call'd Inns, where ſcarce
The Hoſt's heard, though he wind his Horn t'his People,
Here is a competent Pile, wherein the Man,
Wife, Servants, all do live within the whiſtle.
Hoſteſs. Only one Room——
Inc. A pretty modeſt Quadrangle
She will deſcribe to you.
Hoſteſs. Wherein ſtand two Beds, Sir,

Enter Diego.

We have, and where, if any Gueſt do come,
He muſt of Force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.
Theo. But if I pay you for both Beds, methinks
That ſhould alike content you.
Hoſteſs. That it ſhall, Sir.
If I be paid, I'm paid.

(2) *Venta*, an Inn. *Hiſpanicè.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Theo.

Theo. Why, there's a Ducket,
Will that make your Content?
Hoſteſs. Oh the ſweet Face on you:
A Ducket? Yes, and there were three Beds, Sir,
And twice ſo many Rooms, which is one more,
You ſhould be private in 'em all, in all, Sir;
No one ſhould have a Piece of a Bed with you,
Not Maſter Dean of *Sevil* himſelf, I ſwear.
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
When h'had like t'have been ta'en a Bed with the *Moor*,
And guelt by'r Maſter; you ſhall be as private,
As if you lay in's own great Houſe that's haunted,
Where no Body comes, they ſay.
Theo. I thank you, Hoſteſs.
Pray you, will you ſhew me in.
Hoſteſs. Yes marry will I, Sir,
And pray that not a Flea, or a (3) Chinch vex you.
[*Exit Hoſteſs and* Theo.
Inc. You forget Supper: Goſſip, move for Supper.
Die. 'Tis ſtrange what love to a Beaſt may do, his Horſe
Threw him into this fit.
Inc. You ſhall excuſe me,
It was his being in *cuerpo* meerly caus'd it.
Die. Do you think ſo, Sir?
Inc. Moſt unlucky *cuerpo*.
Nought elſe, he looks as he would eat a Partridge
This Gueſt; ha' you 'em ready in the Houſe?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and freſh Garlick,

Enter Hoſteſs.

(4) With a *Sardina* and *Zant* Oil? How now?
Has he beſpoke? what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a ſhort leg'd Hen,
Daintily carbonado'd?

(3) *Chinche* in *Spaniſh*, ſignifies a ſtinking Wall-Louſe. Mr. *Theobald.*
(4) *With* Sardinia *and* Zant *Oil?*—] I had endeavoured to cure this corrupted Paſſage long before I ſaw the Copy of 1647, thus, —*With a* Sardiny *and* Zant *Oil?*— And upon collating of that Edition, I found I had done it within a ſmall Trifle. For there the Line runs thus; —*With a* Sardina *and* Zant *Oil.* A *Sardina* or *Sardiny*, is an Anchovy.

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. 'Laſs, the dead
May be as ready for a Supper as he.
Inc. Ha?
Hoſteſs. He has no mind to eat, more than his ſhadow.
Inc. Say you.
Die. How does your Worſhip?
Inc. I put on
My left Shoe firſt to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a Bead in ſaying 'em o'er, elſe
I could not be thus croſs'd: He cannot be
Above ſeventeen; one of his Years, and have
No better a Stomach?
Hoſteſs. And in ſuch good Cloaths too. [Wife,
Die. Nay, theſe do often make the Stomach worſe,
That is no reaſon.
Inc. I could, at his Years, Goſſips,
(As temperate as you ſee me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Gooſe, my Cony,
And drank my whole twelve *Marvedis* in Wine,
As eaſie as I now get down three Olives.
Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
(5) Your Worſhip would put to't at ſix and thirty
For a good Wager; and the Meal in too.
Inc. I do not know what mine old Mouth can do,
I ha not prov'd it lately.
Die. That's the grief, Sir.
Inc. But is he without hope then gone to Bed?
Hoſteſs. I fear ſo, Sir; h'as lock'd the Door cloſe to him,
Sure he is very ill.
Inc. That is with faſting,
You ſhould ha' told him Goſſip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your Kitchen,
It is the Picklock in an Inn, and often

(5) *Your Worſhip would put to't at ſix and thirty*] This is not an Age for a Man to be called old at: *Six and Fifty* I imagine was what our Authors wrote, tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text. What ſeems to be a Confirmation of it is the following Speech of *Incubo*,

I do not know what my old Mouth *can do.*

Opens

Opens a cloſe barr'd Stomach: What may he be now?
Has he ſo good a Horſe?
Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'er your Worſhip ſaw.
Inc. And he eats?
Die, Strongly.
Inc. A mighty Soleciſm, Heav'n give me Patience,
What Creatures has he?
Hoſteſs. None.
Inc. And ſo well cloath'd,
And ſo well mounted?
Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he ſhould be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For th' Conſtable's Son of *Spain.*
Inc. My wonder's more
He ſhould want Appetite: Well, a good Night
To both my Goſſips; I will for this time
Put off the thought of ſupping: In the Morning
Remember him of Breakfaſt pray you.
Hoſteſs. I ſhall, Sir.
Die. A hungry time, Sir.
Inc. We that live like Mice
On others Meat, muſt watch when we can get it. [*Ex.* Inc.
Hoſteſs. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair Gueſt
Says, though he eats no Supper he will pay [Health,
For one. *Die.* Good news; we'll eat it Spouſe, t' his
'Twas politickly done t'admit no ſharers.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Hoſt?
Die. Here, Sir.
Another Fairy?
Hoſteſs. Bleſs me——
Phi. From what, ſweet Hoſteſs?
Are you afraid o' your Gueſts?
Hoſt. From Angels, Sir,
I think there's none but ſuch come here to Night,
My Houſe had never ſo good luck afore
For brave fine Gueſts; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phi. No? *Hoſteſs.*

Hoſteſs. Not lodge you, Sir.
Phi No, Hoſteſs?
Hoſteſs. No in troth, Sir, I do tell you,
Becauſe you may provide in time: my Beds
Are both ta'en up by a young Cavalier
That will and muſt be private. *Die.* He has paid, Sir,
For all our Chambers. *Hoſteſs.* Which is one; and Beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two: But, Sir,
So ſweet a Creature, I am very ſorry [*Aſide.*
I cannot lodge you by him; you look ſo like him,
You're both the loveliеſt pieces.
Phi. What train has he?
Die. None but himſelf.
Phi. And will no leſs than both Beds
Serve him?
Hoſteſs. H'as given me a Ducket for 'em.
Phi. Oh,
You give me reaſon, Hoſteſs: Is he handſome,
And young, d'you ſay?
Hoſteſs. Oh Sir, the delicat'ſt Fleſh
And fineſt Cloaths withal, and ſuch a Horſe,
With ſuch a Saddle.
Phi. She's in love with all, [*Aſide.*
The Horſe, and him, and Saddle, and Cloaths, good Woman,
Thou juſtifieſt thy Sex; lov'ſt all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o'th' ground, I'll ſtay here now
And have a ſight of him: You'll give me Houſe-room,
Fire, and freſh Meat, for Mony, gentle Hoſteſs;
And make me a Pallat?
Inc. Sir, ſhe ſhall do reaſon,——
I underſtood you had another Gueſt, Goſſips,
Pray you let his Mule be look'd to, have good Straw,
And ſtore of Bran: And Goſſip, do you hear,
Let him not ſtay for Supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
This Gentleman would eat a Pheaſant.
Hoſteſs. 'Laſs Sir,
We ha' no ſuch.

Inc.

Inc. I kiſs your Hands, fair Sir. [*To* Philippo.
What ha' you then? ſpeak what you have? I'm one, Sir,
Here for the Catholick King, an Officer
T' enquire what Gueſts come to theſe Places; you, Sir,
Appear a Perſon of Quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated: Why ſpeak you not,
What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
Phi. This is a moſt ſtrange Man;
T'appoint my Meat.
Hoſteſs. The half of a cold Hen, Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all
I'th' Houſe. *Inc.* Why all's but cold; let him ſee't forth,
Cover, and give the Eye ſome ſatisfaction,
A Trav'ller's Stomach muſt ſee Bread and Salt,
His Belly's nearer to him than his Kindred:
Cold Hen's a pretty Meat, Sir.
Phi. What you pleaſe,
I am reſolv'd t' obey.
Inc. So is your Kid,
With Pepper, Garlick, and the juice of an Orange;
She ſhall with Sallads help it, and clean Linnen;
Diſpatch. What news at Court, Sir?
Phi. Faith, new Tires
Moſt of the Ladies have, the Men old Suits;
Only the King's Fool has a new Coat
To ſerve you.
Inc. I did gueſs you came from thence, Sir.
Phi. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I miſtook, Sir.
What hear you of the Archdukes?
Phi. Troth, your Queſtion.

Enter Hoſteſs and Servants with a Table.

Inc. Of the *French* Buſineſs, What?
Phi. As much.
Inc. No more? [you.
They ſay the *French:* Oh that's well; (6) come, I'll help

(6) *—come, I'll help you.*] *i. e.* to lay the Cloth.

Have

Have you no Jiblets now? Or a broil'd Raſher.
Or ſome ſuch preſent Diſh t' aſſiſt?
Hoſteſs. Not any, Sir.
Inc. The more your fault, you ne'er ſhould be without
Such aids, what Cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheaſant
At ſuch a time as this? Well, bring your Hen
And Kid forth quickly.
Phi. That ſhould be my Prayer,
To ſcape his Inquiſition.
Inc. Sir, the *French*,
They ſay, are divided 'bout their Match with us,
What think you of it?
Phi. As of naught to me, Sir.
Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after theſe things, to know the Affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettering——
Phi. Of your own Ignorance.
Inc. Yes, Sir.
Phi. Many do ſo.
Inc. I cannot live without it; what d' you hear
Of our *Indian* Fleet; they ſay they're well return'd.
Phi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?

Enter Hoſteſs and Servants with Meat.

Inc. Why do you ask, Sir?
Phi. 'Cauſe it might concern you,
It does not me.
Inc. Oh here's your Meat come.
Phi. Thanks,
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some Stools here,
And bid mine Hoſt bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be ſweet: He looks well; yes, he's good;
I'll carve you, Sir.
Phi. You uſe me too too Princely,
Taſte, and carve too.
Inc. I love to do theſe Offices.
Phi. I think you do, for whoſe ſake?
Inc. For themſelves, Sir,
The very doing of them is Reward.

Phi.

Phi. 'Had little Faith would not believe you, Sir.
Inc. Goſſip, ſome Wine.

Enter Diego *with Wine.*

Die. Here 'tis, and right St. *Martin.*
Inc. Meaſure me out a Glaſs.
Phi. I love th' Humanity
Us'd in this Place.
Inc. Sir, I ſalute you here.
Phi. I kiſs your Hands, Sir.
Inc. Good Wine; it will beget an Appetite:
Fill him, and ſit down, Goſſip, entertain
Your noble Gueſt here, as becomes your Title.
Die. Pleaſe you to like this Wine, Sir?
Phi. I diſlike
Nothing, mine Hoſt, but that I may not ſee,
Your conceal'd Gueſt; here's to you.
Die. In good faith, Sir,
I wiſh y' as well as him; would you might ſee him.
Inc. And wherefore may he not?
Die. 'Has lock'd himſelf, Sir,
Up, and has hir'd both the Beds o' my Wife
(7) At extraordinary rate.
Phi. I'll give as much,
If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What ſay you mine Hoſt, the Door once open
I'll fling my ſelf upon the next Bed to him,
And there's an end of me till Morning; Noiſe
I will make none.
Die. I wiſh your Worſhip well——but
Inc. His Honour is engag'd: And my ſhe-Goſſip
Hath paſt her Promiſe, hath ſhe not?
Die. Yes truly.
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the Houſe:
Well, I will eat a little, and think; how ſay you, Sir,
Unto this Brawn o'th' Hen?
Phi. I ha' more mind
To get this Bed, Sir.

(7) *At extraordinary rate.*] We might perhaps read it more fully thus, *At an extraordinary rate.*

Inc.

Inc. Say you ſo? Why then
Give't me again, and drink to me; Mine Hoſt
Fill him his Wine, thou'rt dull, and doſt not praiſe it,
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.
Phi. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this Chamber,
I'll give mine Hoſt two Duckets for his Bed,
And you Sir two Reals; here's to you.
Inc. Excuſe me,
I am not Mercenary; Goſſip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more, but ev'n one bit
And then talk on, you cannot interrupt me.
Die. This piece of Wine, Sir, coſt me——
Inc. Stay, I've found:
This little Morſel, and then, here's excellent Garlick:
Have you not a bunch of Grapes now; or ſome Bacon,
To give the Mouth a reliſh?
Die. Wife, d' you hear?
Inc. It is no matter: Sir, give mine Hoſt your Duckets.
Die. How, Sir?
Inc. Do you receive 'em, I will ſave
Th' honeſty of your Houſe; and yours too Goſſip;
And I will lodge the Gentleman; ſhew the Chamber.
Die. Good Sir, d' you hear?
Inc. Shew me the Chamber.
Die. Pray you, Sir,
Do not diſturb my Gueſts.
Inc. Diſturb? I hope
The Catholick King, Sir, may command a Lodging
Without diſturbing in his Vaſſal's Houſe,
For any Miniſter of his, employ'd
In buſineſs of the State. Where is the Door?
Open the Door, who are you there? Within?
In the King's Name. [Theodoſia *within.*
Theo. What would you have?
Inc. Your Key, Sir,
And your Door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Juſtice, ſent
Upon the King's Affairs.

Theo.

Theo. Kings and Neceſſities
Muſt be obey'd: The Key's under the Door.
Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? You ſecur'd?
Phi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.
Inc. Excuſe me, Sir.
Phi. 'Twill buy a Hen, and Wine,
Sir, for to Morrow. [*Exit* Phi.
Inc. I do kiſs your Hands, Sir.
Well, this will bear my Charge yet to the Gallies,
Where I am owing a Ducket, whither this Night
By the Moon's leave I'll march; for in the Morning
Early, they put from Port St. *Mary's*. [*Exit all but* Diego.
Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the Horſes?
Laz. Would you would go and ſee, Sir,
A———of all Jades, what a clap h'has given me:
As ſure as you live Maſter he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats, he lookt upon me,
And then he ſneer'd, as who ſhould ſay, take heed Sirrah:
And when he ſaw our half Peck, which you know
Was but an old Court Diſh, Lord how he ſtampt;
I thought 't had been for Joy, when ſuddenly
He cuts me a back Caper with his Heels,
And takes me juſt o'th' Crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he Neigh'd out,
As though h'ad had a Mare by th' Tail.
Die. Faith *Lazaro*
We are to blame, to uſe the poor dumb Servitors
So cruelly.
Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's Horſe,
Keeping our Lady's Eve, the Devil a bit
H'as got ſince he came in yet; there he ſtands,
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleaſure, Sir,
He ſhall look lean enough; h'as Hay before him,
But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as ſoon choak him,
Unleſs he eat it butter'd; he had four Shoes
And good ones when he came; 'tis a ſtrange wonder,
With ſtanding ſtill he ſhould caſt three.

Die. O *Lazaro.*
The Devil's in this Trade; Truth never knew it:
And to the Devil we ſhall travel, *Lazaro,*
Unleſs we mend our Manners: Once ev'ry Week
I meet with ſuch a knock to mollifie me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my Conſcience,
Yet ſtill I ſleep ſecurely.
Laz. Certain, Maſter,
We muſt uſe better dealing.
Die. 'Faith for mine own part,
Not to give ill example to our Iſſues,
I could be well content to ſteal but two Girths,
And now and then a Saddle-cloth; change a Bridle
Only for Exerciſe.
Laz. If we could ſtay there,
There were ſome hope on's, Maſter; but the Devil is
We're drunk ſo early, we miſtake whole Saddles;
Sometimes a Horſe; and then it ſeems to us too
Ev'ry poor Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his Ears in clean Straw, and every Bottle
Shews at the leaſt a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no ſuch matter, not a ſmell of Provender,
Not ſo much Straw as would tye up a Horſe Tail,
Nor any thing i'th' Rack, but two old Cobwebs,
And ſo much rotten Hay as had been a Hen's Neſt.
Die. Well, theſe miſtakings muſt be mended, *Lazaro,*
Theſe Apparitions, that abuſe our Senſes,
And make us ever apt to ſweep the Manger,
But put in nothing; theſe fancies muſt be forgot,
And we muſt pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whoſe Horſe we ought, in Conſcience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A Parſon's Horſe may ſuffer
A little greaſing in his Teeth, 'tis wholeſome,
And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle; and's Saddle
May want a Stirrop, and it may be ſworn
His Learning lay on one ſide, and ſo broke it:
H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag (8) to prevent us,

(8) ——*to prevent us,*] *Johnſon* in his *New Inn*, reads what may be the right here, *to affront us.* The Corruption was eaſy.

And

And therefore 'tis a meritorious Office
To Tythe him ſoundly.
Laz. And a Grazier may
(For thoſe are pinching Puckfoyſts, and ſuſpicious)
Suffer a Miſt before his Eyes ſometimes too,
And think he ſees his Horſe eat half a Buſhel:
When the truth is, rubbing his Gums with Salt,
Till all the skin come off, he ſhall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Die. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial; but good *Lazaro*,
Have you a care of underſtanding Horſes,
Horſes that know the World; let them have Meat
Till their Teeth ake, and rubbing till their Ribs
Shine like a Wenches Forehead; they are Devils—
Laz. And look into our Dealings; as ſure as we live
Theſe Courtiers Horſes are a kind of *Welch* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind ſhall be founder'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more ſuch Complements
Upon my Crupper.
Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll Repent together,
It will not be above two Days.
Laz. By that time
I ſhall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.
Die. Why then I'll ſtay for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Theodoſia *and* Philippo *diſcovered on ſeveral Beds.*

Theo. Oh,——ho? oh——ho?
Phi. Ha?
Theo. Oh—oh? Heart——heart—heart——heart?
Phi. What's that?
Theo. When wilt thou break?----break, break, break?

Phi. Ha?
I would the Voice (9) were ſtronger, or I nearer.
Theo. Shame, ſhame, eternal ſhame? what have I done?--
Phi. Done?
Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken?——
Phi. Journey?
Theo. How, without counſel, care, reaſon, or fear?
Phi. Whither will this fit carry?
Theo. Oh my folly.
Phi. This is no common ſickneſs.
Theo. How have I left
All I ſhould love, or keep? oh Heav'n.
Phi. Sir.
Theo. Ha?
Phi. How do you, gentle Sir?
Theo. Alas, my fortune. [neſs,
Phi. It ſeems your ſorrow oppreſſes: pleaſe your good-
Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen
Is ſo made lighter.
Theo. Oh!
Phi. That Sigh betrays
The fulneſs of your Grief.
Theo. Ay, if that Grief
Had not bereft me of my Underſtanding,
I ſhould have well remembred where I was,
And in what Company; and clapt a Lock
Upon this Tongue for talking.
Phi. Worthy Sir,
Let it not add t' your Grief, that I have heard
A Sigh or Groan come from you; that is all, Sir. [fear,
Theo. Good Sir, no more; you've heard too much I
Would I had taken Poppy when I ſpake it.
Phi. It ſeems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you ſpoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it, Sir,
Had I had means to look into your Breaſt,

(9) —*were ſtrong*,—] I imagine we ſhould read here for improving both Metre and Senſe thus,——*were ſtronger, or I nearer.*

And

And ta'en you ſleeping here, that ſo ſecurely
I might have read all that your Woe would hide,
I would not have betray'd you.
Theo. Sir, that Speech
Is very noble, and almoſt would tempt
My need to truſt you.
Phi. At your own Election,
I dare not make my Faith ſo much ſuſpected
As to proteſt again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.
Theo. Sir, I will truſt you,
But you ſhall promiſe, Sir, to keep your Bed,
And whatſoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beſeech you, from me——
Phi. Sir, I will not.
Theo. Than I am prone to utter.
Phi. My Faith for it.
Theo. If I were wiſe, I yet ſhould hold my peace;
You will be noble?
Phi. You ſhall make me ſo,
If you'll but think me ſuch.
Theo. I do: Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd ſo long.
I am a moſt unfortunate loſt Woman.
Phi. Ha?
Theo. Do not ſtir, Sir; I have here a Sword.
Phi. Not I, ſweet Lady: Of what Blood or Name?
Theo. You'll keep your Faith?
Phi. I'll periſh elſe.
Theo. Believe then
Of Birth too noble for me, ſo deſcended——
I am aſham'd, no leſs than I'm affrighted.
Phi. Fear not; by all good things I will not wrong you.
Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of *Spain*; my Father's Name, Sir——
But why ſhould I abuſe that Reverence,
When a Child's Duty has forſaken me?
Phi. All may be mended, in fit time too: ſpeak it.
Theo. *Alphonſo*, Sir.
Phi. *Alphonſo?* What's your own Name?

Theo. Any baſe thing you can invent.
Phi. Deal truly.
Theo. They call me *Theodoſia.*
Phi. Ha? and Love
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?
Theo. Ye've obſerv'd me
Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis Love, Sir: [thus?
And Love of him (oh Heav'ns) why ſhould Men deal
Why ſhould they uſe their Arts to cozen us,
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us?
And ever that too late too; no diſſembling
Or double way, but doating, too much loving?
Why ſhould they find new Oaths, to make more Wretches?
Phi. What may his Name be?
Theo. Sir, a Name that promiſes,
Methinks, no ſuch ill uſage: *Mark-Antonio,*
A noble Neighbour's Son: Now I muſt deſire ye
To ſtay a while; elſe my weak Eyes muſt anſwer.
Phi. I will:----Are ye yet ready? What's his Quality?
Theo. His beſt a Thief, Sir: that he would be known by
Is, Heir to *Leonardo,* a rich Gentleman:
Next, of a handſome Body, had Heav'n made him
A Mind fit to it. To this Man, my Fortune,
(My more than purblind Fortune) gave my Faith,
Drawn to it by as many ſhews of Service
And ſigns of Truth, as ever falſe Tongue utter'd:
Heav'n pardon all———
Phi. 'Tis well ſaid: forward, Lady.
Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of Rings
Our Soul's deliver'd: nothing left unfiniſh'd
But the laſt work, enjoying me, and Ceremony;
For that, I muſt confeſs, was th' firſt wiſe doubt
I ever made: Yet after all this Love, Sir,
All this profeſſion of his Faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bleſt Prieſt,
He left me like a dream, (as all this ſtory
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;
Yet I have called my Conſcience to confeſſion,
And every Syllable that might offend
I've had in ſhrift: yet neither Love's Law, Signior,

Nor

Nor tye of Maiden's duty, but deſiring,
Have I tranſgreſt in:) left his Father too,
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any Tongue reſolve me: All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would perſwade me
I may be once more happy, and thus ſhapes me
A ſhame to all my modeſt Sex) is this, Sir,
I have a Brother and his old Companion,
Student in *Salamanca*, there my laſt hope
If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which Travel
In this Suit left at home of that dear Brother's
Thus as you find me, without Fear, or Wiſdom,
I've wander'd from my Father, fled my Friends,
And now am only Child of hope and danger:
You are now ſilent, Sir, this tedious Story
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy,
'Tis fit you ſhould do ſo; for that and I
Can be but troubles.

Phi. No, I ſleep not Lady:
I would I could: Oh Heav'n, is this my Comfort?

Theo. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Phi. Oh.

Theo. Why d' you groan ſo?

Phi. I muſt, I muſt; Oh Miſery!

Theo. But now, Sir,
You were my Comfort, if any thing afflict ye
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? And by your own Rule?

Phi. No; if you could heal, as you've wounded me,
But 'tis not in your Power.

Theo. I fear Intemperance.

Phi. Nay, do not ſeek to ſhun me; I muſt ſee you,
By Heav'n I muſt. Hoa there mine Hoſt; a Candle:
Strive not, I will not ſtir ye.

Theo. Noble Sir,
This is a breach of Promiſe.

Phi. Tender Lady,
It ſhall be none but neceſſary. Hoa there,
Some light, ſome light for Heav'n's ſake.

Theo. Will ye betray me?
Are ye a Gentleman?
Phi. Good Woman:
Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego *with a Light.*

Phi. If I be prejudicial to you, curſe me.
Die. Y'are early ſtirring, Sir.
Phi. Give me your Candle,
And ſo good morrow for a while.
Die. Good morrow, Sir. [*Exit.*
Theo. My Brother Don *Philippo:* Nay Sir, kill me,
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,
I can deſerve none: As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite theſe foul Diſhonours,
My noble Father, then your ſelf, laſt all
That bear the name of Kindred, ſuffer in me:
I have forgot whoſe Child I am; whoſe Siſter:
Do you forget the Pity tied to that,
Let not Compaſſion ſway you, you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the ſame brand with me,
A favourer of my fault; ye have a Sword, Sir,
And ſuch a cauſe to kill me in.
Phi. Riſe Siſter,
I wear no Sword for Women, nor no Anger,
While your fair Chaſtity is yet untouch'd.
Theo. By thoſe bright Stars, it is, Sir.
Phi. For my Siſter
I do believe ye, and ſo near Blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your Virtues,
That I will be a Brother to your Griefs too:
Be comforted, 'tis no diſhonour, Siſter,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a Gentleman
Of as ſweet Hopes, as Years, as many Promiſes,
As there be growing Truths, and great ones.
Theo. O Sir, I——
Phi. Do not deſpair.
Theo. Can ye forgive?——
Phi. Yes Siſter,
Though this be no ſmall Error, a far greater.

Theo.

Theo. And think me ſtill your Siſter?
Phi. My dear Siſter.
Theo. And will you counſel me?
Phi. To your own peace too.
Ye ſhall love ſtill.
Theo. How good ye are?
Phi. My buſineſs,
And duty to my Father, which now drew me
From *Salamanca* (10) I will lay aſide,
And only be your Agent. To perſuade ye
To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye——
Theo. O gentle Brother.
Phi. I perceive 'tis Folly:
(11) Delays in Love, are dangerous.
Theo. Noble Brother!
Phi. Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you,
Love having rackt your Paſſions beyond Counſel,
I'll hazard mine own Fame. Whither ſhall we venture?
Theo. Alas, I know not, Sir.
Phi. Come, 'tis bright Morning,
Let's walk out, and conſider; you'll keep this Habit.
Theo. I would, Sir.
Phi. Then it ſhall be; what muſt I call ye?
Come, do not bluſh, pray ſpeak, I may ſpoil all elſe.
Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro.*

Enter Diego.

Die. Are ye ready?
The day draws on apace, once more good Morrow.

(10) ——— *I will lay aſide,*
And only be your Agent to perſuade ye
To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye—
Theo. *O gentle Brother.*
Phi. *I perceive 'tis Folly:*] The Punctuation in the Text was ſuggeſted to me by a learned and ingenious Gentleman, and whom I have the Happineſs to call my Friend. The Improvement of the Senſe of this Paſſage, by this means, is too clear and obvious to need any farther Explanation.

(11) *Delays in Love, more dangerous.*] More dangerous than what? Here is nothing ſeemingly to which this *more* has any relation: I would therefore propoſe reading thus,

Delays in Love are *dangerous.*

Theo.

Theo. Good morrow, gentle Hoſt, now I muſt thank ye.
Phi. Who doſt thou think this is?
Die. Were you a Wench, Sir,
I think you'd know before me.
Phi. Mine own Brother.
Die. By th' Maſs your Noſes are akin; ſhould I then
Have been ſo barbarous to have parted Brothers?
Phi. You knew it then.
Die. I knew 'twas neceſſary
You ſhoud be both together: Inſtinct, Signior,
Is a great matter in an Hoſt.
Theo. I'm ſatisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Is not mine Hoſt up yet?
Phi. Who's that?
Die. I'll ſee.
Phi. Sifter, withdraw your ſelf.
Ped. Signior *Philippo.*
Phi. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?
Ped. I came from Port St. *Maries*, whence the Gallies
Put this laſt Tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,
I brought *Mark-Antony* upon his way.
Phi. Mark-Antony?
Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment
For *Naples.*
Phi. Is it poſſible?
Ped. I aſſure you.
Phi. And put they in at *Barcelona?*
Ped. So
One of the Maſters told me.
Phi. Which way go you, Sir?
Ped. Home.
Phi. And I for *Sevil:* Pray you, Sir, ſay not
That you ſaw me, if you ſhall meet the Queſtion;
I have ſome little buſineſs.
Ped. Were it leſs, Sir,
It ſhall not become me to loſe the caution:
Shall we breakfaſt together?

Phi.

Phi. I'll come to you, Sir.
Sister, you hear this; I believe your Fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Mules of mine Hoſt here; if we can, himſelf
To be our Guide, and ſtraight to *Barcelona.*
This was as happy News, as unexpected.
Stay you 'till I rid him away.
Theo. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo *and a Servant.*

Alph. KNOCK at the Door.
Ser. 'Tis open, Sir.
Alph. That's all one,
Knock when I bid you.
Serv. Will not your Worſhip enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more Manners, Sir, and do that
Your Maſter bids ye; knock ye Knave, or I'll knock
Such a round Peal about your Pate——I enter
Under his Roof, or come to ſay God ſave ye [me?
To him, (12) the Son of whoſe baſe dealings has undone
Knock louder, louder yet: I'll ſtarve and rot firſt,
This open Air is every Man's.
2 *Serv.* [*within.*] Come in, Sir.

(13) *Enter two Servants.*

Alph. No, no, Sir, I'm none of theſe *Come in Sirs,*
None

(12) ——*the Son of whoſe baſe dealings*——] The oddneſs of the Phraſe, *the Son of baſe dealings*, and the length of the Line, make me mightily inclin'd to believe the Original might have been expreſſed thus,
To him, whoſe Son's baſe dealings has undone me.

(13) *Enter two Servants.* Roul. Aſhton.] So the Folio of 1647. By letting *Roul. Aſhton* ſtand here ſo ridiculouſly, Mr. *Shirley*, the Editor of the firſt Folio, has in a great Meaſure forfeited my once good Opinion of him. For it ſeems as if he had printed this Play from no better Authority than the Prompter's Book, where 'tis neceſſary to have every minute direction ſet down, both for ſhifting the Scenes and bringing

None of thoſe Viſitants; bid your wiſe Maſter
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go, Sir.
2 *Serv.* Your Worſhip may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: my good three Duckets,
My pickled Sprat a day, and no Oil to't,
And once a Year a Cotten Coat, leave prating,
And tell your Maſter I am here.
2 *Serv.* I will, Sir.
This is a ſtrange old Man. [*Exit.*
Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be firſt welcome to a Peſthouſe: Sirrah
Let's have your Valour now cas'd up, and quiet,
When an occaſion calls, 'tis Wiſdom in ye,
A Servingman's Diſcretion: if you do draw,

Enter Leonardo, *and Don* Zanchio, *carried by two Servants in a Chair.*

Draw but according to your Entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.
Leo. Signior *Alphonſo*,
I hope no diſcontent from my Will given,
Has made ye ſhun my Houſe;
And credit me, amongſt my fears 'tis greateſt
To miniſter Offences.
Alph. O good Signior
I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair Tongu'd;
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your Love, Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and ſleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye:
I come to ask my Daughter.
Leo. Gentle Sir!
Alph. I am not gentle, Sir, nor gentle will be
'Till I have Juſtice, my poor Child reſtor'd

bringing in of Moveables, as well as to note the Entrance of the Players at their proper Seaſons. And I wiſh we may not have too much reaſon from this careleſs Overſight, to imagine that a great many of the Pieces in the whole Collection were not printed from any better Manuſcripts than theſe (too often ſad ones) of the ſeveral Prompters.

Your

Your caper-cutting Boy has run away with,
Young Signior ſmooth-face; he that takes up Wenches
With Smiles and ſweet Behaviours, Songs, and Sonnets,
Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold:
They ſay you bred him for a Stallion.
Zanch. Fie Signior, there be Times, and terms of Honour
To argue theſe things in, decidements able
To ſpeak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the Life of credit, ye're too rugged.
Alph. I am too tame, Sir.
Leo. Will ye hear but reaſon?
Alph. No, I will hear no reaſon: I come not hither
To be popt off with reaſon; reaſon then.
Zanch. Why Signior, in all things there muſt be method,
Ye choak the Child of Honour elſe, Diſcretion.
Do you conceive an Injury?
Alph. What then, Sir?
Zanch. Then follow it in fair terms, let your Sword bite
When time calls, not your Tongue.
Alph. I know, Sir,
Both when and what to do without Directions,
And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd;
My cauſe is no Man's but mine own: you Signior,
Will ye reſtore my Daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of theſe ſlight ſhifts.
Leo. Ye urge me, Signior,
With ſtrange injuſtice, 'cauſe my Son has err'd—
Zanch. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of Youth, does't follow
I muſt be the Father of his Crimes?
Alph. I ſay ſtill,
Leave off your Rhet'rick, and reſtore my Daughter,
And ſuddenly; bring in your Rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without Commiſſion,
That I may ſee him puniſhed, and ſeverely,
Or by the Holy Heav'n I'll fire your Houſe,
And there's my way of Honour.
Zanch. Pray give me leave;
Was not Man made the nobleſt Creature?

Alph.

Alph. Well Sir.

Zanch. Should not his Mind then anſwer to his Making
And to his Mind his Actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our Worths,
And cancel our Diſcretions, doing thoſe things
To cure Offences, are the moſt Offences?
We've Rules of Juſtice in us, to thoſe Rules
Let us apply our Angers: You can conſider
The want in others of theſe terminations,
And how unfurniſh'd they appear.

Alph. Hang others,
And where the Wrongs are open, hang Reſpects,
I come not to conſider.

Leo. Noble Sir,
Let's argue cooly, and conſider like Men.

Alph. Like Men!

Leo. Ye are too ſudden ſtill.

Alph. Like Men, Sir?

Zanch. It is fair Language, and ally'd to Honour. [renc

Alph. Why, what ſtrange Beaſt would your grave Reve
Make me appear? like Men!

Zanch. Taſte but that point, Sir,
And ye recover all.

Alph. I tell thy Wiſdom
I am as much a Man, and as good a Man———

Leo. All this is granted, Sir.

Alph. As wiſe a Man———

Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.

Alph. And a Man
Dares make thee no Man; or at beſt, a baſe Man.

Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much Carriage.

Alph. Hang much Carriage.

Leo. Give me good Language.

Alph. Sirrah Signior, give me my Daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as your ſelf, as free Born———

Zanch. Obſerve his way.

Leo. As much reſpect ow'd to me———

Zanch. This hangs together nobly.

Leo. And for Civil,
A great deal more, it ſeems: Go look your Daughter.

Zanch. There ye were well off, Signior. *Leo*

Leo. That rough Tongue
You underſtand at firſt: You never think, Sir,
Out of your Mightineſs, of my Loſs; here I ſtand
A patient Anvil, to your burning Angers,
Made Subject to your Dangers; yet my Loſs equal:
Who ſhall bring home my Son?
Alph. A whipping Beadle.
Leo. Why, is your Daughter whoriſh?
Alph. Ha, thou dar'ſt not;
By Heav'n I know thou dar'ſt not——
Leo. I dare more, Sir,
If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.
Zanch. A fitter time for Fame's ſake; two weak Nurſes
Would laugh at this; are there no more Days coming,
No Ground but this to argue on? No Swords left,
Nor Friends to carry this, but your own Furies?
Alas! it ſhows too weakly.
Alph. Let it ſhow,
I come not here for Shews: Laugh at me, Sirrah?
I'll give ye Cauſe to laugh.
Leo. Ye are as like, Sir,
As any Man in *Spain*.
Alph. By Heav'n, I will,
I will, brave *Leonardo*.
Leo. Brave *Alphonſo*,
I will expect it then.
Zanch. Hold ye there both,
Theſe Terms are noble.
Alph. Ye ſhall hear ſhortly from me.
Zanch. Now diſcreetly. [Sir?
Alph. Aſſure your ſelf ye ſhall: Do you ſee this Sword,
He has not caſt his Teeth yet.
Zanch. Rarely carried.
Alph. He bites deep, moſt Times mortal: Signior,
I'll hound him at thee fair and home.
Zanch. Still nobly.
Alph. And at all thoſe that dare maintain ye.
Zanch. Excellent. [certain
Leo. How you ſhall pleaſe, Sir, ſo it be fair, though
I'd rather give you Reaſon. *Zanch.*

Zanch. Fairly urg'd too.

Alph. This is no Age for Reaſon; prick your Reaſon
Upon your Sword's point.

Zanch. Admirably follow'd.

Alph. And there I'll hear it: ſo 'till I pleaſe, live, Sir. [*Ex.*

Leo. And ſo farewel, you're welcome.

Zanch. Th' end crowns all things.
Signior, ſome little buſineſs paſt, this cauſe I'll argue
And be a Peace between ye, if't ſo pleaſe ye,
And by the ſquare of Honour to the utmoſt.
I feel the old Man's maſter'd by much Paſſion,
And too high rack'd, which makes him overſhoot all
His Valour ſhould direct at, and hurt thoſe
That ſtand but by as blenchers; this he muſt know too,
As neceſſary to his Judgment, doting Women
Are neither ſafe nor wiſe Adventurers; conceive me,
If once their Will have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to uſe our Rages: for why ſhould I
Bite at the Stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that Women are moſt Wooers,
Though cloſeſt in their Carriage? Don't all Men know,
Scarce all the compaſs of the Globe can hold 'em,
If their Affections be afoot? ſhall I then covet
The Follies of a She-fool, that by Nature
Muſt ſeek her like, by reaſon be a Woman?
Sink a tall Ship, becauſe the Sails defie me?
No, I diſdain that Folly; he that ventures
Whilſt they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlaſting motion in his Scabbard.
I doubt not to make Peace; and ſo for this time
My beſt Love and Remembrance.

Leo. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, *and* Theodoſia.

Phi. Where will our Horſes meet us?

Die. Fear not you, Sir,
Some half Mile hence my Worſhip's Man will ſtay us:
How

How is it with my young Bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry Flock of wild Geese,
Every Tongue talking.
Phi. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?
Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks theſe woody Thickets ſhould harbour Knaves.
Die. I fear none but fair Wenches; thoſe are Thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good Conditions,
If they cry ſtand once: But the beſt is, Signiors,
They cannot bind my Hands; for any elſe,
They meet an equal Knave, and there's my Paſport.
I've ſeen fine Sport in this place: Had theſe Trees Tongues,
They'd tell ye pretty Matters: Don't you fear though,
They are not every Day's Delights.
Phi. What Sport, Sir?
Die. Why, to ſay true, the Sport of all Sports.
Phi. What was't?
Die. Such turning up of Taffataes; and you know
To what rare whiſtling Tunes they go, far beyond
A ſoft Wind in the Shrouds; ſuch ſtand there, and
Down in the other Place: Such Supplications
And Sub-diviſions for thoſe Toys their Honours;
One, as ye are a Gentleman, in this Buſh;
And oh, ſweet Sir, what mean ye? There's a Bracelet,
And uſe me, I beſeech ye, like a Woman,
And her Petition's heard: Another ſcratches,
And cries ſhe'll die firſt, and then ſwounds; but certain
She's brought to Life again, and does well after.
Another, ſave mine Honour, Oh mine Honour!
My Husband ſerves the Duke, Sir, in his Kitchen,
I have a cold Pye for ye; fie, fie, fie, Gentlemen,
(14) Will nothing ſatisfie ye, where's my Husband?
Another cries, d'ye ſee, Sir, how they uſe me,
Is there no Law for theſe things?
Theo. And, good mine Hoſt,
Do you call theſe fine Sports?

(14) So the firſt Folio. The reſt, *Will nothing ſatisfie, where's*, &c.

Die. What ſhould I call 'em,
They've been ſo call'd theſe thouſand Years and upwards.
Phi. But what becomes o'th' Men?
Die. They're ſtript and bound,
Like ſo many *Adams*, with Fig-Leaves afore 'em;
And there's their Innocence.
Theo. Would we had known this,
Before we reacht this Place.
Phi. Come, there's no Danger,
Theſe are but ſometimes Chances.

Enter Bailiff.

Die. Now we muſt through.
Theo. Who's that?
Die. Stand to it Signiors.
Phi. No it needs not.
I know the Face, 'tis honeſt.
Bail. What mine Hoſt,
Mine everlaſting honeſt Hoſt?
Die. Maſs Baily:
Now in the Name of an ill Reckoning,
What make you walking this round?
Bail. A——of this round,
And of all Buſineſs too; through Woods, and Raſcals,
They've rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
Beſides a fair round Cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Elſe they had caſed me like a Cunny too,
As they have done the reſt, and I think roaſted me,
For they began to baſte me ſoundly: My young Signiors,
You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly,
You ſet not out ſo early; y' had been ſmoak'd elſe,
By this true Hand ye had, Sirs, finely ſmoak'd,
Had ye been Women, ſmockt too.
Theo. Heav'n defend us.
Bail. Nay, that had been no Prayer; there were thoſe
That run that Prayer out of Breath, yet fail'd too.
There was a Friar, now ye talk of Prayer,
With an huge Bunch of Beads, like a Rope of Onions,
I'm ſure as big, that out of Fear and Prayer,

In

In half an Hour, wore 'em as ſmall as Bugles,
Yet he was ſtead too.
Phi. At what Hour was this?
Bail. Some two hours ſince.
Theo. D'you think the Paſſage ſure now?
Bail. Yes, a Rope take 'em, as it will, and bleſs 'em,
They've done for this Day ſure.
Phi. Are many rifled?
Bail. At the leaſt a dozen,
And there left bound.
Theo. How came you free?
Bail. A Courteſie
They uſe out of their Rogueſhips, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a ſign from far
(Which is from out of Danger;) he may preſently
Releaſe the reſt; as I met you, I was going,
Having the ſign from yonder Hill to do it.
Theo. Alas poor Men.
Phi. Mine Hoſt, pray go untie 'em.
Die. Let me alone for Cancelling, where are they?
Bail. In every Buſh, like black Birds, you can't miſs 'em.
Die. I need not ſtalk unto 'em. [*Exit.*
Bail. No, they'll ſtand ye,
My buſie Life for yours, Sir: You would wonder
To ſee the ſeveral Tricks and ſtrange Behaviours
Of the poor Raſcals in their Miſeries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monſtrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs ſtill;
A fourth exhorts to Patience, him a fifth Man
Curſes for tameneſs; him a Friar ſchools,
All hoot the Friar, here one ſings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this Linſey-woolſey way, that would make a Dog
Forget his Dinner, or an old Man fire,
They rub out for their Ranſoms: 'Mongſt the reſt,
There is a little Boy robb'd, a fine Child,
It ſeems a Page: I muſt confeſs my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a Man of my place
To ſhew Compaſſion) ſtir'd at him; ſo finely

And without Noiſe he carries his Afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of loſing.

Enter Hoſt and Leocadia, *and others as robb'd.*

This Boy's the glory of this Robbery,
The reſt but ſhame the Action; now ye may hear 'em.

Hoſt. Come Lads, 'tis Holy-day; hang Cloaths, 'tis hot,
And ſweating Agues are abroad.

1. It ſeems ſo;
For we have met with rare Phyſicians
To cure us of that Malady.

Hoſt. Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now my Boys: (15) Maſter Friar,
How does your Holineſs? bear up Man; what
A cup of neat Sack now and a Toaſt: Ha, Friar,
A warm plaiſter to your Belly, Father,
There were a Bleſſing now.

Friar. Ye ſay your Mind, Sir.

Hoſt. Where's my fine Boy, my Pointer?

Bail. There's the wonder. [follow

Hoſt. A rank Whore ſcratch their Sides till the Pox
For robbing thee, thou haſt a thouſand ways
To rob thy ſelf Boy, Dice, and a Chamber-Devil.

Leo. Ye are deceiv'd, Sir.

Hoſt. And thy Maſter too, Boy.

Phi. A ſweet-fac'd Boy indeed; what Rogues were theſe?
What barbarous, brutiſh Slaves to ſtrip this Beauty?

Theo. Come hither my Boy: Alas! he's cold; mine Hoſt,
We muſt intreat your Cloak.

Hoſt. Can ye intreat it?

Phi. We do preſume ſo much, you've other Garments.

Hoſt. Will you intreat thoſe too?

Theo. Your Mule muſt too,
To the next Town, you ſay 'tis near; in pity
You cannot ſee this poor Boy periſh. I know
Ye have a better Soul, we'll ſatisfie ye.

Hoſt. 'Tis a ſtrange fooliſh trick I have, but I can't help it,

(15) ——*Maſter Friar,*
How does your Holineſs bear up Man;] The Improvement of the Senſe, by the Punctuation in the Text, will be evident to any judicious Reader.

I'm

I'm ever cozen'd with mine own Commendations;
It is determin'd then I ſhall be robb'd too.
To make up vantage to his dozen; here Sir,
Heav'n has provided ye a ſimple Garment
To ſet ye off, pray keep it handſomer
Than you kept your own; and let me have it render'd,
Bruſh'd and diſcreetly folded.

Leo. I thank ye, Sir.

Hoſt. Who wants a Doublet?

2. I.

Hoſt. Where will you have it?

2. From you Sir, if you pleaſe.

Hoſt. Oh, there's the point, Sir.

Phi. My honeſt Friends, I'm ſorry for your Fortunes,
But that's but poor Relief; here are ten Duckets,
And to your Diſtribution, holy Sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To ſee 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

Hoſt. Plain dealing now my Friends, and Father Friar,
Set me the Saddle right; no wringing, Friar,
Nor Tithing to the Church, theſe are no Duties;
Scour me your Conſcience, if the Devil tempt ye
Off with your Cord, and ſwinge him.

Friar. Ye ſay well, Sir.

All. Heav'n keep your Goodneſs.

Theo. Peace keep you, farewel Friends.

Hoſt. Farewel Light-Horſe-men. [*Ex. the robb'd.*

Phi. Which way Travel you, Sir?

Bail. To the next Town.

Theo. Do you want any thing?

Bail. Only Diſcretion to travel at good Hours,
And ſome warm Meat to moderate this matter,
For I am moſt outragious, cruel hungry.

Hoſt. I have a Stomach too, ſuch as it is,
Would poſe a right good Paſty, I thank Heav'n for't.

Bail. (16) Cheeſe, that would break the Teeth of a new Handſaw,
I could endue now like an Oſtrich, or ſalt Beef, That

(16) *Cheeſe*——
I could endure now——] What my Hoſt means is plain and eaſy, *viz.* That he could digeſt Cheeſe which wou'd break an Hand-

That *Cæſar* left in Pickel.
Phi. Take no care,
We'll have Meat for you, and enough; i'th' mean time
Keep you the Horſe way, leſt the Fellow miſs us,
We'll meet ye at the end o'th' Wood.
Hoſt. Make haſte then. [*Ex. Hoſt and Bail.*
Theo. My pretty Sir, till your Neceſſities
Be full ſupplied, ſo pleaſe you truſt our Friendſhips,
We muſt not part.
Leo. Y'have pull'd a Charge upon ye,
Yet ſuch a one as ever ſhall be thankful.
Phi. Y'have ſaid enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? And of what Parents?
Leo. Ye may Sir: I was Born in *Andaluzia*,
My Name *Franciſco*, Son to *Don Henriques*
De Cardinas.
Theo. Our noble Neighbour.
Phi. Son to *Don Henriques?*
I know the Gentleman: And by your leave, Sir,
I know he has no Son.
Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
Don Zanchio's Children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phi. Still ye do, Sir,
For neither has *Don Zanchio* any Son;
A Daughter, and a rare one, is his Heir,
Which though I never was ſo bleſt to ſee,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theo. Urge no further,
He is aſhamed, and bluſhes.
Phi. Sir,
If't might import you to conceal your ſelf,

ſaw's Teeth, his Stomach being as ſtrong as that of an Oſtrich. But I believe no Dictionary of our Language will furniſh us with ſuch a Senſe of the Word *endure*. I have therefore taken the Liberty to ſubſtitute what I really believe was the original Reading, *viz. endue*, or *indew*. 'Tis a Term in *Falconry* which *Bloome* explains thus, *Endew*, is when an Hawk digeſteth her Meat, that ſhe not only diſchargeth her Gorge thereof, but likewiſe cleanſeth her Pannel.

I ask your Mercy, I have been ſo curious.
Leo. Alas! I muſt ask yours Sir, for theſe Lies;
Yet they were uſeful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble Parents, I believ'd your bounties [men,
Would ſhew more gracious: The plain Truth is, Gentle-
I am *Don Zanchio*'s Steward's Son, a wild Boy,
That for the Fruits of his unhappineſs
Is fain to ſeek the Wars.
Theo. This is a lie too,
If I have any Ears.
Phi. Why?
Theo. Mark his Language,
And ye ſhall find it of too ſweet a reliſh
For one of ſuch a breed: I'll pawn my Hand,
This is no Boy.
Phi. No Boy? What would you have him?
Theo. I know no Boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how ſuddenly he cur'd his Lies,
The right Wit of a Woman; now I'm ſure——
Phi. What are ye ſure?
Theo. That 'tis no Boy: I'll burn in't.
Phi. Now I conſider better, and take Council,
Methinks he ſhows more ſweetneſs in that Face,
Than his fears dare deliver.
Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs ſome great weight by it; ſoon at Night
I'll tell ye more.
Phi. Come, Sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leo. All my poor Service
Shall be at your Command, Sir, and my Prayers. [elſe.
Phi. Let's walk apace; Hunger will cut their Throats
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

(17) *Enter* Rodorigo, *and* Marc-Antonio; *two Chairs ſet out.*

Rod. Call up the Maſter.
Maſt. Here, Sir.
Rod. Honeſt Maſter,
Give order all the Gallies with this Tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The Port of *Barcelona*, without parting.
Maſt. Your Pleaſure's done, Sir. [*Exit.*
Rod. Signior *Marc-Antonio*,
'Till Meat be ready, let's ſit here, and prepare
Our Stomachs with Diſcourſes.
Marc. What you pleaſe, Sir.
Rod. Pray ye anſwer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can, Sir. [Children,
Rod. Why ſhould ſuch Plants as you are, Pleaſure's
That owe their bluſhing Years to gentle Objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulneſs,
Deſire the ſtubborn Wars?
Marc. In thoſe 'tis wonder,
That make their Eaſe their God, and not their Honour:
But noble General, my end is other,
Deſire of Knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Diſcretion to my time, which only ſhews me,
And not my Years, a Man, and makes that more,
Which we call handſome; th' reſt is but Boy's Beauty,
And with the Boy conſum'd.
Rod. Ye argue well, Sir.
Marc. Nor do I wear my Youth, as they wear Breeches,
For object, but for uſe; my Strength for Danger,

(17) *Enter* Rodorigo, Marc-Antonio, *and a Ship-maſter*,—] But if the latter enter'd with the two former, what occaſion for *Rodorigo*'s ordering him to be called up? The Direction in the Folio of 1647, is more ridiculous ſtill; becauſe theſe three Perſons are plac'd at the Head of the Scene as in the Octavo, and yet the Maſter is made to anſwer, *within*.

(Which

(Which is the liberal part of Man,) not Dalliance:
The Wars muſt be my Miſtreſs, Sir.
Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough Wench.
Marc. When ſhe is won once,
She'll ſhow the ſweeter, Sir.
Rod. You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Marc. 'Tis a truth, Sir,
So ſhe be handſome, and not ill condition'd.
Rod. A Soldier ſhould not be ſo curious.
Marc. I can make ſhift with any for a heat, Sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your Youth too; and however
You're pleas'd t'appear to me, which ſhews well, Signior,
A tougher Soul than your few Years can teſtifie;
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my Spring was, I'm able to confute ye,
And ſay, y'had rather come to th' ſhock of Eyes,
And boldly march up to your Miſtreſs Mouth,
Then to the Cannon's.
Marc. That's as their lading is, Sir.
Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and ſafer,
Than where the Bullet plays.
Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.
Rod. You'll eas'ly find that, faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman could you make beſt Wars with?
Marc. They're all but heavy marches.
Rod. Fie, *Marc-Antonio*,
Beauty in no more Reverence?
Marc. In the Sex, Sir,
I Honour it, and next to Honour, love it,
For there is only Beauty; and that ſweetneſs
That was firſt meant for Modeſty; ſever it
And put it in one Woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a Nature, ſhe too groſs
To mingle with it——
Rod. This is a meer Hereſie.

Marc.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloſs
That cozens us for Beauty, is but Bravery,
An outward ſhew of things well ſet, no more:
For heav'nly Beauty, is as Heav'n it ſelf, Sir,
Too excellent for Object, and (18) what's ſeen
Is but the Vail, thin, airy Clouds; grant this
It may be ſeen, 'tis but like Stars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no ſmall ſtudy in their Libraries
Brought you to this Experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?
Marc. Why? 'tis our Creature, Sir, we give it 'em
Becauſe we like thoſe colours; elſe 'tis certain;
A blue Face with a motley Noſe would do it,
And be as great a Beauty, ſo we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only Beauty,
Is a fair Mind.
Rod. By this Rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, doing.
Rod. Then all to you ſeem equal?
Marc. Very true, Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth Love.
Rod. How long love ye, Signior?
Marc. 'Till I have other buſineſs.
Rod. Do you never
Love ſtedfaſtly one Woman?
Marc. 'Tis a Toil, Sir,
Like riding in one Road perpetually;
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right Youth,
He muſt needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman can love one Man?

(18) ——*what is ſeen*
Is but the Vail then, airy Clouds;——] The Monoſyllable *then* ſeems not to have any good Authority for ſtanding here, as having nothing to which it refers. I ſuſpect a Corruption as well in the Senſe, as in the Pointing, and that it ſtood originally thus;
——*what is ſeen*
Is but the Vail, thin, airy Clouds, &c.

Marc.

Marc. Yes, that may be,
Though it appear not often; they're things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that Superſtition
Of doting fondneſs; yet of late Years, Signior,
That World's well mended with 'em, few are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark, all
Stir now as the time ſtirs; Fame and Faſhion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiſer Ages held Ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
By every day's ſurveying who beſt promiſes,
Who has done beſt, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neateſt
Either in new ſtampt Clothes, or courteſies, [things
Done but from Hand to Mouth neither; nor love they theſe
Longer than new are making, nor that Succeſſion
Beyond the next fair Feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by Gold weight, no gain from 'em,
All they can work by Fire and Water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be Love,
'Tis ſhew'd ye by ſo dark a Light, to bear out
The bracks and old ſtains in't, that ye may purchaſe
French Velvet better cheap; all loves are endleſs.

Rod. Faith, if you have a Miſtreſs, would ſhe heard you.

Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my Place, or ſwearing
I meant it but for Argument, as Schoolmen
Diſpute high Queſtions.

Rod. What a World is this,
When young Men dare determine what thoſe are,
(19) Age and the beſt Experience ne'er could aim at.

Marc. They were thick-ey'd then, Sir; now the Print's bigger,
And they may read their Fortunes without Spectacles.

Rod. Did you ne'er love?

Marc. Faith yes, once after Supper,
And the fit held 'till Midnight.

Rod. Hot, or ſhaking?

(19) *Age the beſt Experience*———] The deficiency of Meaſure I have ſupply'd from the Folio of 1647.

Marc.

Marc. To ſay true, both.
Rod. How did ye rid it?
Marc. Thus, Sir,
I laid my Hand upon my Heart, and bleſt me,
And then ſaid over certain Charms I'd learn'd
Againſt mad Dogs, for Love and they're all one;
Laſt thought upon a Windmil, and ſo ſlept,
And was well ever after.
Rod. A rare Phyſician,
What would your Practice gain ye?
Marc. The Wars ended,
I mean to uſe my Art, and have theſe Fools
Cut in the Head like Cats, to ſave the Kingdom
Another Inquiſition.
Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the Wars, I never knew yet practiſed.
Marc. I ſhall mend every Day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, Diſcourſes.
Rod. Oh y'are a cunning Gameſter.
Marc. Mirths and Toys
To cozen Time withal; for o'my Troth, Sir,
I can Love, I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of Women as they are,
Pretty fantaſtick things, ſome more regardful,
And ſome few worth a Service: I'm ſo honeſt,
I wiſh 'em all in Heav'n, and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great Farthingals.
Rod. Well *Marc Antonio*, I'd not loſe thy Company
For the beſt Galley I command.
Marc. Faith General,
If theſe Diſcourſes pleaſe, I ſhall fit ye
Once every Day. [*Knock within.*
Rod. Thou canſt not pleaſe me better; hark, they call
Below to Dinner; ye're my Cabbin Gueſt,
My Boſom's, ſo you pleaſe, Sir.
Marc. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter ſecond Hoſt, and his Wife.

Hoſt. Let 'em have Meat enough Woman, half a Hen;
There be old rotten Pilchards, put 'em off too,
'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a ſtrong Onion, that confounds the ſtink.
Hoſteſs. They call for more, Sir.
Hoſt. Knock a dozen Eggs down,
But then beware your Wenches.
Hoſteſs. More than this too? [up Wench,
Hoſt. Worts, worts, and make 'em Porridge, pop 'em
But they ſhall pay for Cullyſes.
Hoſteſs. All this is nothing;
They call for Kid and Partridge.
Hoſt. Well remembred,
Where's the Faulconer's half Dog he left?
Hoſteſs. It ſtinks, Sir,
Paſt all hope that way.
Hoſt. Run it o'er with Garlick,
And make a *Roman* Diſh on't.
Hoſteſs. Pray ye be patient,
And get Proviſion in; theſe are fine Gentlemen,
And liberal Gentlemen; they've *unde quare*
No mangey Muleteers, nor pinching Poſts,
That feed upon the parings of Musk-melons
And Radiſhes, as big and tough as Rafters:
Will ye be ſtirring in this Buſineſs? Here's your Brother,
Mine old Hoſt of *Oſſuna*, as wiſe as you are,
That is, as Knaviſh; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.
Hoſt. I'll be wagging.
Hoſteſs. 'Tis for your own Commodity; why Wenches?
Ser. [*within.*] Anon forſooth. [Water?
Hoſteſs. Who makes a Fire there? And who gets in
Let *Oliver* go to the Juſtice, and beſeech his Worſhip
We may have two Spits going; and do you hear *Druce*,
Let him invite his Worſhip, and his Wives Worſhip,
To the left Meat to Morrow.

Enter

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Where's this Kitchen?
Hoſteſs. E'en at the next Door Signior; what, old Don? We meet but ſeldom.
Bail. Prithee be patient Hoſteſs,
And tell me where the Meat is.
Hoſt. Faith Maſter Baily,
How have ye done? And how Man?——
Bail. Good ſweet Hoſteſs,
What ſhall we have to Dinner?
Hoſteſs. How does your Woman,
And a fine Woman ſhe is, and a good Woman;
Lord, how you bear your Years?——
Bail. Is't Veal or Mutton,
Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheaſant, or all theſe,
And are they ready all?
Hoſt. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!——
Bail. Hoſteſs,
Dear Hoſteſs do but hear; I am hungry. *Hoſteſs.* Ye
Are merrily diſpoſed, Sir. *Bail.* Monſtrous hungry,
And hungry after much Meat, I've brought hither
Right worſhipfuls to pay the reckoning,
Mony enough too with 'em, deſire enough
To have the beſt Meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point ſweet Wench, and ſo I kiſs thee.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have any thing, and inſtantly,
E'er you can lick your Ears, Sir.
Bail. Portly Meat,
Bearing, ſubſtantial ſtuff, and fit for Hunger,
I do beſeech ye Hoſteſs firſt; then ſome light Garniſh,
Two Pheaſants in a Diſh; if ye have Leverits,
(Rather for way of Ornament, than Appetite,)
They may be look'd upon, or Larks; for Fiſh,
As there's no great need, ſo I would not wiſh ye
To ſerve above four Diſhes, but thoſe full ones;
Ye have no Cheeſe of *Parma?*
Hoſteſs. Very old, Sir.
Bail. The leſs will ſerve us, ſome ten Pound.

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Alas, Sir,
We have not half theſe Dainties.
Bail. Peace good Hoſteſs,
And make us hope ye have.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have all, Sir.
Bail. That may be got for Mony.

Enter Diego, *and a Boy.*

Die. Where's your Maſter?
Bring me your Maſter, Boy: I muſt have Liquor
Fit for the *Myrmidons*, no daſhing now, Child,
No Conjurings by Candle-light, I know all;
Strike me the oldeſt Sack, a Piece that carries
Point blank to this place Boy, and batters; Hoſteſs,
I kiſs thy Hands through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Hoſteſs. Still mine old Brother.
Die. Set thy Cellar open,
For I muſt enter, and advance my Colours; [Duckets,
I've brought thee Dons indeed Wench, Dons with
And thoſe Dons muſt have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*
That bleeds the life Blood; what, is your cure ended?
Bail. We ſhall have Meat, Man.
Die. Then we will have Wine, Man,
And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have all, and more than all.
Bail. (20) All's well then.
Die. Away, about your Buſineſs, you with her
For old acquaintance ſake, to ſtay your Stomach.
And Boy, be you my Guide, *ad inferos*,
For I will make a full deſcent in Equipage.
[*Exeunt Hoſteſs and Bailiff.*
Boy. I'll ſhew you rare Wine.
Die. (21) Stinging Geer.
Boy. Divine, Sir. [Boy.
Die. O divine Boy, march, march my Child, rare Wine
Boy. As any is in *Spain*, Sir.

(20) The other Copies read, *All well then.*
(21) *Stinging Beer.*] Mr. *Theobald* prevented me in the Correction of this place, by having noted the true reading from the Copy of 1647.

Die. Old, and ſtrong too,
Oh my fine Boy, clear too?
Boy. As (22) Chryſtal Sir, and ſtrong as Truth.
Die. Away Boy,
I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance;
Stay no where Child, not for thy Father's Bleſſing,
I charge thee not to ſave thy Siſter's Honour,
Nor to cloſe thy Dames Eyes, were ſhe a Dying
Till we arrive, and for thy Recompence
I will remember thee in my Will.
Boy. Ye have ſaid, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, *and ſecond Hoſt.*

Phi. MINE Hoſt, is that Apparel got ye ſpoke of? Ye ſhall have ready Mony. 2 *Hoſt.* 'Tis come in Sir,
He has it on Sir, and I think it will
Be fit, and o' my Credit it was never
Worn but once Sir, and for neceſſity
Pawn'd to the Man I told ye of.
Phi. Pray bargain for't,
And I will be the Pay-maſter.
2 *Hoſt.* I will Sir.
Phi. And let our Meat be ready when you pleaſe,
I mean as ſoon.
2 *Hoſt.* It ſhall be preſently.
Phi. How far ſtands *Barcelona?*
2 *Hoſt.* But two Leagues off, Sir,
You may be there by three a Clock.
Phi. I'm glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

(22) ——*Chryſtal Sir, and as Truth.*] The Epithet *ſtrong*, without which the Sentence would be lame, I have recovered from the Editions of 1647 and 1679. But I ſuſpect that *Diego* here has intrenched upon the *Drawer* above, and that the whole ſhould run thus,

——*rare Wine Boy.*
Boy. *As any in* Spain, *Sir, old and ſtrong too.*
Dieg. *O my fine Boy! clear too?*
Boy. *As Chryſtal, Sir, and ſtrong as Truth.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoſia, *and* Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Franciſco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote Place marvel not, for truſt me
My Innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble Temper, ſtart not
Into Offence, at any thing my Knowledge,
And for your ſpecial good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.

Leo. Worthy Sir,
The courteſies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few Men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, ſo freely ſhowr'd upon me,
So truly, and ſo timely miniſter'd,
Muſt, if I ſhould ſuſpect thoſe (23) Minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy Taker,
Or worſe, a baſe Believer: Speak your Mind, Sir,
Freely, and what you pleaſe, I am your Servant. [tance,

Theo. Then my young Sir, know, ſince our firſt Acquain-
Induc'd by Circumſtances that deceive not
To clear ſome doubts I have; nay bluſh not, Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly: More bluſhes?
Sir, ye give me ſo much light, I find ye
A thing confeſs'd already: Yet more bluſhes?
You would ill cover an Offence might ſink ye,
That cannot hide your ſelf; why do ye ſhake ſo?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair Hand
Was never made for hardneſs, nor thoſe Eyes
(Come do not hide 'em) for rough Objects; hark ye,
Ye have betray'd your ſelf, that Sigh confirms me;
Another? and a third too? then I ſee
Theſe Boys Cloaths do but pinch ye; come, be liberal,
Ye've found a Friend that has found you, diſguiſe not
That loaden Soul that labours to be open:
Now you muſt weep, I know it, for I ſee
Your Eyes down laden to the Lids, another
Manifeſt token that my doubts are perfect;

(23) —*Minds that* made *'em,*] i. e. did *'em.*

Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were theſe holes left open, there was an error,
A foul one, my *Franciſco*, have I caught ye?
O pretty Sir, the cuſtom of our Country
Allows Men none in this place: Now the ſhow'r come
Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro*.
Theo. This ſorrow ſhows ſo ſweetly,
I cannot chuſe but keep it Company:
Take truce and ſpeak, Sir: and I charge your goodne
By all thoſe perfect hopes that point at Virtue,
By that remembrance theſe fair Tears are ſhed for,
If any ſad Misfortune have thus form'd ye,
That either Care or Counſel may redeem,
Pain, Purſe, or any thing within the Power
And Honour of free Gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labours.
Leo. I have found ye noble,
And ye ſhall find me true; your Doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more diſſemble; I'm a Woman,
The great example of a wretched Woman.
Here you muſt give me leave to ſhew my Sex——
And now to make ye know how much your Credit
Has won upon my Soul, ſo't pleaſe your Patience
I'll tell you my unfortunate ſad Story.
Theo. Sit down and ſay on, Lady.
Leo. I am born, Sir,
Of good and honeſt Parents, rich, and noble,
And not to lie, the Daughter of Don *Zanchio*,
If my unhappy Fortune have not loſt me:
My Name call'd *Leocadia*, e'en the ſame
Your worthy Brother did the ſpecial Honour
To name for beautiful, and without Pride
I have been often made believe ſo, Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my Sorrows;
Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
A Neighbour and a noble Viſitor,
Had his abode, who often met my Father
In gentle ſports of Chaſe, and River-Hawking,
In Courſe and Riding; and with him often brought
A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,

Nob

Nobly train'd up, in years fit for Affection;
A ſprightly Man, of Underſtanding excellent,
Of ſpeech and civil behaviour no leſs powerful;
And of all Parts, elſe my Eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into Affection; from Affection
Into Belief,

Theo. Well.

Leo. Then we durſt kiſs.

Theo. Go forward.

Leo. (24) But oh, Man, Man unconſtant, careleſs Man,
Oh ſubtle Man, how many are thy miſchiefs?
Oh *Marc-Antonio*, I may curſe thoſe Kiſſes.

Theo. What did you call him, Lady?

Leo. *Marc-Antonio*,
The name to me of Miſery.

Theo. Pray forward.

Leo. From theſe we bred Deſires, Sir; but loſe me Heav'n
If mine were Luſtful.

Theo. I believe.

Leo. This nearneſs
Made him importunate: When to ſave mine Honour,
(Love having full poſſeſſion of my Powers,)
I got a Contract from him.

Theo. Sealed?

Leo. And ſworn too;
Which ſince, for ſome Offence Heav'n laid upon me,
I loſt amongſt my Monies in the Robbery,
(The loſs that makes me pooreſt;) this won from him,
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I 'pointed him a by-way to my Chamber
The next Night at an hour.

Theo. Pray ſtay there Lady; [ye?
And when the Night came, came he, kept he touch with
(Be not ſo ſhame-fac'd;) had you both your Wiſhes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers Arms abed? The Contract

(24) *But oh, Man, unconſtant*—] The fine Repetition here which the Line wanted in more reſpects than one, I had from the Copy of 1647.

Confirm'd in full joys there? Did he lye with ye?
Anſwer to that; ha? Did your Father know this,
The good old Man, (25) or Kindred privy to't?
And had ye their conſents? Did that Night's promiſe
Make ye a Mother?

Leo. Why do you ask ſo nearly?
Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?

Theo. No, Lady.
Only the Pity why you ſhould be uſed ſo
A little ſtirs me, but did he keep his Promiſe?

Leo. No, no, Signior,
Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
My Love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My Expectation flouted; and gueſs you Sir,
What (26) dor unto a doating Maid this was,
What a baſe breaking off?

Theo. All's well then Lady;
Go forward in your Story.

Leo. Not only fail'd, Sir,
Which is a curſe in Love, and may he find it
When his Affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To ſtoop upon the Quarry, then when all
His full Hopes are in's Arms; not only thus, Sir,
But more injurious, faithleſs, treacherous,
Within two Days Fame gave him far remov'd
With a new Love, which much againſt my Conſcience
But more againſt my Cauſe, which is my Hell,
I muſt confeſs a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable Sweetneſs, Daughter
Unto another of our noble Neighbours,
The Thief call'd *Theodoſia*, whoſe Perfections
I'm bound to ban for ever, curſe to Wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will (27) make 'em ſoon, and Ache

(25) —or *Kindred privy to't* ?] I can't help thinking but that *o* corrupted for *were*.

(26) *i. e.* Balk, Diſappointment. If the Reader would ſee an count of the ſeveral ſorts of *Dors*, I will refer him to *Ben. John* v. 1. page 354, 355, 356, Octavo.

(27) —*make 'em ſoon, and* Aches;] Mr. *Theobald* puts a Query his Margin here, whether we ſhou'd not read *Aſhes*. I don't thi there is a great deal in it either way.

For they have robb'd me poor unhappy Wench
Of all, of all Sir, all that was my Glory,
And left me nothing but theſe Tears, and Travel:
Upon this certain News, I quit my Father,
And if you be not milder in Conſtruction
I fear mine Honour too, and like a Page
Stole to *Oſſuna*, from that Place to *Sevil*,
From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling,
When you o'er-took my Miſery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for *Italy*; for never
Will I leave off the ſearch of this bad Man,
This Filcher of Affections, this Love-Pedler;
Nor ſhall my Curſes ceaſe to blaſt her Beauties,
And make her Name as wandring as her Nature,
'Till ſtanding Face to Face before their Luſts
I call Heav'n's Juſtice down.

Theo. This ſhows too angry,
Nor can it be her Fault ſhe is belov'd;
If I give Meat, muſt they that eat it ſurfeit?

Leo. She loves again, Sir, there's the Miſchief of it,
And in deſpight of me, to drown my Bleſſings,
Which ſhe ſhall dearly know——

Theo. Ye are too violent.

Leo. Sh'as Devils in her Eyes, to whoſe Devotion
He offers all his Service.

Theo. Who can ſay
But ſhe may be forſaken too? He that once wanders
From ſuch a perfect Sweetneſs, as you promiſe,
Has he not ſtill the ſame Rule to deceive?

Leo. No, no, they are together, love together,
Paſt all Deceit of that ſide; ſleep together,
Live, and delight together, and ſuch Deceit
Give me in a wild Deſert.

Theo. By your Leave, Lady,
I ſee no Honour in this Cunning.

Leo. Honour?
True, none of her part, Honour, ſhe deſerves none,
'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies ſuch as ſhe is,
So bold and impudent.

Theo. I could be angry,

Extreamly angry now beyond my Nature, [*Aside.*
And 'twere not for my Pity: What a Man
Is this, to do theſe Wrongs? believe me Lady,
I know the Maid, and know ſhe is not with him——

Leo. I would you knew ſhe were in Heaven.

Theo. And ſo well know her, that I think you're cozen'd.—

Leo. So I ſay, Sir.

Theo. I mean, in her Behaviour; [Credit,
For truſt my Faith, ſo much I dare adventure for her
She never yet delighted to do Wrong.

Leo. How can ſhe then delight in him? dare ſhe think,
Be what ſhe will, as excellent as Angels,
My Love ſo fond, my Wiſhes ſo indulgent,
That I muſt (28) take her Prewnings; ſtoop at that
Sh'as tir'd upon? No, Sir, I hold my Beauty,

(28) ——*take her Prewnings; ſtop at that*
Sh'as tir'd upon?——] Mr. *Theobald*, with whom I had the good Fortune to agree, reads *ſtoop* for *ſtop*, which is undoubtedly the true Lection, and is a Term in Falconry that needs no Explanation: I will however beg the Reader's Pardon for ſtepping one moment out of the way, while I endeavour to correct a Paſſage in *Shakeſpear*'s *Lear*, which this place has ſuggeſted to me. 'Tis in Act 2. Scene 10. The old King being turn'd out of Doors by *Goneril* his eldeſt Daughter, comes to *Regan* his ſecond in the bitterneſs of his Soul, to complain to her of her eldeſt Siſter's Uſage, and ſays,

——— *Beloved* Regan
Thy Siſter's naught, oh Regan *ſhe hath* tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a Vulture here.
[Pointing to his Heart.

To *tie ſharp-tooth'd Unkindneſs like a Vulture* to his Heart, ſeems at firſt Sight an alluſion to the known Story of *Prometheus*; but as it does not occur to my Memory, that his Vulture or Eagle, was confin'd by any Chain or Bond, I ſuſpect a ſlight corruption of the Word, tho' it is not a ſmall one as to the Senſe, and conjecture the Lines ſhou'd run thus,

——— *Beloved* Regan
Thy Siſter's naught; oh Regan *ſhe hath* tir'd
Sharp-tooth'd Unkindneſs, like a Vulture here.

To *tire* a Hawk or Vulture, in Falconry, is to give him a Leg or a Wing of a Pullet to pluck at; how much then is this Paſſage heightned by reſtoring the probably original Term, and making *Lear* ſay, *That his Daughter had given his Heart to Unkindneſs as to a Vulture, to be pluck'd at and tore in pieces?*

Waſt

Waſh but theſe Sorrows from it, of a Sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my Means as equal,
My Youth as much unblown; and for our Worths
And Weight of Virtue——
Theo. Do not task her ſo far. [Sir, Vapour:
Leo. By Heav'n ſhe's Cork, and Clouds, light, light,
But I ſhall find her out, with all her Witchcrafts,
Her Paintings, and her Pouncings; for 'tis Art,
And only Art preſerves her, and meer Spells
That work upon his Pow'rs; let her but ſhew me
A ruin'd Cheek like mine, that holds his Colour
(And writes but ſixteen Years) in ſpight of Sorrows;
And unbathed Body, ſmiles, that give but Shadows,
And wrinkle not the Face; beſides ſhe's little,
A demy Dame, that makes no Object.
Theo. Nay,
Then I muſt ſay you err; for credit me,
I think ſhe's taller than your ſelf.
Leo. Why let her,
It is not that ſhall mate me, I but ask
My Hands may reach unto her.
Theo. Gentle Lady,
'Tis now ill time of farther Argument,
For I perceive your Anger void of Counſel,
Which I could wiſh more temp'rate.
Leo. Pray forgive me,
If I have ſpoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beſeech ye
Impute it Love's Offence, not mine; whoſe Torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my Croſſes,
You muſt confeſs are ſeldom ty'd to Patience,
Yet I could wiſh I had ſaid leſs.
Theo. No harm then,
Ye've made a full amends; our Company
You may command, ſo pleaſe you, in your Travels,
With all our Faith and Furtherance; let it be ſo.
Leo. Ye make too great an Offer.
Theo. Then it ſhall be.
Go in and reſt your ſelf, our wholſome Diet
Will be made ready ſtraight: But hark ye Lady,

One thing I muſt entreat, your Leave and Sufferance,
That theſe things may be open to my Brother,
For more Reſpect and Honour.
Leo. Do your Pleaſure.
Theo. And do not change this Habit by no means,
Unleſs ye change your ſelf.
Leo. Which muſt not yet be.
Theo. It carries ye concealed and ſafe.
Leo. I'm counſel'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phi. What's done?
Theo. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a Woman,
And of a noble Strain too, gueſs.
Phi. I cannot.
Theo. You've heard often of her.
Phi. Stay, I think not.
Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*,
Daughter unto Don *Zanchio*, our noble Neighbour.
Phi. Nay?
Theo. 'Tis ſhe, Sir, o'my Credit.
Phi. *Leocadia*,
Piſh *Leocadia*, it muſt not be.
Theo. It muſt be, or be nothing.
Phi. Pray give me leave to wonder: *Leocadia?*
Theo. The very ſame.
Phi. The Damſel *Leocadia*;
I gueſt it was a Woman, and a fair one.
I ſee it through her Shape, tranſparent, plain;
But that it ſhould be ſhe; tell me directly.
Theo. By Heav'ns 'tis ſhe.
Phi. By Heav'n then 'tis a ſweet one,
Theo. That's granted too.
Phi. But hark ye, hark ye, Siſter,
How came ſhe thus diſguis'd?
Theo. I'll tell you that too;
As I came, on the ſelf ſame Ground, ſo us'd too.
Phi. By the ſame Man?
Theo. The ſame too.
Phi. As I live
You Lovers have fine Fancies: Wondrous fine ones.

Theo

Theo. Pray Heav'n you never make one.
Phi. Faith I know not,
But in that Mind I am, I'd rather cobble,
'Tis a more Chriſtian Trade; pray tell me one thing,
Are not you two now monſtrous jealous
Of one another?
Theo. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me moſt unmercifully
And to my Face, and o'my Conſcience
Had ſhe but known me, either ſhe or I,
Or both, had parted with ſtrange Faces,
She was in ſuch a fury.
Phi. Leocadia?
Do's ſhe ſpeak handſomely?
Theo. Wondrous well, Sir,
And all ſhe do's becomes her, e'en her Anger.
Phi. How ſeemed ſhe when you found her?
Theo. Had you ſeen
How ſweetly fearful her pretty ſelf
Betray'd her ſelf, how neat her ſorrow ſhow'd,
And in what handſome phraſe ſhe put her Story,
And as occaſion ſtir'd her how ſhe ſtarted,
Tho' roughly, yet moſt aptly, into anger,
You would have wonder'd.
Phi. Do's ſhe know ye?
Theo. No,
Nor muſt not by no means.
Phi. How ſtands your difference?
Theo. I'll tell ye that ſome fitter time, but truſt me
My *Marc-Antonio* has too much to anſwer.
Phi. May I take knowledge of her?
Theo. Yes, ſhe's willing.
Phi. Pray uſe her as ſhe is, with all reſpects then,
For ſhe's a Woman of a noble breeding.
Theo. Ye ſhall not find me wanting.
Phi. Which way bears ſhe?
Theo. Our way, and to our end.
Phi. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her ſhape? [*Enter* Leocadia.

Theo.

Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.
Phi. She's here: By Heav'n a rare one,
An admirable ſweet one, what an Eye
Of what a full command ſhe bears, how gracious
All her aſpect ſhows; bleſs me from a Feaver,
I am not well o'th' ſudden.
Leo. Noble Friends,
Your Meat and all my Service waits upon ye.
Phi. Ye teach us Manners, Lady; all which Service
Muſt now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Bluſh not we know ye, for by all our Faiths
With us your Honour is in Sanctuary,
And ever ſhall be.
Leo. I do well believe it;
Will ye walk nearer, Sir? [*Exit.*
Theo. She ſhows ſtill fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my ſelf, and finely
Nouriſh a Wolf to eat my Heart out: Certain
As ſhe appears now, ſhe appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would ſhe do then
In Woman's helps, in Ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt
She would be held a Miracle; nor can I think
He has forſaken her: Say what ſhe pleaſe;
I know his curious Eye; or ſay he had,
Put caſe he could be ſo boy-blind and fooliſh,
Yet ſtill I fear ſhe keeps the Contract with her,
Not ſtol'n as ſhe affirms, nor loſt by negligence,
She'd loſe her ſelf firſt, 'tis her Life; and there
All my hopes are diſpatch'd. O noble Love,
That thou couldſt be without this Jealouſie,
Without this Paſſion of the Heart, how heav'nly
Wouldſt thou appear unto us? Come what may come,
I'll ſee the end on't: and ſince chance has caſt her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely ſhall command, except the Man. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo, *and Don* Pedro.

Leo. Don *Pedro*, do you think aſſuredly
The Galleys will come round to *Barcelona*
Within theſe two Days?
Ped. Without doubt.
Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?
Ped. He is Sir,
I ſaw him at their ſetting off.
Leo. Muſt they needs
Touch there for Water, as you ſay?
Ped. They muſt Sir,
And for freſh Meat too. Few or none go by it;
Beſide ſo great a Fleet muſt needs want trimming
If they have met with foul Seas, and no Harbour
On this ſide *Spain* is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that Haven.
Leo. Are the Wars
His only end?
Ped. So he profeſſes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongſt 'em?
Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.
Ped. I will Sir, and moſt true.
Leo. Who ſaw ye with him?
Ped. None but things like himſelf; young Soldiers
And Gentlemen deſirous to ſeek Honour.
Leo. Was there no Woman there, nor none diſguis'd
That might be thought a Woman? In his Language
Did he not let ſlip ſomething of ſuſpicion
Touching that wanton way?
Ped. Believe me Sir,
I neither ſaw, nor could ſuſpect that Face
That might be doubted Woman's, yet I'm ſure
Aboard him I ſaw all that paſt; and 'tis impoſſible

Among

Among ſo many high ſet Bloods there ſhould be
A Woman, let her cloſe her ſelf within a Cockle,
But they would open her; He muſt not Love
Within that Place alone, and therefore ſurely
He would not be ſo fooliſh, had he any,
To truſt her there; for his Diſcourſe, 'twas ever
About his Buſineſs, War, or Mirth, to make us
Reliſh a Can of Wine well; when he ſpoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his Service,
And hope of your good Prayers for his Health Sir,
And ſo I gave him to the Seas.

Leo. I thank ye,
And now am ſatisfied, and to prevent
Suſpicions that may nouriſh dangers, Signior,
(For I have told you how the mad *Alphonſo*
Chafes like a Stag i'th' toil, and bends his Fury
'Gainſt all, but his own Ignorance;) I'm determin'd,
For peace ſake and the preſervation
Of my yet untouch'd Honour, and his cure,
My ſelf to ſeek him there, and bring him back,
As teſtimony of an unſought Injury
By either of our Actions; that the World
And he, if he have Reaſon, may ſee plainly
Opinion is no perfect Guide; nor all Fames
Founders of Truths: In the mean time this courteſie
I muſt intreat of you, Sir, Be my ſelf here,
And as my ſelf command my Family.

Ped. Ye lay too much truſt on me.

Leo. 'Tis my Love, Sir,
I will not be long from ye; if this queſtion
Chance to be call'd upon e'er my return,
I leave your care to anſwer; ſo farewel, Sir.

Ped. Ye take a wiſe way; all my beſt Endeavours
Shall labour in your abſence; peace go with ye. [*Ex.* Leo.
A noble honeſt Gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open Faith, much loving, and much loved,
And Father of that Goodneſs only Malice
Can truly ſtir againſt; what dare befal
'Till his return I'll anſwer. [*Exit* Ped.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo, *and Servant.*

Alph. Walk off, Sirrah,
But keep your ſelf within my call.
Serv. I will, Sir.
Alph. And ſtir my Horſe for taking cold: Within there,
Hoa People; you that dwell there my brave Signior,
What are ye all aſleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, who ſeek ye?
Alph. Not you, Sir: Where's your Maſter?
Ped. I ſerve no Man
In way of pay, Sir.
Alph. Where's the Man o'th' Houſe then?
Ped. What would you have with him, Sir?
Alph. Do you ſtand here, Sir,
To ask Men queſtions when they come?
Ped. I would, Sir,
Being his Friend, and hearing ſuch alarms,
Know how Men come to viſit him.
Alph. Ye ſhall, Sir,
Pray tell his Mightineſs here is a Gentleman
By Name *Alphonſo*, would intreat his Conference
About affairs of State, Sir; are ye anſwer'd?

Enter Zanchio *carried.*

Ped. I muſt be, Sir.
Zanch. Stay, ſet me down, ſtay Signior,
You muſt ſtay, and ye ſhall ſtay.
Alph. Meaning me, Sir?
Zanch. Yes, you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well, Sir.
Why ſhould I ſtay?
Zanch. There's Reaſon.
Alph. Reaſon, Sir?
Zanch. Ay Reaſon, Sir,
My wrong is greateſt, and I will be ſerv'd firſt;
Call out the Man of Fame.
Alph. How ſerv'd, Sir?

Zanch.

Zanch. Thus, Sir.
Alph. But not before me?
Zanch. Before all the World, Sir,
As my caſe ſtands.
Alph. I've loſt a Daughter, Sir.
Zanch. I've loſt another worth five ſcore of her, Sir.
Alph. Ye muſt not tell me ſo.
Zanch. I have, and hark ye,
Make it up five ſcore more: Call out the Fellow,
And ſtand you by, Sir.
Ped. This is the mad Morriſs.
Alph. And I ſtand by?
Zanch. I ſay ſtand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by among thy Lungs.
Zanch. (29) Turn preſently
And ſay thy Prayers, thou art dead.
Alph. I ſcorn thee,
And ſcorn to ſay my Prayers more than thou doſt,
Mine is the moſt wrong, and my Daughter deareſt,
And mine ſhall firſt be righted.
Zanch. Shall be righted?
Ped. A third may live I ſee; pray hear me, Gentlemen.
Zanch. Shall be?
Alph. Ay, ſhall be righted.
Zanch. Now?
Alph. Now.
Zanch. Inſtantly?
Alph. Before I ſtir.
Zanch. Before me?
Alph. Before any. [Friends here
Zanch. Doſt thou conſider what thou ſay'ſt? haſt thou
Able to quench my Anger, or perſwade me
After I've beat thee into (30) one main bruiſt,
And made thee ſpend thy ſtate in rotten Apples,
Thou canſt at length be quiet; ſhall I kill thee,
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee ſtinking to Poſterity?

(29) So the firſt Folio: That of 1679 reads *Tuin*: The Octavo *Tune*.
(30) —*one main bruiſt*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *bruiſe*, which may be the right Lection, but I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text.

There's

There's not the leaſt blow I ſhall give, but does this
Urge me no farther: I am firſt.
Alph. I'll hang firſt.
No Goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual Honour, nor Soldadoſhip,——
Zanch. Set me a little nearer.
Alph. Let him ſally ——
(31) Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage and Diſcretion,
Can blow me off my purpoſe. Where's your credit,
With all your School points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing; where are theſe Toys;
Theſe wiſe ways, and moſt honourable courſes,
To take Revenge? how dar'ſt thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but Squirts,
When Letchery has dry founder'd thee?
Zanch. Nearer yet,
That I may ſpit him down, thou look'ſt like a Man.
Ped. I would be thought ſo, Sir.
Zanch. Prithee do but take me,
And fling m' upon that Puppy.
Alph. Do for Heav'n's ſake,
And ſee but how I'll hug him.
Zanch. Yet take warning.
Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needleſs quarrel.
Zanch. And d'you deſire to make one?
Ped. As a Friend, Sir,
To tell you all this Anger is but loſt, Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.
Alph. No, no, Sir.
Ped. Indeed he is.

(31) Zanch. *Lin'd with your Quirks*] I have given to the Speakers here, what I think they may juſtly claim, tho' Mr. *Theobald* only makes a Query about it, *viz.* Their proper Speeches, which all the former Editions ſeem to have confounded; after —— *Soldadoſhip* —— *Alphonſo* is interrupted by old *Zanchio* who ſays,
Set me a little nearer, let him ſally —— After which *Alphonſo* goes on to complete his paſſionate Speech that was broke off at—*not your Soldadoſhip* ——— thus,
Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage, &c.
After which follows naturally enough,
Zanch. *Nearer yet.*

Zanch.

Zanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When Men are wrong'd, and come for Satisfactions?
Ped. It ſeems he has done none, Sir; for his buſineſs
Clear of thoſe cares, hath carried him for ſome time
To *Barcelona:* if he had been guilty,
I know he would have ſtaid, and clear'd all difference
Either by free Confeſſion, or his Sword.
Zanch. This muſt not be.
Ped. Sure as I live, it is, Sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: *Barcelona!*
Why? 'tis the Key for *Italy*, from whence
He ſtole firſt hither.
Zanch. And having found his Knaveries
Too groſs to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the ſame way back again: I believe too
The good Graſs Gentleman, for his own eaſe,
Has taken one o'th' Fillies: Is not his ſtuff ſold?
Alph. I fear his Worſhip's Shoes too; to eſcape us,
I do not think he has a Diſh within Doors,
A Louſe left of his Lineage.
Ped. Ye'are too wide, Sir.
Alph. Or one poor wooden Spoon.
Ped. Come in and ſee, Sir. [pleaſed,
Alph. I'll ſee his Houſe on fire firſt. *Ped.* Then be
Sir, to give better cenſure. *Zanch.* I will after him,
And ſearch him like conceal'd Land, but I'll have him,
And though I find him in his ſhrift, I'll kill him.
Alph. I'll bear ye Company.
Zanch. Pray have a care then,
A moſt eſpecial care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.
Alph. I will obſerve ye,
And if I light upon him handſomly.
Zanch. Kill but a piece of him, leave ſome, *Alphonſo*,
For your poor Friends,
Ped. I fear him not for all this.
Alph. Shall we firſt go home,
For it may prove a Voyage, and diſpoſe
Of things there; Heav'n knows what may follow.

Zanch.

Zanch. No,
I'll kill him in this Shirt I've on: let things
Govern themſelves, I'm Maſter of my Honour
At this time, and no more; (32) let Wife, and Land,
Lie lay 'till I return.
Alph. I ſay Amen to't:
But what care for our Monies?
Zanch. I'll not ſpend
Above three Shillings, 'till his Head be here,
Four is too great a Sum for all his Fortunes.
Come, take me up inſtantly.
Alph. Farewel to you, Sir,
And if your Friend be in a Featherbed,
Sow'd up to ſhrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no courſe but his voluntary hanging
Can get our Pardons. [*Exeunt.*
Ped. Theſe I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiſcretions
Would ſuffer 'em; two of the old ſeditious,
When they want Enemies, they are their own Foes:
Were they a little wiſer, I ſhould doubt 'em:
'Till when I'll ne'er break ſleep, nor ſuffer hunger
For any harm he ſhall receive: for 'tis as eaſie,
If he be guilty, to turn theſe two old Men,
Upon their own Throats, and look on, and live ſtill,
As 'tis to tell five Pound; a great deal ſooner,
And ſo I'll to my Meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*

(32) ——— *let Wife, and Land*
Lie lay *'till* ——] This Paſſage is a Confirmation of a Correction I made in *The Scornful Lady:* Tho' Mr. *Theobald* makes an unhappy Query whether we ſhould not read
Lie fallow,
But this is the ſame thing, *Lay,* as you may ſee in Note 31, upon *The Scornful Lady,* being *fallow.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marc Antonio, *and a Gentleman.*

Marc. SIR, this is Complement; I pray you leave me.
Gent. Sir, it is not. *Marc.* Why? I would only ſee
The Town. *Gent.* And only that I come to ſhew you.
Marc. Which I can ſee without you.
Gent. So you may
Plainly, not ſafely: For ſuch Difference
As you have ſeen betwixt the Sea and Earth
When Waves riſe high, and Land would beat 'em back
As fearful of Invaſion: ſuch we find
When we land here at *Barcelona.*
Marc. Sir.
Gent. Beſides our Gen'ral of the Gallies, fearing
Your haſty Nature, charg'd me not return
Without you ſafe.
Marc. O Sir, that *Rodorigo*
Is noble, and does miſtake my Temper,
There is not in the World a Mind leſs apt
To conceive Wrongs, or do 'em; has he ſeen me
In all this Voyage, in the which he pleaſes

Enter Eugenia, *and divers Attendants.*

To call me Friend, let ſlip a haſty Word?
Od's light, Sir, yonder is a Lady vail'd,
For Properneſs beyond Compariſon,
And ſure her Face is like the reſt; we'll ſee't.
Gent. Why? You are haſty, Sir, already; know you
What 'tis you go about?
Marc. Yes, I would ſee
The Woman's Face.
Gent. By Heav'n you ſhall not do't:
You do not know the Cuſtom of the Place:
To draw that Curtain here, though ſhe were mean,
Is mortal.

Marc

Marc. Is it? Earth muſt come to Earth
At laſt, and by my Troth, I'll try it, Sir.
Gent. Then I muſt hold you faſt. By all the Faith
That can be plac'd in Man, 'tis an Attempt
More dangerous than Death, 'tis Death and Shame;
I know the Lady well.
Marc. Is ſhe a Lady?
I ſhall the more deſire to ſee her, Sir.
Gent. She is *Alanſo*'s Wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
Theſe barbarous Cuſtoms then; for every Lady
Shall be ſeen daily, *(33)* and ſeen over too.
Gent. Come, do not jeſt, nor let your Paſſions bear you
To ſuch wild Enterprizes: Hold you ſtill,
For as I have a Soul, you ſhall not do't.
She is a Lady of unblemiſh'd Fame,
And here to offer that Affront, were baſe:
Hold on your way, and we will ſee the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.
Marc. I am ſchool'd,
And promiſe you I will; but good Sir, ſee,
She will paſs by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.
1 *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that Fellow have?
Gent. Good Sir, forbear.
1 *Attend.* It ſeems you are new landed; would you beg
Any thing here? *Marc.* Yes, Sir, all Happineſs.

(33) ——— *and ſeen over too.*] To be *ſeen over* or *overſeen* as he uſes the word *overlook* a lower, is ſeemingly not what the Poets intended he ſhould ſay, but that the Ladies ſhould not only be *ſeen with*, but *without their Veils*; and then we perhaps ſhould make the Place run thus,

——— *ſeen daily and ſeen* overt *too*, *i. e.* open,

without the Interpoſition of any thing betwixt their Faces and us. So *Chaucer* too uſes this Word in his *Houſe of Fame*, Book 2. Line 210.

To that fair Lady, as I hope.
Gent. Marc Antonio.
Marc. Her Face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A ſight of.
Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a Tumult.
1 *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall ſee a fitter Object for your Eyes,
Than a fair Lady's Face.
Eug. For Heav'n's ſake, raiſe not
A Quarrel in the Streets for me.
1 *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your Door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrel then:
1 *Attend.* We muſt, or ſuffer
This Outrage: Is't not all your Minds, Sirs? ſpeak.
All. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beſeech ye, let my Lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Not think the Quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*
Gent. See happily ſome of our Gally Soldiers
Are come aſhoar.
1 *Attend.* Come on, Sir, you ſhall ſee
Faces enough.
Gent. Some one of you call to

Enter certain Townſmen.

Our General, the whole Roar of the Town
Comes in upon us.
Marc. I have ſeen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd, and will yet

Enter Philippo, Theodoſia, *and* Leocadia.

See that, or ſpoil yours.
Phi. On, why ſtart you back?
Theo. Alas, Sir, they are fighting.
Leo. Let's be gone,
See, ſee, a handſome Man ſtruck down.

Gent.

Gent. Ho Gunner,
Look out, *Antonio*'s in Diſtreſs.

Enter Roderigo *above.*

Theo. Antonio.
Leo. Antonio, 'tis he.
Rod. [*within.*] Ho Gunner, make a Shot into the Town,
I'll part you, bring away *Antonio* [*A Shot.*
Into my Cabin. [*Exe. Attendants and Townſmen.*
Gent. I will do that Office:
I fear it is the laſt that I ſhall do him.
[*Exe. Soldiers and Gentlemen with* Marc Antonio.
Theo. The laſt! why, will he die?
Leo. Since I have found him; Happineſs leave me,
When I leave him. [*Exit.*
Phi. Why *Theodoſia?*
My Siſter, wake; alas, I griev'd but now
To ſee the Streets ſo full, and now I grieve
To ſee them left ſo empty: I could wiſh
Tumult himſelf were here, that yet at leaſt
Amongſt the Band, I might eſpy ſome Face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an Errand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquavitæ*, or a Cup of Sack,
Or a Phyſician; but to talk of theſe ——
She breaths: Stand up O *Theodoſia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a Sigh,
Which is but th' moſt unhappy Piece of Life,
And I will ever after worſhip Sadneſs,
Apply my ſelf to Grief; prepare and build
Altars to Sorrow.
Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.
Phi. I do; theſe are my Arms, *Philippo*'s Arms,
Thy Brother's Arms that hold thee up.
Theo. You help me
To Life; but I would ſee *Antonio*
That's dead.
Phi. Thou ſhalt ſee any thing; how doſt thou?
Theo. Better, I thank you.
Phi. Why, that's well; call up

Thy Senſes, and uncloud thy cover'd Spirits.
How now?
Theo. Recover'd; but *Antonio*,
Where is he?
Phi. We will find him; art thou well?
Theo. Perfectly well, ſaving the miſs of him?
And I do charge you here, by our Alliance,
And by the Love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no Kindred; by that killing Fear,
Mingled with twenty thouſand Hopes and Doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lover's Heart,
And in a Virgin's too, when ſhe wants help,
To grant me your Aſſiſtance, to find out
This Man alive, or dead; and I will pay you,
In Service, Tears, or Prayers, a world of Wealth:
But other Treaſure I have none: Alas!
You Men have ſtrong Hearts; but we feeble Maids
Have tender Eyes, which only given be
To blind themſelves, crying for what they ſee.
Phi. Why doſt thou charge me thus? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wiſhes were? Have I at any time
Tender'd a buſineſs of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been,
As if I were a ſenſeleſs Creature, made
To ſerve thee without pow'r of queſtioning,
If ſo, why fear'ſt thou?
Theo. I am ſatisfied.
Phi. Come, then let's go: Where's *Leocadia?*
Theo. I know not, Sir.
Phi. Where's *Leocadia?*
Theo. I do not know,
Phi. Leocadia?
This Tumult made the Streets as dead as Night,
A Man may talk as freely; what's become
Of *Leocadia?* *Theo.* She's run away.
Phi. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each others Face, till we may, both together,
Faſten our Eyes on her; accurſed be
Thoſe tender cozening names of Charity,

And

And natural Affection, they have loſt
Me only by obſerving them, what Coſt,
Travel, and fruitleſs Wiſhes may in vain
Search through the World, but never find again.
Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this Baniſhment.
Phi. Yes *Leocadia*,
The Lady ſo diſtreſs'd, who was content
To lay her Story, and to lay her Heart
As open as her Story to your ſelf,
Who was content that I ſhould know her Sex,
Before diſſembled, and to put herſelf
Into my conduct, whom I undertook
Safely to guard, is in this Tumult loſt.
Theo. And can I help it, Sir?
Phi. No, would thou could'ſt,
You might have done, but for that zeal'd Religion
You Women bear to Swoonings; you do pick
Your times to faint when ſome Body is by,
Round or by Nature, or by Love, or Service,
To raiſe you from that well diſſembled Death;
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private Chamber by her ſelf,
Where Sickneſs would no more forbear, than here,
And I will quit the reſt for her.
Theo. I know not
What they may do, and how they may diſſemble;
But by my Troth, I did not.
Phi. By my Troth,
Would I had try'd; would I had let thee lain,
And followed her.
Theo. I would you had done ſo,
Rather than been ſo angry; where's *Antonio?*
Phi. Why doſt thou vex me with theſe Queſtions?
I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted Ropes, and Pizzels; if he ſwound,
He has a doſe of Bisket.
Theo. I am glad
He is alive.

Phi. Was ever Man thus troubled,
Tell me where *Leocadia* is? *Theo.* Good Brother
Be not ſo haſty, and I think I can:
You found no Error in me, when I firſt
Told you ſhe was a Woman, and believe me
Something I have found out, which makes me think,
Nay, almoſt know ſo well, that I durſt ſwear
She follow'd hurt *Antonio.*
Phi. What do we

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townſmen.

Then lingring here? we will aboard the Gallies,
And find her.
Gov. Made he a ſhot into the Town?
1 *Attend.* He did, Sir.
Gov. Call back thoſe Gentlemen. 1 *Attend.* The Governor
Commands you back. *Phi.* We will obey him, Sir.
Gov. You gave him cauſe to ſhoot; I know he is
So far from raſh Offence, and holds with me
Such curious Friendſhip; could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an Uproar,
Before my Door too?
1 *Townſ.* By my troth Sir, (34) we were ſo buſy in the publick cauſe, of our own private falling out, that we forgot it; at home we ſee now you were not, but as ſoon as the ſhot made us fly, we ran away as faſt as we could to ſeek your Honour.
Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no Man tells the cauſe
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.
1 *Townſ.* For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew of, the ſhot drove it out of my Head; do you know any, Neighbours?
All. Not we, not we.
Gov. Not we! Nor can you tell?
1 *Attend.* No other cauſe,
But the old Quarrel betwixt the Town and the Gallies.
Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen; what are your Names?
Phi. My name *Philippo.*

(34) ——— *we were*] Folio 1647. The other Copies, *we are.*

Gov.

Theo. And mine *Theodoro.*
Gov. Strangers you are, it ſeems.
Phi. Newly arriv'd.
Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.
Phi. No, Sir.
Gov. Speak one of you.
1 *Attend.* They are not, I can quit 'em.
Theo. Yet we ſaw part, and an unhappy part
Of this Debate, a long ſought Friend of ours
Struck down for Dead, and born unto the Gallies,
His name is *Marc Antonio.*
Phi. And (35) another
Of our own Company, a Gentleman
Of noble Birth, beſides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, raviſh'd hence
We know not how, in this Diſſenſion.
Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a Weapon any more,
But thoſe belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you
Where your beſt Cuſtomers ſhall hardly find you.
[*Exeunt Townſmen.*
I'm ſorry, Gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both Strangers, by your Tongues, and Looks,
Of worth: To make ye ſome part of amends,
If there be any thing in this poor Town
Of *Barcelona* that you would command,
Command me.
Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might pleaſe you, if your Pow'r and Love
Extend ſo far, I would be glad to wiſh
Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:
The Gallies ſtay not, and his Wound I know
Cannot endure a Voyage.
Gov. Sir, he ſhall,
I warrant you: Go call me hither, Sirrah,
One of my other Servants. [*Exit* 1 *Attend.*
Phi. And beſides,

(35) —— —— *another*
Of our Company] The firſt Folio reads as in the Text.

The

The Gentleman we loſt, (36) Signior *Franciſco*,
Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he Sir too: Go Sirrah, bear this Ring
To *Rodorigo*, my moſt noble Friend,
The General of the Gallies: Tell him this.
[*Whiſpers to his Servant. Exit Servant.*
Theo. Now we ſhall have 'em both.
Phi. Bleſt be thy Thoughts
For apprehending this, bleſt be thy Breath
For uttering it.
Gov. Come Gentlemen, you ſhall
Enter my Roof; and I will ſend for Surgeons,
And you ſhall ſee your Friends here preſently.
Theo. His Name was *Marc Antonio.*
Gov. I know it,
And have ſent word ſo.
Phi. Did you not forget
Franciſco's Name?
Gov. Nor his; y'are truly welcome;
To talk about it more, were but to ſay
The ſame Word often over: You are welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Marc Antonio *carried by two Soldiers*; Leocadia *and the Servant following.*

Ser. This is the Houſe, Sir.
Marc. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my Wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.
1 *Sold.* Heav'n ſend you Health, Sir.
Ser. Let me lead you in.

(36) —— *Signior* Franciſco
Shall be render'd too] I have reſtor'd the pronoun (which had been dropt upon us) from the oldeſt Copy, and h added a Note of Interrogation which was wanting before.

Ma

Marc. My Wound's not in my Feet; I ſhall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me ſo far. [*Exit.* [neral made a
2 *Sold.* How ſeriouſly theſe Land-men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a Warning to call 'em to their Hall.
1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em. What Man have they now
in the
Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a Matter out
Of ſquare, if need be? O the Quiet Hurly Burlies that I
Have ſeen in this Town, when we have fought four Hours
Together, and not a Man amongſt us ſo impertinent or
Modeſt to ask why? But now the Pillars that bare
Up this bleſſed Town in that regular Debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pity.
2 *Sold.* Old *Ignatio* lives ſtill. [Man's Liver:
1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do prettily well at
But where is there any Man now living in the Town
That hath a ſteady Hand, and underſtands *Anatomy*
Well? If it come to a particular matter of the Lungs,
Or the Spleen, why? Alas *Ignatio* is to ſeek; are
There any ſuch Men left as I have known, that
Would ſay they would hit you in this Place? Is there
Ever a good Artiſt, or a Member-Piercer, or a
Small-Gut Man left in the Town, anſwer
Me that?
2 *Sold.* Maſs, I think there be not,
1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Gallies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc Antonio, Philippo, Theodoſia, Leocadia *and Attendants.*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I ſaid already,
You may command my Houſe; but I muſt beg
Pardon to leave you. If the publick Buſineſs
Forc'd me not from you, I my ſelf ſhould call it
Unmannerly; but good Sir, do you give it
A milder Name: It ſhall not be an Hour
E'er I return.
Marc. Sir, I was ne'er ſo poor
In my own Thoughts, as that I want a Means
To requite this with.

Gov.

Gov. Sir, within this Hour. [*Exit*

Marc. Is this the Lady that I quarrel'd for?
O Luſt, if Wounds cannot reſtrain thy Power,
Let Shame; nor do I feel my Hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I purſue it, all the civil World,
That ever did imagine the Content
Found in the Band of Man and Wife unbroke,
The Reverence due to Houſholds, or the Blemiſh
That may be ſtuck upon Poſterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my Forehead;
This is the wounded Stranger, that receiv'd
For Charity into a Houſe, attempted ———
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worſe, Madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and reſt a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their Manner,
When they have ſeen the Wound, eſpecially
The Patient being of Worth, to go conſult,
(Which they are now at in another room,)
About the Dreſſing. *Marc.* Madam, I do feel
My ſelf not well. *Theo.* Alas! *Leo.* How do you, Si

Eug. Will you drink Waters?

Marc. No, good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous; but yet there are
Some things that ſit ſo heavy on my Conſcience,
That will perplex my Mind, and ſtop my Cure;
So that unleſs I utter 'em, a Scratch
Here on my Thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the Room, and come not in
Your ſelves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd my ſelf to this moſt honour'd Lady.

Phi. We will not.

Theo. O bleſt! he'll diſcover now
His Love to me.

Leo. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract. [*Exeunt.*
Eug. I do believe he will confeſs to me
The Wrong he did a Lady in the Streets;
But I forgive him.
Marc. Madam, I perceive
My ſelf grow worſe and worſe. *Eug.* Shall I call back
Your Friends? *Marc.* O no, but e'er I do impart
What burthens me ſo ſore, let me intreat you
(For there is no truſt in theſe Surgeons)
To look upon my Wound; it is perhaps
My laſt Requeſt: But tell me truly too,
That muſt be in, how far do you imagine
It will have Pow'r upon me?
Eug. Sir, I will.
Marc. For Heav'n's ſake, ſoftly: Oh, I muſt needs lay
My Head down eaſily, whilſt you do it.
Eug. Do Sir.
'Tis but an ordinary Blow; a Child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well.;
Are you faint-hearted?
Marc. Oh!
Eug. Why do you ſigh?
There is no Danger in the World in this;
I wonder it ſhould make a Man ſit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiſs my Breaſts?
Lift up your Head, your Wound may well endure it.
Marc. O Madam, may I not expreſs Affection,
Dying-Affection too I fear, to thoſe
That do me Favours, ſuch as this of yours? [neſs
Eug. If you mean ſo, 'tis well; but what's the Buſi-
Lyes on your Conſcience?
Marc. I will tell you, Madam.
Eug. Tell me, and laugh?
Marc. But I will tell you true,
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you
My Wound is nothing, nor the Power of Earth
Cou'd lay a Wound upon me in your Preſence,
That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach

Of

Of Men, and wiſe Men too, we ſhall deceive 'em,
Whilſt they imagine I am talking here
With that ſhort Breath I have, ready to ſwoon
At every full Point; you my ghoſtly Mother
To hear my ſad Confeſſion; you and I,
Will on that Bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the Matter privately.

Eug. Forbear,
Thou wert but now as welcome to this Houſe
As certain Cures to ſick Men, and juſt now
This ſudden Alteration makes thee look
Like Plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'ſt
How loathſome thou wilt be, thou wouldſt intreat
Thoſe Walls or Poſts to help thee to a Hurt,
Paſt thy Diſſimulation.

Marc. Gentle Madam,
Call 'em not in.

Eug. I will not yet, this Place
I know to be within the reach of Tongue
And Ears, thou canſt not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly; thou art born
To end ſome way more diſeſteem'd than this,
Or which is worſe, to die of this Hurt yet.
Come Gentlemen.

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good Madam.

Eug. Gentlemen.

Leo. Madam, how is't? Is *Marc Antonio* well?
Methinks your Looks are alter'd, and I ſee
A ſtrange Diſtemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
By that diſſembling Man, that Fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo *and* Theodoſia.

Leo. Gentle Madam, ſpeak
To me alone, let not them underſtand
His Fault, (37) he will repent it I dare ſwear.

(37) —— *will repent it*] So Folio of 1647, other Editions, *He will repent I dare ſwear.*

He

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.
Phi. Marc Antonio,
How do you?
Marc. Stand farther off I pray you,
Give me ſome Air.
Theo. Good Brother, will he ſcape,
The Surgeons ſay there is no Danger.
Phi. Scape?
No doubt he will.
Leo. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beſeech you
Let me but ſpeak to him, you and theſe by,
And I dare almoſt promiſe you to make him
Shew himſelf truly ſorrowful to you:
Beſides a Story I ſhall open to you,
Not put in ſo good Words, but in it ſelf
So full of Chance, that you will eaſily
Forgive my Tedioufneſs, and be well pleas'd
With that ſo much afflicts me.
Eug. Good Sir, do.
Leo. And I deſire no Interruption
Of Speech may trouble me, till I have ſaid
What I will quickly do.
Theo. What will ſhe ſay?
Eug. Come, Gentlemen, I pray you lend your Ears,
And keep your Voices.
Leo. Signior *Marc Antonio,*
(38) How do you?
Marc. Oh the Surgeons.
Leo. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do diſſemble,
It is no time to do ſo; leave the Thoughts
Of this vain World, forget your Fleſh and Blood,
And make your Spirit an untroubled way
To paſs to what it ought.
Marc. You're not in earneſt?
Why I can walk, Sir, and am well.

(38) *How do you do?*] This ſecond *do* is not to be found in the eldeſt Copy, and as the Senſe is no worſe, and the Meaſure a good deal better, I have upon thoſe Accounts thought proper to drop it.

Leo.

Leo. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the Nature, as your Surgeons ſay,
Of theſe Wounds, for a Man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his laſt Hour, his Minute:
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir, ſit down again.
Marc. Alas,
Where are the Surgeons?
Leo. Sir; they will not come;
If they ſhould dreſs you, you would die, they ſay,
(39) E'er one told twenty; trouble not your Mind,
Keep your Head warm, and do not ſtir your Body,
And you may live an Hour.
Marc. Oh Heav'ns, an Hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the Wrongs that I have done: how ſhort
Then for Contrition, and how leaſt of all
For Satisfaction?
Leo. But you deſire
To ſatisfie?
Marc. Heav'n knows I do.
Leo. Then know
That I am he, or ſhe, or what you will,
Moſt wrong'd by you, your *Leocadia*;
I know you muſt remember me.
Marc. Oh Heav'n!
Leo. That loſt her Friends, that loſt her Father's Hou
That loſt her Fame in loſing of her Sex,
With theſe ſtrange Garments; there is no Excuſe
To hinder me, it is within your Power
To give me Satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of Life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your Conſcience ſake,
And for our Fame, which I would fain have live

(39) *E'er one wou'd tell twenty;*] As this is a thing that not depend upon *will* but *power*, I concluded that we ſhould ther read *cou'd* than *wou'd*, but then the Meaſure which was dundant wou'd ſtill remain ſo; I therefore conſulted Mr. *Shir.* Edition, found every thing right there, and according to his thority have reform'd the preſent Text.

When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract, which you have both ſeal'd and ſworn,
Yet e'er you dye, which muſt be haſtily,
Heav'n knows.
Marc. Alas, the ſting of Conſcience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all,
And hear what I unhappy Man ſhall ſay.
Firſt, Madam, I deſire your Pardon; next
(I feel my Spirits fail me) Gentlemen,
Let me ſhake Hands with you, and let's be Friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong ſo thick
I know not where, that every Man methinks
Should be mine Enemy; forgive me both.
Laſtly 'tis true (oh I do feel the Power
Of Death ſeize on me) that I was contracted
By Seal and Oath to *Leocadia*;
(I muſt ſpeak faſt, becauſe I fear my Life
Will elſe be ſhorter than my Speech would be)
But 'tis impoſſible to ſatisfie
You *Leocadia*, but by Repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly ſay
I know not your Diſhonour, yet that was
Your Virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th' impoſſibility,
O *Theodoſia*, *Theodoſia*,
I was betroth'd to *Theodoſia*
Before I ever ſaw thee; Heav'n forgive me,
She is my Wife this half hour whilſt I live.
Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodoſia*;
Hear me a little now, who have not ſuffer'd
Diſgrace at all methinks, ſince you confeſs
What I ſo long have ſought for; here is with me
Philippo too, my Brother.
Marc. I am glad;
All Happineſs to him; come let me kiſs thee,
Beg pardon of that Maid for my Offence,
And let me farther, with a dying Breath,
Tell in thine Ear the reſt of my deſires.
Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn Women,
If we hold longer talk.

Leo. Alas there is
No hope for me; that's *Theodoſia*,
And that her Brother, I am only ſorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will ſearch
Over the World, as careleſs of my Fortunes,
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curſe
To make theſe almoſt killing-ſorrows worſe. [*Exit.*

Theo. Sir, as I live ſhe ly'd, only to draw
A juſt Confeſſion from you, which ſhe hath,
A happy one for me; ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.

Eug. Sir, ſhe did diſſemble,
Your Wound is nothing.

Phi. Leocadia's gone. [*Exit.*

Theo. Riſe up, and ſtir your ſelf, 'tis but amazement
And your Imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir, now.

Marc. I think 'tis ſo indeed.

Theo. The Surgeons do not come, becauſe they ſwear
It needs no dreſſing.

Eug. You ſhall talk with 'em. [ther,
Within, for your own fancy. *Marc.* Where's your Bro-
And *Leocadia?* *Eug.* Within belike.

Marc. I feel my ſelf methinks as well as ever.

Eug. Keep then your Mind ſo too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me, but here is one
Muſt not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither ſhall ſhe:
When I make Jeſts of Oaths again, or make
My Luſt play with Religion; when I leave
To keep true Joys for her, and yet within
My ſelf true Sorrow for my paſſed Deeds;
May I want Grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and ſudden Puniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, *and* Incubo.

Phi. WHere is mine Hoſt, did he not ſee him neither?
Die. Not I, i'faith, Sir.
Phi. Nor the Muleteer?
Inc. Nay he's paſt ſeeing, unleſs't be in's ſleep,
By this time; all his Viſions were the Pots,
Three hours ſince, Sir.
Phi. Which way ſhould ſhe take?
Nay, look you now; d'you all ſtand ſtill? good Heav'n
You might have lighted on him, now, this inſtant?
For (40) loves ſake ſeek him out, whoever finds him
I will reward his Fortune as his Diligence;
Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
Their Pains I'll turn to annual Holiday,
If it ſhall chance, but one bring word of her,
Pray you about it.
Inc. Her, Sir? who do you mean?
Phi. I had forgot my ſelf, the Page I meant
That came along with us.
Die. He you gave th' Cloaths to?
Phi. I gave the Cloaths to, Raſcal?
Die. Nay, good Sir.
Phi. Why doſt thou mention or upbraid my Courteſies,
Slave?
Die. For your Honour, Sir.
Phi. Wretch; I was honour'd,
That ſhe would wear 'em (he, I would ſay) s'death?
Go, get (41) and find him out, or never ſee me;

(40) ——— *loves ſake* ſee *him out whoever* find] To *ſee a Perſon out* is a Phraſe of a different Import from what the Context here requires; the oldeſt Folio has it right, *ſeek*, but ſtill like the Octavo and the reſt, reads idly *find* for *finds*, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the Grammar of this Place.

(41) —— *and find 'em out,*] The Folio of 1647 gives the true reading.

I ſhall betray my Love e'er I poſſeſs it,
Some Star direct me, or ill Planet ſtrike me. [*Ex.* Phi.

Inc. Beſt to divide.

Die. I'll this way.

Inc. And I this.

Die. I, as you, find him for a *Real.*

Inc. 'Tis done.

Die. My courſe is now directly to ſome Pie-houſe,
I know the Pages compaſs.

Inc. I think rather
The Smock ſide o'th' Town, the ſurer Harbour
As his Years to put in.

Die. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the Teeth now.

Inc. I by the Tail, yet I as you.

Die. No more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Dear *Leocadia*, where canſt thou be fled
Thus like a Spirit hence? and in a moment?
What Cloud can hide thee from my following ſearch
If yet thou art a Body? ſure ſhe hath not
Ta'en any Houſe? ſhe did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a Place receiv'd her,
And wou'd, if ſhe had ſtaid, have help'd to right
The wrong her Fortune did her; yet ſhe muſt
Be enter'd ſomewhere, or be found, no Street,
Lane, Paſſage, Corner, Turn, hath ſcap'd enquiry:
If her Deſpair had raviſh'd her to Air,
She could not yet be rarified ſo
But ſome of us ſhould meet her? though their Eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a Lightning for her, and divide
A Miſt as thick as ever darkneſs was,
Nay ſee her through a Quarry; they do lie,
Lie groſly that ſay Love is blind; by him,
And Heav'n they lie; he has a ſight can pierce

Through

Through Ivory, as clear as it were Horn,
And reach his Object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.
Phi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again,
And let it reliſh Truth, thou art an Angel.
Inc. He's here; faſt by, Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.
Phi. Where, where; hold thee. [*Exit.*
Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I'd nought to ſhew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from's word, [for't;
Theſe direct Men, they are no Men of faſhion;
Talk what you will, this is a very Smelt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo *with a Surgeon.*

Leo. Upon your Art, Sir, and your Faith t' aſſiſt it,
Shall I believe you then his Wound's not mortal?
Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your queſtion, leſs your fear.
Leo. You do reſtore me, Sir, I pray y' accept
This ſmall remembrance of a Father's thanks
For ſo aſſur'd a benefit.
Surg. Excuſe me.
Leo. Sir, I can ſpare it, and muſt not believe
But that your Fortune may receive't, except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Surg. I crave your pardon, Sir, you teach me Manners.
Leo. I crave your Love and Friendſhip, and require,
As I have made now both my ſelf and buſineſs
A portion of your care, you will but bring me
Under the Perſon of a call'd Aſſiſtant
To his next opening, where I may but ſee him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my ſelf,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpoſe.

Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need, Sir; I ſhall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Philippo, *and* Leocadia.

Phi. Will you not hear me?
Leo. I have heard ſo much
Will keep me deaf for ever; no, *Marc Antonio*,
After thy Sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou haſt pronounc'd me dead.
Phi. Appeal to Reaſon:
She will reprieve you from the power of Grief,
Which rules but in her abſence; hear me ſay
A ſoveraign Meſſage from her, which in Duty,
And Love to your own Safety, you ought hear:
Why do you ſtrive ſo? Whither would you fly?
You cannot wreſt your ſelf away from Care,
You may from Counſel; you may ſhift your Place
But not your Perſon; and another Clime
Makes you no other.
Leo. Oh!
Phi. For Paſſions ſake,
(Which I do ſerve, honour, and love in you)
If you will ſigh, ſigh here; if you would vary
A Sigh to Tears, or Out-cry, do it here.
No Shade, no Deſart, Darkneſs, nor the Grave
Shall be more equal to your Thoughts than I,
Only but hear me ſpeak.
Leo. What would you ſay? [mine,
Phi. That which ſhall raiſe your Heart, or pull down
Quiet your Paſſion, or provoke mine own;
We muſt have both one Balſam, or one Wound.
For know, lov'd Fair, ſince the firſt Providence
Made me your Reſcue, I have read you through,
(42) And with a wondring Pity look'd on you; I

(42) *And with a wandring pity*] How much the Senſe of this place is heightned by the original Lection, the judicious will ſee at firſt

I have obſerv'd the method of your Blood,
And waited on it e'en with Sympathy
Of a like Red and Paleneſs in mine own;
I knew which Bluſh was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
And could diſtinguiſh Honour from Diſdain
In every change, and you are worth my Study.
I ſaw your voluntary Miſery
Suſtain'd in Travel: A diſguiſed Maid,
Wearied with ſeeking, and with finding loſt;
Neglected, where you hop'd moſt, or put by;
I ſaw it, and have laid it to my Heart:
And though it were my Siſter which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off Nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to Triumph;
My care for you, ſo drown'd reſpect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your Bonds,
But ſtudied your Releaſe; and for that Day
Have I made up a Ranſome, brought you Health
Preſervative 'gainſt Chance, or Injury,
Pleaſe you apply it to the Grief; my ſelf.

Leo. Humph.

Phi. Nay, do not think me leſs than ſuch a Cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis poſſible
Philippo may ſucceed: My Blood and Houſe
Are as deep rooted, and as fairly ſpread,
As *Marc Antonio*'s, and in that all ſeek,
Fortune hath given him no Precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incenſe as much as he; I ever durſt
Walk with *Antonio* by the ſelf-ſame Light
At any Feaſt, or Triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which ſide my Lady or her Woman took
In their ſurvey; I durſt have told my Tale too,
Though his Diſcourſe new ended.

Leo. My Repulſe ——

Phi. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy,

firſt Sight. I had conjectur'd that this muſt be the reading, and had the Copies of 1647, and 1679, moſt luckily on my ſide.

Nor think that Conſcience, Fair, which is no ſhame;
'Twas no Repulſe, I was your Dowry rather:
For then methought a thouſand Graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thouſand Stories
Of conſtant Virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one Example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or diſgrac'd,
After this ſuff'ring, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and buſineſs of thoſe Powers,
Who, like beſt Tutors, do inflict hard Tasks
Upon great Natures, and of nobleſt Hopes;
Read trivial Leſſons, and half lines to Slugs;
They that live long, and never feel Miſchance,
Spend more than half their Age in Ignorance.
Leo. 'Tis well you think ſo.
Phi. You ſhall think ſo too,
You ſhall, ſweet *Leocadia*, and do ſo.
Leo. Good Sir, no more; you have too fair a Shape
To play ſo foul a Part in, as the Tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who ſhould abſolve me of my Vow yet; ha?
My Contract made?
Phi. Your Contract?
Leo. Yes, my Contract:
Am I not his? His Wife?
Phi. Sweet, nothing leſs.
Leo. I have no name then?
Phi. Truly then, you have not;
How can you be his Wife, who was before
Another's Husband?
Leo. Oh, though he diſpence
With his Faith given, I cannot with mine.
Phi. You do miſtake, clear Soul; his Precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no Faith
That ties you in Religion, or Humanity,
You rather ſin againſt that greater Precept,
To covet what's another's; Sweet, you do,
Believe me, who daren't urge diſhoneſt things;
Remove that ſcruple therefore, and but take

Your

Your dangers now into your Judgment's ſcale,
And weigh them with your ſafeties: Think but whither
Now you can go: What you can do to live:
How near you ha' bar'd all Ports to your own Succour,
Except this one that I here open, Love:
Should you be left alone, you were a Prey
To the wild Luſt of any, who would look
Upon this ſhape like a Temptation,
And think you want the Man you perſonate,
Would not regard this ſhift, which Love put on,
As Virtue forc'd, but covet it like Vice;
So ſhould you live the ſlander of each Sex,
And be the Child of Error and of Shame,
And which is worſe, even *Marc Antony*
Would be call'd juſt, to turn a Wanderer off,
And Fame report you worthy his Contempt;
Where if you make new Choice, and ſettle here,
There is no further Tumult in this Flood,
Each Current keeps his Courſe, and all Suſpicions
Shall return Honours: Came you forth a Maid?
Go home a Wife: Alone? And in Diſguiſe?
Go home a waited *Leocadia:*
Go home, and by the virtue of that Charm
Transform all Miſchiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended Father's Wrath to Wonder,
And all his loud Grief to a ſilent Welcome?
Unfold the Riddles you have made; what ſay you?

Enter Zanchio *carried*, Alphonſo, *and Servants.*

Now is the time; Delay is but Deſpair,
If you be chang'd, let a Kiſs tell me ſo.

Leo. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.

Zanch. Come Sir; you're welcome now to *Barcelona*, Take off my Hood.

Phi. Who be theſe? Stay, let's view 'em?

Alph. 'Twas a long Journey; ar'nt you weary, Sir?

Zanch. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.

Leo. Alas!

Phi. What ail you, Dear?

Leo. It is my Father.

Phi.

Phi. Your Father? Which?
Leo. He that is carried: Oh
Let us make hence.
Phi. For Loves ſake, good my Heart.
Leo. Into ſome Houſe before he ſee me,
Phi. Dear,
Be not thus frighted.
Leo. Oh his Wrath is Tempeſt.
Phi. Sweet, take your Spirit to you, and ſtay; be't ſo,
He cannot know you in this Habit, and me
I'm ſure he leſs knows, for he never ſaw me.
Alph. Ha? Who is that? My Son *Philippo?*
Phi. Sir.
Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca?*
And that your Study? ha? Nay ſtay him too,
We'll ſee him by his leave.
Ser. You muſt not ſtrive, Sir.
Alph. No, no, come near.
Zanch. My Daughter: *Leocadia?*
Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?
Zanch. Yes Sir, and as ſure
As that's your Son: Come hither: What now? run
Out o' your Sex? Breech'd? Was it not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine Honour,
Unleſs th' hadſt quit thy ſelf too?
Phi. Sir, what fault
(43) She can be urg'd of, I muſt take on me
The Guilt and Puniſhment.
Zanch. You muſt, Sir; how
If you ſhall not, though you muſt? I deal not
With Boys, Sir; Ay, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.
Alph. Thou art not mad, *Philippo?*

(43) *She can be* urg'd of,] The oddneſs of the Conſtruction here inclines me to think that we ſhou'd read,

urg'd with.

There is no Likeneſs, tis true, in the trace of the Letters, but good Senſe is often to be look'd upon as the beſt Manuſcript. And for a Confirmation of this, our Poets in this preſent P Act 2d. Scene 1. uſe the ſame Phraſe.

Leonardo. —— *Ye* urge me *Signior*
With *ſtrange Injuſtice.*

Ar

Art thou *Marc Antonio*, Son to *Leonardo*?
Our buſineſs is to them.
Zanch. No, no, no, no.
I'll ha' the buſineſs now, with you, none elſe,
Pray you let's ſpeak in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the Raviſher Sir, and here I find him:
I hope you'll give me cauſe to think you noble,
And do me right, with your ſword Sir, as becomes
One Gentleman of Honour to another;
All this is fair Sir, here's the Sea faſt by,
Upon the Sands, we will determine,
'Tis that I call you to, let's make no Days on't,
I'll lead your way; to th' Sea-ſide, Raſcals.
Phi. Sir,
I would beſeech your ſtay, he may not follow you.
Zanch. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves,
Rogues, Blocks,
Why do'nt you bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my Motions, Logs, ſo long,
And yet not know to time 'em?
Phi. Were you, Sir,
Not impotent!
Alph. Hold you your peace, Boy.
Zanch. Impotent!
'Death, I'll cut his Throat firſt, and then his Father's.
Alph. You muſt provide you then a ſharper Razor
Than is your Tongue, for I not fear your Sword.
Zanch. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.
Phi. Pray, Sir, your Patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curſe light on thee if thou ſtay him.
Phi. Hold.
Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raiſe i'th' Street? before my Door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a Weapon here?
Zanch. Yes, and to uſe it (bear me up t' him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traitor's Heart.
Alph. Truer than thine.
Gov. Strike, ſtrike; ſome of the People diſarm 'em,

Kill

Kill 'em if they reſiſt.

Phi. Nay, generous Sir,
Let not your courteſie turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their Weapons,
I will be worth an anſwer, e'er we part.

Phi. 'Tis the Governor, Sir.

Alph. I yield my ſelf. [thee tell me.

Zanch. My Sword? what think'ſt thou of me? pray

1 *Attend.* As of a Gentleman.

Zanch. No more?

1 *Attend.* Of Worth,
And Quality.

Zanch. And I ſhould quit my Sword
There were ſmall Worth or Quality in that, Friend;
Pray thee learn thou more Worth and Quality
Than to demand it.

Gov. Force't, I ſay.

1 *Attend.* The Governor,
You hear, Commands.

Zanch. The Governor ſhall pardon me.

Phi. How, *Leocadia* gone again? [*Exit* Phi.

Zanch. He ſhall, Friend,
I'th' point of Honour; by his leave, ſo tell him,
His Perſon and Authority I acknowledge,
And do ſubmit me to it; but my Sword,
He ſhall excuſe me, were he fifteen Governors;
That and I dwell together, and muſt yet,
'Till my Hands part, aſſure him.

Gov. I ſay, force it.

Zanch. Stay, hear me. Haſt thou ever read *Caranza?*
Underſtand'ſt thou Honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit diſpute.

Zanch. Your Name. Sir?

Gov. You ſhall know that too, but on colder terms,
Your Blood and Brain are now too hot to take it.

Zanch. Force my Sword from me? this is an Affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Zanch. You'll do me reparation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Philippo.

Phi. I have for ever loſt her, and am loſt
And worthily, my tameneſs hath undone me;
She's gone hence, aſham'd of me, yet I ſeek her;
Will ſhe be ever found to me again,
Whom ſhe ſaw ſtand ſo poorly, and dare nothing
In her Defence here? when I ſhould have drawn
This Sword out like a Meteor, and have ſhot it
In both our Parents Eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent Angers? Oh I'm worthy,
On whom this loſs and ſcorn ſhould light to Death;
Without the pity that ſhould wiſh me better,
Either alive, or in my Epitaph. [*Exit.*

Enter Leonardo, *and* Marc Antonio.

Leo. Well, Son, your Father is too near himſelf,
And hath too much of Nature, to put off
Any Affection that belongs to you;
I could have only wiſh'd you had acquainted
Her Father, whom it equally concerns,
Though you'd preſum'd on me; it might have open'd
An eaſier Gate, and Path to both our Joys:
For though I am none of thoſe flinty Fathers
That when their Children do but natural things,
Turn Rock and Offence ſtraight. Yet, *Marc Antonio*,
All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my Fear, Sir;
And if hereafter I ſhould e'er abuſe
So great a Piety, it were my Malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We muſt intreat you, Gentlemen, to take
Another Room, the Governor is coming
Here, on ſome buſineſs.

Enter Governor, Zanchio, Alphonſo, *and Attendants.*

Marc. We will give him way.

Zanch. I will have right, Sir, on you; that believe,
If there be any Marſhal's Court in *Spain.*

Gov.

Gov. For that, Sir, we ſhall talk.
Zanch. ——— Do not ſlight me,
Though I'm without a Sword.
Gov. Keep to your Chair, Sir.
Zanch.---Let me fall, and hurl my Chair (Slaves) at hi
Gov. You're the more temper'd Man, Sir; let m' intre
Of you, the manner how this Brawl fell out.
Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care muc
But here we came, Sir, to this Town together,
Both in one buſineſs, and one wrong, engag'd
To ſeek one *Leonardo*, an old *Genoeſe*,
I ha' ſaid enough there; would you more? falſe Fath
Of a falſe Son, call'd *Marc Antonio*,
Who had ſtole both our Daughters; and which Fathe
Conſpiring with his Son in Treachery,
It ſeem'd, to flie our Satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this Town,
Here to take Ship for *Italy*.
Leo. You heard
More than was true then; by the Fear, or Falſhood.
And though I thought not to reveal my ſelf
(Pardon my Manners in't to you) for ſome
Important Reaſons; yet being thus character'd
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.
Marc. I ſay he's not worthy
The Name of Man, or any honeſt Preface,
That dares report or credit ſuch a ſlander.
Do you, Sir, ſay it?
Alph. I do ſay it.
Gov. Hold.
Is this your Father, Signior *Marc Antonio?*
You've ill requited me thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him ſervice.

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. 'Twas not his fault, Sir.
Eug. Where's my Lord?
Gov. Sweet-heart. [the
Eug. Know you theſe Gentlemen? they are all the F
Un

Unto our Friends.
Gov. So it appears, my Dove.
Zanch. Sir, I ſay nothing: I do want a Sword.
And 'till I have a Sword I will ſay nothing.
Eug. Good Sir, command theſe Gentlemen their Arms,
Entreat 'em as your Friends, not as your Priſoners.
Where be their Swords?
Gov. Reſtore each Man his Weapon.
Zanch. It ſeems thou haſt not read *Caranza*, Fellow,
I muſt have reparation of Honour,
As well as this: I find that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your Quality, if I had,
'Tis like I ſhould have done you more reſpects.
Zanch. It is ſufficient by *Caranza*'s Rule.
Eug. I know it is, Sir.
Zanch. Have you read *Caranza*, Lady?
Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my Kinſman.
Zanch. Lady, then you know
By the right noble Writings of your Kinſman,
My Honour's as dear to me as the King's.
Eug. 'Tis very true, Sir.
Zanch. Therefore I muſt crave
Leave to go on now with my firſt dependance.
Eug. What ha' you more?
Gov. None here, good Signior.
Zanch. I will refer me to *Caranza* ſtill.
Eug. Nay Love, I prithee let me manage this.
With whom is't, Sir?
Zanch. With that falſe Man, *Alphonſo*.
Eng. Why he has th' advantage, Sir, in Legs.
Zanch. But I
In Truth, in Hand and Heart, and a good Sword.
Eug. But how if he won't ſtand you, Sir?
Alph. For that,
Make it no queſtion Lady, I will ſtick
My Feet in Earth down by him, where he dare.
Zanch. O would thou wouldſt.
Alph. I'll do it.

Zanch.

Zanch. Let me kiſs him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
Eug. Why Gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an eaſier way, were two good Chairs,
So you would be content, Sir, to be bound,
'Cauſe he is lame: I'll fit you with like Weapons,
Piſtols and Ponyards, and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be ſo mortal,
It cannot be ta'en up.
Zanch. Ta'en up? take off
This Head firſt.
Alph. Come, come bind me in a Chair.
Eug. Yes, do.
Gov. What mean you, Dove?
Eug. Let me alone,
And ſet 'em at their diſtance; when you've done
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Piſtols ready
Quickly. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phi. She's not here. *Marc Antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia?*
Marc. Not I, Brother. [her.
Phi. Brother, let's ſpeak with you; you were falſe unto
Marc. I was, but have ask'd Pardon: Why d'you urge it?
Phi. You were not worthy of her.
Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me ſo.
Phi. My Siſter
Is not ſo fair
Marc. It skills not.
Phi. Nor ſo virtuous.
Marc. Yes, ſhe muſt be as virtuous.
Phi. I would fain ——
Marc. What, Brother?
Phi. Strike you.
Marc. I ſhall not bear Strokes,
Though I do theſe ſtrange Words.
Phi. Will you not kill me?

Marc.

Marc. For what, good Brother?
Phi. Why, for ſpeaking well
Of *Leocadia.*
Marc. No indeed.
Phi. Nor ill
Of *Theodoſia?*

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodoſia, *and one with two Piſtols.*

Marc. Neither.
Phi. Fare you well then.
Eug. Nay, you ſhall have as noble Seconds too
As ever Duelists had; give 'em their Weapons:
Now St. *Jago.*
Zanch. Are they charg'd?
Eug. Charg'd, Sir?
I warrant you.
Alph. Would they were well diſcharg'd.
Zanch. I like a Sword much better, I confeſs.
Eug. Nay, wherefore ſtay you? Shall I mend your Mark?
Strike one another thorough theſe?
Phi. My Love.
Alph. My *Theodoſia.*
Zanch. I ha' not the Heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why here is a Dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be Friends. A Feaſt
Waits you within, is better than your Fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear,
Under my Roof, either to bluſh or fear.
My Love, what ſay you? Could *Caranza* himſelf
Carry a Buſineſs better?
Gov. It is well:
All are content I hope, and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we've done all this be pleas'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A

TRAGEDY.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FERRAND, *the libidinous Tyrant of* Naples.
Virolet, *a noble Gentleman, ſtudious of his Country's Freedom.*
Briſſonet, } *Two honeſt Gentlemen, Confederates with* Vi-
Camillo, } rolet.
Ronvere, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*
Villio, *a Court Fool.*
Caſtruccio, *a Court Paraſite,*
Pandulpho, *a noble Gentleman of* Naples, *Father to* Virolet.
The Duke of Seſſe, *an Enemy to* Ferrand, *proſcribed and turn'd Pirate.*
Aſcanio, *Nephew and Succeſſor to* Ferrand.
Lucio, *Page to* Virolet.
Maſter.
Gunner.
Boat-ſwain.
Chirurgeon.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guard.
Soldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Juliana, *the matchleſs Wife of* Virolet.
Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of* Seſſe.

SCENE *NAPLES.*

THE

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Virolet, *and Boy.*

VIROLET.

BOY.

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my Wife ſeek me, tell her that Deſigns of Weight, too heavy for her Knowledge,
Exact my Privacy.

Boy. I ſhall, Sir,

Vir. Do then,
And leave me to my ſelf.

Boy. 'Tis a raw Morning,
And would you pleaſe t' interpret that for Duty
Which you may conſtrue Boldneſs, I could wiſh,
(To arm your ſelf againſt it,) you would uſe
More of my Service.

Vir. I have heat within here,
A noble heat (good Boy) to keep it off;
I ſhall not freeze; deliver my excuſe,
And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented:
My Lady follows you.

Vir. Since I muſt be croſt then,
Let her perform that Office.
Boy. I obey you. [*Exit.*
Vir. Prithee to Bed; to be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected.
Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my Obedience.
Vir. I confeſs
This tenderneſs argues a loving Wife,
And more deſerves my Heart's beſt Thanks, than Anger.
Yet I muſt tell ye, Sweet, you do exceed
In your Affection, if you would ingroſs me
To your Delights alone.
Jul. I am not Jealous;
If my Embraces have diſtaſted you,
As I muſt grant you every way ſo worthy
That 'tis not in weak Woman to deſerve you,
Much leſs in miſerable me, that want
Thoſe Graces, ſome more Fortunate are ſtor'd with:
Seek any whom you pleaſe, and I will ſtudy
With my beſt Service to deſerve thoſe Favours,
That ſhall yield you contentment.
Vir. You're miſtaken.
Jul. No, I am patient Sir, and ſo good Morrow;
I will not be offenſive.
Vir. Hear my Reaſons.
Jul. Though in your Life a Widow's Bed receives me,
For your ſake I muſt love it. May ſhe proſper
That ſhall ſucceed me in it, and your Ardor
Laſt longer to her.
Vir. By the Love I bear,
Firſt to my Country's peace, next to thy ſelf,
To whom compar'd, my Life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice Abſtract
Of all the Beauties Nature ever faſhion'd,
Or Art gave Ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art Obedient and Loving,
I ſhould contemn and loath her.

Jul.

Jul. (1) I believe ye.
How I am bleſt in my aſſur'd Belief.
This is unfeign'd? And why this Sadneſs then?
Vir. Why? *Juliana*,
Believe me, theſe my ſad and dull Retirements,
My often, nay almoſt continued Faſts,
(Sleep baniſht from my Eyes, all Pleaſures Strangers,)
Have neither root nor growth from any Cauſe
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldſt thou be,
As Chaſtity forbid, falſe to my Bed,
I ſhould lament my Fortune, perhaps puniſh
Thy Falſhood, and then ſtudy to forget thee:
But that, which, like a never-emptied Spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my ſwelling Grief,
Is what my Country ſuffers; there's a Ground
Where Sorrow may be planted, and ſpring up,
Through yielding Rage, and womaniſh Deſpair,
And yet not ſhame the Owner.
Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I ſhould think my ſelf a happy Woman,
If, in this general and timely Mourning,
I might or give to you, or elſe receive
A little lawful Comfort.
Vir. Thy Diſcretion
In this may anſwer for me; look on *Naples*,
The Country where we both were Born and Bred,
Naples, the Paradiſe of *Italy*,
As that is of the Earth; *Naples*, that was
The ſweet retreat of all the worthieſt *Romans*,
When they had ſhar'd the ſpoils of the whole World;
This flouriſhing Kingdom, whoſe Inhabitants
For Wealth and Bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made ſubject now to ſuch a Tyranny,
As that fair City that received her Name
From *Conſtantine* the great, now in the Power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,

(1) *I do believe.*] *Ye*, which makes the Sentence more full, I have recovered from the Folio of 1647. And *do*, which runs thro' all the Copies, I have left out, as being an unneceſſary Particle in this Place.

To look with pity on our, Miſeries;
So far in our Calamities we tranſcend her.
For ſince this *Arragonian* Tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the Government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our Afflictions.
Jul. And hardly thoſe; the King's ſtrange cruelty,
Equals all Precedents of Tyranny.
Vir. (2) Equals, ſay you?
He has out-gone the worſt; compar'd to him
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionyſius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal Power,
This as a Merchant; all the Country's Fat
He wholly does ingroſs unto himſelf;
Our Oils he buys at his own Price, then ſells them
To us at dearer Rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a feign'd Pretence of publick uſe,
He borrows; which deny'd, his Inſtruments force.
(3) The Races of our Horſes he takes from us,

Yet

(2) *Equal ſay you?*
He has out-gone the worſt, compar'd to him;
Nor Phalaris, *nor* Dionyſius,
Caligula, *nor* Nero *can be mentioned*;
They yet as Kings abus'd their Regal Power;
This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
He wholly does ingroſs unto himſelf;] The reading of *Equals* for *Equal* is requiſite to make *Virolet*'s Anſwer tally with the latter part of *Juliana*'s Speech: The Punctuation in the Octavo Edition, (which Mr. *Seward* too obſerv'd) has made ſad work with the remaining part of this Paſſage, as the careful Reader will eaſily obſerve, by comparing the preſent with the ancient Pointing. What Stuff is

This *as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat*
He *wholly does ingroſs*, &c.

(3) *The Races of our Horſes*, &c.] I ſuſpect the word Races. If *Ferrand* took the whole *Neapolitan* Breed of Horſes (which are the beſt, as I remember, in *Italy*) then it is a meer redundancy, *Our Horſes he takes from us*, wou'd have been full as expreſſive. I think the moſt natural Sentiment is, that the Tyrant ſeiz'd all their beſt and moſt valuable Horſes. The old Folio reads *Raſes*, ſo that the preſent reading is probably only a Conjecture. But as it has Poſſeſſion I wou'd not diſturb it, only offer the following Conjectures to the Reader's Choice. *The choiceſt*, or the *braveſt*, or the *rareſt*, or the *Racers* of our Horſes. The *Neapolitan* Horſes

are

Yet keeps them in our Paſtures; Rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent; never Man
Yet thank'd him for a Pardon; for Religion
It is a thing he dreams not of.

Jul. I've heard,
How true it is, I know not, that he ſold
The Biſhoprick of *Tarent* to a *Jew*,
For thirteen thouſand Duckets.

Vir. I was preſent,
And ſaw the Mony paid; the Day would leave me,
E'er I could number out his impious Actions,
Or what the miſerable Subject ſuffers;
And can you entertain, in ſuch a time,
A thought of Dalliance? Tears, and Sighs, and Groans,
Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are
The only Weapons our poor Sex can uſe,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
But for Men, that were born free, Men of Rank,
(That would be regiſtred Fathers of their Country,
And to have on their Tombs in golden Letters,
The noble Stile of Tyrant-killers, written;)
To weep like Fools and Women, and not like wiſe Men
To practice a Redreſs, deſerves a Name,
Which fits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave Reproof,
If what thou doſt deſire, were poſſible
To be effected, might well argue it,
As wiſe as loving; but if you conſider,
With what ſtrong Guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffians, and Male-contents drawn from all Quarters;
That only know to ſerve his impious Will:
The Cittadel's built by him in the Neck
Of this poor City; the invincible Strength,
Nature, by Art aſſiſted, gave this Caſtle,
And above all his Fear; admitting no Man
To ſee him, but unarm'd, it being Death
For any to approach him with a Weapon.

are light, and if this laſt is not thought too ſtiff, it ſeems to bid fair for having been the Original. Mr. *Seward.*

You

You muſt confeſs, unleſs our Hands were Cannons,
To batter down theſe Walls, our weak Breath Mines
To blow his Forts up; or our Curſes Lightning,
To force a Paſſage to him, and then blaſt him:
Our Power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our Misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of Braſs reſiſt not
A noble Undertaking; nor can Vice
Raiſe any Bulwark, to make good the Place,
Where Virtue ſeeks to enter; then to fall
In ſuch a brave Attempt, were ſuch an Honour
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers,
Nay, all the Anceſtors I am deriv'd from,
As you, in being what you are, are all theſe;
I'd rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And ſhould be more proud of my Widow-hood,
You dying for the Freedom of this Country,
Than if I were aſſur'd, I ſhould enjoy
A Perpetuity of Life and Pleaſure
With you, the Tyrant living.

Vir. 'Till this Minute,
I never heard thee ſpeak. O more than Woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet to lock a Secret in,
Of equal Truſt to thee? All Doubts and Fears,
That ſcandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou ſhalt partake my near and deareſt Councils,
And further them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful. [to u

Vir. Know then this Day, ſtand Heav'n propitious t
Our Liberty begins.

Jul. In *Ferrand*'s Death?

Vir. 'Tis plotted, Love, and ſtrongly; and believe i
For nothing elſe could do it, 'twas the Thought,
How to proceed in this Deſign and end it,
That made ſtrange my Embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be ſhe,
That's ſo indulgent to her own Delights,
That for their Satisfaction, would give

A Stop to ſuch a glorious Enterprize:
For me, I would not for the World, I had been
Guilty of ſuch a Crime; go on and proſper.
Go on, my deareſt Lord, I love your Honour
Above my Life; nay, yours; my Prayers go with you;
Which I will ſtrengthen with my Tears: The Wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your Sword; oh, may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrant's Heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty Blood,
I'll waſh you clean with Fountains of true Joy.
But who are your Aſſiſtants? Though I am
So covetous of your Glory, that I could wiſh
You had no ſharer in it. [*Knock.*
Vir. Be not curious.
(4) They come; however you command my Boſom,
To them I would not have you ſeen.
Jul. I'm gone, Sir;
Be confident, and may my Reſolution
Be preſent with you. [*Exit.*
Vir. Such a Maſculine Spirit,
With more than Woman's Virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a King's Fortune.

Enter Briſſonet, Camillo, *and* Ronvere.

Briſ. Good Day to you.
Cam. You are an early Stirrer.
Vir. What new Face
Bring you along?
Ron. If I ſtand doubted, Sir,
As by your Looks I gueſs it, you much injure
A Man that loves, and truly loves this Country,
With as much Zeal as you do; one that hates
The Prince by whom it ſuffers, and as deadly;

(4) *They come: however you command my Boſom*
To them I would not have you ſeen.] *I would not have you ſeen to them*, is a Latin Conſtruction, and ſo ſtands clear of Nonſenſe, but I rather think we ſhould read the Paſſage thus,
To them I would not have you ſeem.
Seem ſo do ſo, i. e. to command my Boſom.

One

One that dares ſtep as far to gain my Freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a Sword
As ſharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more Compariſons.

Ron. What you but whiſper, I dare ſpeak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot; if this deſerve then
Suſpicion in the beſt, the boldeſt, wiſeſt,
Purſue your own Intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-ſtrip you ———

Brif. Be aſſur'd, Sir,
A Conſcience like this can never be
Ally'd to Treach'ry.

Cam. Who durſt ſpeak ſo much,
But one that is like us, a Sufferer,
And ſtands, as we, affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; ev'ry Intelligencer
Speaks Treaſon with like Licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many Years been train'd
In *Ferrand*'s School, a Man in Truſt and Favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A Man diſgrac'd, and with Contempt thrown off;
Will ſpur him to Revenge, as ſwift as they,
That never were in Favour.

Vir. Poor and childiſh.

Brif. His Regiment is caſt, that is moſt certain;
And his Command i'th' Caſtle giv'n away.

Cam. That on my Knowledge.

Vir. Groſſer ſtill; what Shepherd
Would yield the poor Remainder of his Flock
To a known Wolf; though he put on the Habit
Of a moſt faithful Dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.

Cam. Yes, he has Means too.

Vir. I know it to my Grief, weak Men, I know it;
To make his Peace, if there were any War

Between

Between him and (5) his Maſter, by betraying
Our innocent Lives.
Ron. You're too ſuſpicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my Temper:
Take your own ways, I'll leave you.
Vir. You may ſtay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fiſh'd for:
But one word Gentlemen; have you diſcover'd
To him alone our Plot? *Briſ.* To him, and others
That are at his Devotion. *Vir.* Worſe and worſe:
For were he only conſcious of our Purpoſe,
Though with the breach of Hoſpitable Laws,
In my own Houſe, I'd ſilence him for ever:
But what is paſt my help, is paſt my care.
I have a Life to loſe.
Cam. Have better hopes. [further'd
Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble Undertaking, you will ſwear me
Another Man; the Guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our nobleſt Youths,
Attir'd like Virgins, ſuch as Hermits would
Welcome to their ſad Cells, prepar'd a Maſk;
As done for the King's Pleaſure.
Vir. For his ſafety
I rather fear; and as a Pageant to
Uſher our Ruin.
Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on theſe; but with ſuch Art and Cunning
I have convey'd ſharp Poniards in the Wax,
That we may paſs, though ſearch'd, through all his Guards
Without ſuſpicion, and in all his Glory
Oppreſs him, and with ſafety.
Cam. 'Tis moſt ſtrange ——
Vir. To be effected.
Ron. You are doubtful ſtill.
Briſ. But we, reſolv'd to follow him, and if you

(5) —— *his Maſter, betraying*] I have inſerted *by* in the Text againſt the Authority of all the Editions. This Paſſage is deficient without it.

Deſiſt

Deſiſt now *Virolet*, we'll ſay 'tis Fear,
Rather than Providence.
Cam. And ſo we leave you ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. To your wiſe Doubts, and to my better Counſels.
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and truſt me too;
Let me not like *Caſſandra* propheſy Truths,
And never be believ'd, before the Miſchief:
I have heard all, know this *Ronvere* a Villain,
A Villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your Ruin, only to make way
T' his hopes in my Embraces; at more leiſure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this laſt Minute; if you ſtay, you're loſt,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark Cave
Within this Houſe, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the Center,
'Till this rough blaſt be o'er. Where there is Air,
More than to keep in Life, *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his Fears are.
Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my Head now, 'twas thine own Advice,
My Friends engag'd too.
Jul. You ſtand further bound,
Than to weak Men that have betray'd themſelves,
Or to my Counſel, though then juſt and loyal:
Your Fancy hath been good, but not your Judgment,
In choice of ſuch to ſide you; will you leap
From a ſteep Tow'r, becauſe a deſp'rate Fool
Do's it, and truſts the Wind to ſave his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all Mens Eyes
Are fixt on *Virolet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their Hopes and ours: You have ſworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me Wiſe
Although a Woman; e'en Kings in great Actions
Wait opportunity, and ſo muſt you, Sir,

Or

r (6) loſe your Underſtanding.
Vir. Thou art conſtant;
an uncertain Fool, a moſt blind Fool;
: thou my Guide.
Jul. If I fail to direct you,
or Torment or Reward, when I am wretched,
ly Conſtancy forſake me.
Vir. I've my ſafety. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?
Caſt. (7) Peace, thou'rt a Fool.
Vil. But if I were a Flatterer like your Worſhip,
ſhould be wiſe and rich too;
here are few elſe that proſper, Bawds excepted,
hey hold an equal place there.
Caſt. A ſhrewd Knave;
ut oh the King, the happy King!
Vil. Why happy?
1 bearing a great Burthen.
Caſt. What bears he,
hat's borne on Princes Shoulders?
Vil. A Crown's weight,
Vhich ſets more heavy on his Head, than th' Oar
laves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.
Caſt. Thou worthily art his Fool, to think that heavy
hat carries him i'th' Air; the rev'rence due
o that moſt ſacred Gold, makes him ador'd,

(6) ——— *loſe your underſtanding.*] This Place ſeems to want an elping Hand. I wou'd propoſe reading *undertaking*. Kings wait pportunity to perform their Deſigns in, and ſo muſt you, other-iſe you will loſe your Undertaking. For 'tis not the *Underſtand-g* but *Undertaking* which would be loſt.

(7) Caſt. *Peace, thou art a Fool.*
Vil. *But if I were a Flatterer like your Worſhip,*
I ſhou'd be wiſe and rich too;] Thus run all the Co-ies, but there ſeems to be ſomething wanting in *Caſtruccio*'s Part o correſpond with *Villio*'s reply; what I wiſh the Poets had wrote this,
Caſt. *Peace, thou'rt a poor Fool.*
Vil. *But if I were a flatterer like your Worſhip,*
I ſhould be wiſe and rich too.

His

His Footſteps kiſt; (8) his Smiles do raiſe a Beggar
To a Lord's Fortune, and when he but frowns,
The City quakes ———
Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I ſhould ſay. I am of a Fool,
Grown a Philoſopher, to hear this Paraſite.
Caſt. The Delicates he's ſerv'd with, ſee and envy ———
Vil. I'd rather have an Onion with a Stomach,
Than theſe without one.
Caſt. The Celeſtial Muſick,
Such as the motion of the eternal Spheres [*Still Muſick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks Nectar ——
Vil. Here's a fine Knave,
Yet hath too many Fellows. *Caſt.* Then the Beauties,
That with variety of choice Embraces [*Theſe paſs o'er.*
Renew his Age ———
Vir. Help him to crouch rather, [way.
And the *French* Cringe, they're excellent Surgeons that
Caſt. Oh Majeſty! Let others think of Heav'n,
While I contemplate thee. *Vil.* This is not Atheiſm,
But Court obſervance. *Caſt.* Now the God appears,
Uſher'd with Earthquakes. *Vil.* Baſe Idolatry. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter Ferrand, *Guard, Women, and Servants.*

Fer. Theſe Meats are poiſon'd, hang the Cooks; no note more, [*To the Muſick.*
On forfeit of your Fingers; do you envy me
A minute's Slumber? what are theſe? 1 *Guard.* The Ladies
Appointed by your Majeſty. *Fer.* To th' purpoſe;
For what appointed? 1 *Guard.* For your Grace's Pleaſure
Fer. To ſuck away the little Blood is left me,
By my continual Cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them firſt, taſte of my Diet once;
And your turns ſerv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.
Wom. Great Sir, Mercy.

(8) ——— *his Smiles* to *raiſe a Beggar*] The eaſy miſtaking of *do* for *to* has palm'd upon us a ſtrange piece of obſcurity, unleſs 'tis ſalved by a greater Ellipſis than I am willing to admit, *i. e. his Smiles are able to raiſe*, &c.

Fer.

Fer. I'm deaf, why ſtare you? Is what we command
To be diſputed? Who's this? Bring you th' Dead
T' upbraid me to my Face.
Caſt. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightieſt of Kings, I am thy Vaſſal,
Thy Foot-ſtool, that durſt not preſume to look
On thy offended Face?
Fer. Caſtruccio, riſe.
Caſt. Let not the lightning of thy Eye conſume me,
Nor hear that muſical Tongue, in dreadful Thunder,
That ſpeaks all Mercy.
Vil. Here's a flattering Rogue!
Caſt. Ferrand, that is the Father of his People,
The Glory of Mankind.
Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my Troubles to my ſelf,
Be Statues without Motion or Voice;
Though to be flatter'd is an Itch to Greatneſs,
It now offends me.
Vil. Here's the happy Man;
But ſpeak who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could Eat and Sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible
To others, my Guards can't keep Fear from me,
It ſtill purſues me; Oh! my wounded Conſcience,
The Bed I would reſt in, is ſtuft with Thorns;
The Ground's ſtrew'd o'er with Adders, and with Aſpicks
Where-e'er I ſet my Foot: But I am in,
And what was got with Cruelty, with Blood
Muſt be defended, though this Life's a Hell,
I fear a worſe hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere *and Guard.*

Ron. My Lord.
Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden Plummet,
With which I ſound mine En'mies Depths and Angers:
Haſt thou diſcover'd?
Ron. All as you could wiſh, Sir,
The Plot, and the Contrivers; was made one

Of the Conſpiracy.

Fer. Is *Virolet* in?

Ron. The head of all, he only ſcorned me;
And from his fear that I plaid falſe, is fled;
The reſt I have in Fetters.

Fer. Death and Hell.
Next to my mortal Foe the Pirate *Saſſt*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wiſe,
A Lover of his Freedom and his Country's;
Dangerous to ſuch as govern by the Sword,
And ſo to me. No track which way he went,
No means to overtake him?

Ron. There's ſome hope left;
But with a rough Hand, to be ſeiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his Wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the reſt.

Fer. 'Twas wiſely order'd,
Go fetch them in, and let my Executioners [*Exit* Ron.
Appear in horror with the Rack.

Vil. I take it, Signior,
This is no time for you to flatter, or me
To fool in. *Caſt.* Thou art wiſe in this, let's off,
It is unſafe to be near *Jove* when he
Begins to Thunder. *Vil.* Good Morality. [*Exit.*

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the Hearts of Men;
Forced them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whoſe leaſt diſcovery was Death,
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the Fortreſs
Of a weak Woman's Faith.

Enter Ronvere, *Guard, and Executioners with a Rack,* Camillo, Briſſonet, Pandulpho, *and* Juliana.

Cam. Whate'er we ſuffer,
The weight that loads a Traitor's Heart, ſits ever
Heavy on thine. *Briſ.* As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others. *Fer.* Fie, poor Fools, your Curſes
Will ne'er reach me.

Jul.

Jul. Now by my *Virolet*'s Life,
Father, this is a glorious ſtage of Murther.
Here are fine (9) Properties too, and ſuch Spectators
As will expect good Action; to the life,
Let us perform our parts, and we ſhall live,
When theſe are rotten; would we might begin once;
Are you the Maſter of the Company?
Troth you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy Power; if one poor Syllable
Could win me an aſſurance of thy favour,
I would not ſpeak it, I deſire to be
The great Example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make diſcovery where my *Virolet* is,
Whoſe Life I know thou aim'ſt at; but if Tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forſake me;
I dare thy worſt.

Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Miniſters; my Life is thine;
But in (10) the death the Victory ſhall be mine.

Pand. We have ſuch a Miſtreſs here to teach us Courage,
That Cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are ſlow; [*She is put on the Rack.*
Begin the Scene, thou miſerable Fool,
For ſo I'll make thee.

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I'm happy in my Sufferings, thou moſt wretched.

Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet; (11) pluck harder, Villains;

(9) —— *Properties*] A term much uſed at the Play-houſes for the habits and implements neceſſary for the repreſentation; and they who furniſh them are called *Property-Men*. This ſeems to have ariſen from that ſenſe of the word *Property*, which ſignifies a Blind, a Tool, a Stalking-Horſe.

(10) —— *the Death of Victory*] *The* for *of* in this Verſe is from the Folio of 1647. The one makes Senſe, the other confounds it.

(11) —— *pluck hard, Villains*;] The Meaſure here as well as Senſe call for the Alteration, which both Mr. *Theobald* and my ſelf had lighted on, and which I have thought proper to ſtand in the Text.

Is ſhe inſenſible? No Sigh nor Groan?
Or is ſhe dead? *Jul.* No Tyrant, though I ſuffer
More than a Woman, beyond Fleſh and Blood;
'Tis in a Cauſe ſo honourable, that I ſcorn
With any ſign that may expreſs a Sorrow
To ſhew I do repent.
Fer. Confeſs yet, and
Thou ſhalt be ſafe.
Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my Soul,
From whence thou canſt not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten Days a killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thouſand,
My Glory lives the longer.
Ron. 'Tis a Miracle!
She tires the Executioners, and me.
Fer. Unlooſe her, I am conquer'd, I muſt take
Some other way; reach her my Chair, in honour
Of her invincible Fortitude.
Ron. Will you not
Diſpatch the reſt?
Fer. When I ſeem merciful,
Aſſure thy ſelf *Ronvere*, I am moſt cruel. [*Aſide.*
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That has chang'd my Severity to Mercy,
Not to thy ſelf alone, but to thy People,
(In which I do include theſe Men,) my Enemies:
Unbind them.
Pand. This is ſtrange.
Fer. For your Intent
Againſt my Life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one Service.
Cam. Above Hope.
Fer. There rides a Pirate near, the Duke of *Seſſe*,
My Enemy and this Country's, that in Bonds
Holds my dear Friend *Aſcanio*; free this Friend,
Or bring the Pirate's Head; beſides your Pardon,
And Honour of the Action, your Reward
Is forty thouſand Ducates: And becauſe
I know that *Virolet* is as bold as wiſe,

Be

Be he your General. As pledge of your Faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old Man
And this moſt conſtant Matron ſtay with me,
Of whom, as of my ſelf, I will be careful.
She ſhall direct you where her Husband is.
Make Choice of any Ship you think moſt uſeful,
They are rigg'd for you.
[*Exeunt Guard, with* Juliana *and* Pandulpho.
Brif. We with Joy accept it.
Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrand* merciful.
[*Exeunt.*
Ron. The Myſtery of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your Nature?
Fer. I'll make thee privy to it.
The Lives of theſe weak Men, and deſperate Woman,
Would no way have ſecur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis *Virolet* I aim at; he has Pow'r,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Seſſe*,
And he prove Conqueror, I am aſſur'd
They'll find no Mercy; if that they prove Victors,
I ſhall recover, with my Friend, his Head
I moſt deſire of all Men.
Ron. Now I have it.
Fer. I'll make thee underſtand the Drift of all,
So we ſtand ſure, thus much for thoſe that fall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Boatſwain and Gunner.

Boatſ. LAY her before the wind; up with your Canvas,
And let her Work; the Wind begins to whiſtle:
Clap all her Streamers on, and let her dance,
As if ſhe were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her beſtride the Billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton Heads. Ho, below there.
Sailors within. Ho, ho.
Boatſ. Lay her North-Eaſt, and thruſt her Miſſen out,

The Day grows fair and clear, and the Wind courts us:
Oh for a luſty Sail now, to give chaſe to.
Gun. A ſtubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a Broadſide bravely.
Boatſ. Where's the Duke?
Gun. I have not ſeen him ſtir to Day.
Boatſ. Oh Gunner,
What Bravery dwells in his Age, and what Valour?
And to his Friends, what Gentleneſs and Bounty?
How long have we been Inhabitants at Sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen Years.
Boatſ. By fourteen Lives I ſwear then,
This Element ne'er nouriſh'd ſuch a Pirate,
So great, ſo fearleſs, and ſo fortunate,
So patient in his Want, in Act ſo valiant.
How many Sail of well mann'd Ships before us,
As the *Bonetto* does the flying Fiſh,
Have we purſu'd and ſcour'd, that to out-ſtrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very Shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and ſunk, and taken;
Whoſe only Draughts were Fire, and ſtern Defiance?
And nothing ſpoke but Bullets in all theſe.
How like old *Neptune* have I ſeen our General
Standing i'th' Poop, and toſſing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to ſerve him?
Gun. His Daughter too; which is the Honour, Boat-
Of all her Sex; that martial Maid —— [ſwain,
Boatſ. A brave Wench.
Gun. How oftentimes, a Fight being new begun,
Has ſhe leap'd down, and took my Linſtock from me,
And crying, now fly (12) right, fir'd all my Chaſers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddeſs,
Her Target brac'd upon her Arm, her Sword drawn,
And Anger in her Eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the Bark. I've wondred, Boatſwain,
That in a Body made ſo delicate,
So ſoft for ſweet Embraces, ſo much Fire,

(12) —— *right* and *fir'd all*] The omiſſion of *and* is authoriz'd by the Copy of 1647, and Mr. *Theobald* had affix'd a *dele* to it in his Margin.

And

And manly Soul, not ſtarting at a Danger.
Boatſ. Her noble Father got her in his Fury,
And ſo ſhe proves a Soldier.
Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking ſo many Strangers as he does,
He uſes them with that Reſpect and Coolneſs,
Not making Prize, but only borrowing
What may ſupply his Want; nor that for nothing,
But renders back what they may ſtand in need of,
And then parts lovingly. Where, if he take
His Countryman, that ſhould be neareſt to him,
And ſtand moſt free from Danger, he ſure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the Men, ranſacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his Fortune.
Boatſ. The Wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Coun-[try,
(That's all I know) have purchas'd all his Cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly Boys,
The Ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a Sail, Boy, and a right one.
Gun. That's my Hope too, I'm ready for the Paſtime.
Boatſ. I'th' mean time let's beſtow a Song upon him,
To ſhake him from his Dumps, and bid good Day to him.
Ho, in the Hold,

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here. *Boatſ.* To th' Main-Top,
Boy, an' thou ken'ſt a Ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold.
Boy. I'm gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Boatſ. Come, Sirs, a quaint *Levet.* [*Trump. a* Levet.
To waken our brave General. Then t' our Labour.

Enter Duke of Seſſe *above, and his Daughter* Martia *like an* Amazon.

Seſſe. I thank you, loving Mates, I thank you all;
There's to prolong your Mirth; and good morrow to you.
Mart. Take this from me, you're honeſt, valiant Friends,
And ſuch we muſt make much of. Not a Sail ſtirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boatſ. Without doubt, Lady,
The Wind ſtanding ſo fair and full upon us,
We ſhall have Sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you ſtill ſo ſad? You take our Edge off;
You make us dull, and ſpiritleſs.
Seſſe. I'll tell ye,
Becauſe I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my Cauſe, 'twill double arm you.
This Woman, never knew it yet, my Daughter,
Some Diſcontents ſhe has.
Mart. Pray Sir, go forward. [Sea.
Seſſe. Theſe fourteen Years, (13) I've ſtored it here at
Where the moſt curious Thought could never find it.
Boatſ. Call up the Maſter, and all th' Mates.

Enter Maſter and Sailors.

Seſſe. Good Morrow.
Maſt. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that noble Lady all good Wiſhes.
Mart. I thank you Maſter.
Seſſe. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have diſcovered.
'Till full Revenge had wooed me; but to ſatisfie
My faithful Friends, thus I caſt off my Burthen.
In that ſhort time I was a Courtier,
And followed that moſt hated of all Princes,
Ferrand, the full Example of all Miſchiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my Soul a Stranger,)
It was my Chance one Day to play at Cheſs
For ſome few Crowns, with a Minion of this King,
A mean poor Man, that only ſerv'd his Pleaſures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to Words;
From this to hotter Anger: To be ſhort,
I got a Blow.
Mart. How, how, my noble Father!

(13) ——— *I have ſtored it here at Sea.*] Thus the Octavo, and it may be right; the Edition of 1647 gives it thus,

I've ſtored here at Sea.

I conjecture we ſhould read with a ſmall addition, *ſtowed*. So a little lower the Maſter ſays, *Down with 'em, ſtow 'em in.*

Seſſe.

Seſſe. A Blow, my Girl, which I had ſoon repaid,
And ſunk the Slave for ever, had not odds
Thruſt in 'twixt us. I went away diſgrac'd——
Mart. For Honours ſake not ſo, Sir.
Seſſe. For that time, Wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private Friends; knockt at his Valour,
Courted his Honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my Thoughts made ſlight on,
And only worth the Fury of my Footman,
Still I purſu'd him nobly ———
Mart. Did he 'ſcape you?
My old brave Father, could you ſit down ſo coldly?
Seſſe. Have Patience, and know all. Purſu'd him fairly,
'Till I was laughed at, ſcorn'd, my Wrongs made May-games.
By him unjuſtly wrong'd, (14) ſhould be all Juſtice;
The Slave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he ſuppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd, durſt not be queſtion'd;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever ſunk; his poor Life, like the Air,
Blown in an empty Bubble, burſt, and left him,
No noble Wind of Memory to raiſe him.
But then began my Miſery, I fled,
The King's Frowns following, and my Friends Deſpair:
No Hand that durſt relieve; my Country fearful,
Baſely and weakly fearful of a Tyrant,
Which made his bad Will worſe, ſtood ſtill and wondred,
Their Virtues bed-rid in 'em; then my Girl,
A little one, I ſnatch'd thee from thy Nurſe,
The Model of thy Father's Miſeries,
And ſome ſmall Wealth as fit for preſent Carriage,
And got to Sea, where I profeſt my Anger,
And will do, whilſt that baſe ungrateful Country,

(14) ——*ſhou'd be all Juſtice*;] Mr. *Theobald* here has an ingenious reading, which he wou'd have inſerted in this place, *viz.*

Shov'd by all Juſtice.

I have not however ventur'd to diſturb the Text, as I apprehend the preſent reading is good Senſe without any Correction at all.

And

And that bad King, have Blood or Means to quench me.
Now ye know all.
Maſt. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do all ſtill, and ſtill be fortunate.
Mart. Had you done leſs, or loſt this noble Anger,
You had been worthy then, Mens empty Pities,
And not their Wonders. Go on, and uſe your Juſtice,
And uſe it ſtill with that fell Violence,
It firſt appeared to you; if you do leſs,
(15) Or take a doting Mercy to Protection,
Th' Honour of a Father I diſclaim in you;
Call back all Duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and baſe Name of a Whore,
Than Daughter to a great Duke and a Coward.
Seſſe. Mine own ſweet *Martia*, no; thou know'ſt my [Nature,
It cannot, muſt not be.
Mart. I hope it ſhall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive ſtill, young
Aſcanio, Prince of *Roſſana*, King *Ferrand*'s
Moſt beloved one, you took two Months ago?
Why is not he flung over Board, or hang'd?
Seſſe. I'll tell thee, Girl.
It were a Mercy in my Nature now,
So ſoon to (16) break the Thread of his Afflictions;
I am not ſo far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a Benefit.
Beſides, I keep him as a Bait and Diet;
To draw on more, and nearer to the King;
I look each Hour to hear of his *Armados*,
And a hot Welcome they ſhall have.
Mart. But hark you?

(15) *Or take a* dyating Mercy] I con'd not, after the moſt mature Deliberation upon this Paſſage, think it was right, but imagin'd that *doting* was the word the Senſe required; and, upon conſulting the Edition of 1647, found the Text ſtand ſo.

(16) ——— *break the Bed of his Afflictions*;] Here is another ſtrange Corruption, which runs thro' the Copies both ancient and modern; I hope I have reſtored the Text to its original Purity by reading *Thread*, which carries a congruous Senſe along with it, and ſo evident, that I need not paraphraſe the Paſſage, to make it more plain.

If

If you were over-ſway'd with Odds——
Seſſe. I find you:
I would not yield; no Girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my ſelf one Hour into their Mercies,
And give the Tyrant Hope to gain his Kingdom.
No. I can ſink, Wench, and make ſhift to die;
A thouſand Doors are open, I ſhall hit one.
I'm no Niggard of my Life, ſo it go nobly;
All Ways are equal, and all Hours, I care not.
Mart. Now you ſpeak like my Father.
Maſt. Noble General,
If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the Main-yard light upon us!
No, we can ſink too, Sir, and (17) ſink low enough,
To poſe their cruelties to follow us:
And he that thinks of life, if th' World go that way,
A thouſand Cowards ſuck his Bones.
Gun. Let th' worſt come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel: and when ſh'as ſplit it,
Every Man knows his way, his own Prayers,
And ſo good Night, I think.
Maſt. We've liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, General.
Seſſe. I thank you, Gentlemen.
Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.
Maſt. A chearful ſound.
Boy. A Sail.
Boatſ. Of whence? of whence, Boy?
Boy. A luſty Sail.
Mart. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And ſomes i'th' Mouth.
Boatſ. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.
Seſſe. Oh, may ſhe prove of *Naples!*
Maſt. Prove the Devil,

(17) —— *and ſink low enough*] We might very well ſpare this latter *ſink*, and hurt nothing either in the Senſe or Quantity of this Verſe.

Well

We'll ſpit out fire as thick as ſhe.
Boy. Hoy.
Maſt. Brave Boy.
Boy. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, I think of *Naples* Maſter.
Methinks I ſee the Arms.
Maſt. Up, up another,
And give more certain ſigns. [*Exit Sailor.*
Seſſe. All to your buſineſs,
And ſtand but right and true——
Boatſ. Hang him that halts now.
Boy. Sh'as us in chaſe.
Maſt. We'll ſpare her our main Top-ſail,
She ſhall not look us long, we are no Starters.
Down with the Fore-ſail too, we'll ſpoon before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my Honour
Load me but theſe two Minions (18) in the Chaſe there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye, and Level, as thy Heart is.
Gun. Madam, I'll ſcratch 'em out, I'll piſs 'em out elſe.
Sail. above. Ho.
Seſſe. Of whence now?
Sail. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, *Naples*.
I ſee her Top-Flag, how ſhe quarters *Naples*.
I hear her Trumpets.
Seſſe. Down, ſhe's welcome to us.
[*Exeunt Maſt. Boatſ. Gun. Sail.*
Every Man to his Charge, Man her i'th' Bow well,
(19) And place your Rakers right. Daughter, be ſparing.

(18) —— *in the* Chape] The Chape of a Sword is no News, but I fancy that of a Ship will be ſo to every curious Reader. *Chaſe* is applicable either to the Prow or Stern of a Ship, and 'tis no matter in which of theſe Acceptations we underſtand it here.

(19) *And place your Rakers right.*] And a little lower, the Maſter ſays,
—— *clap in her Stern, and yoke 'em.*] If *Rakers* is the primitive Word, *Yoke* 'em I can't think to be right, nay even ſuppoſing *Rakers* wrong, *Yoke*, I'm afraid will ſtand no Chance to remain in the Text. What I imagine the true reading in both places is this,
And place your Sakers *right.* And then,
—— *clap in her Stern, and* rake *'em.*] In the Sea Phraſe, *to rake* is to fire the Cannon into the Stern of the Enemy's Ship, and ſo ſhoot thro' the whole Length of her.

Mart.

Mart. I ſwear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickeſt,
And where moſt danger is, I'll ſeek for Honour.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons ſing amongſt us;
Hark how they ſail; out of our Shells for ſhame, Sirs.
Seſſe. Now Fortune and my Cauſe.
Mart. Be bold and conquer. [*Exeunt.*

[*Charge Trumpets and ſhot within.*

Enter Maſter and Boatſwain.

Maſt. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and valiant. [thers,
Boatſ. Twice we have blown 'em into th' Air like Fea-
And made 'em Dance.
Maſt. Good Boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her ſtern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. (20) You ſhould not need, I have Proviſion for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant:
I have a ſecond courſe of Service for 'em,
Shall make the Bowels of their Bark ake, Boy.
The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*

Enter Maſter, Boatſwain following.

Maſt. Down with 'em, ſtow 'em in.
Boatſ. Cut their Throats, 'tis Brotherhood to fling 'em into th' Sea.
The Duke is hurt, ſo is his lovely Daughter *Martia.*
We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have ſmoak'd us, ne'er ſuch Plums yet flew. [holes,
Boatſ. They've rent the Ship, and bor'd a hundred

(20) *You ſhou'd not need,*] Tho' *ſhould* and *ſhall*, which is the word I think the Context of this place requires, be nothing alike; yet I can't help thinking but it was the Poets Expreſſion.

She

She ſwims ſtill luſtily. *Maſt.* She made a brave fight,
And ſhe ſhall be cur'd, and make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us ſome Cans up, I'm as hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three Cans.

Boatſ. I am ſure I am none o'the cooleſt.
Gun. My Cannons rung like Bells. Here's to my Miſtreſs;
The dainty ſweet braſs Minion ſplit their Fore-maſt,
She never fail'd. *Maſt.* Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honeſt Men. *Boatſ.* But is ſhe rich, Maſter?
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Seſſe, Martia, Virolet, *and Sailors.*

Maſt. Rich for my Captain's purpoſe howſoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he ſhows,
Heated in Blood and Anger? how do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope? *Seſſe.* No, Maſter,
But only wear the Livery of fury.
(21) I am hurt, and deep.
Maſt. My Miſtreſs too?
Mart. A ſcratch Man,
(22) My Needle would ha' done as much. Good Sir,
Be provident and careful.
Seſſe. Prithee, peace, Girl;
This Wound is not the firſt Blood I have bluſht in:
Ye fought all like tall Men, my thanks among ye,
That ſpeaks not what my Purſe means, but my Tongue, Soldiers.
Now, Sir, to you that ſought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You're welcome to your Death.
Vir. I do expect it,

(21) *I am hurt and deep.*] Mr. *Theobald* would read here, *I'm* hurt not deep.
But I am afraid it will not be true; for if it was, why ſhou'd the Surgeons ſay to him a little lower,
You grow ſo angry, Sir, your Wound goes backward.
'Tis only ſuppoſing him to ſpeak aſide, and the Line is good.
(22) *My Needle wou'd have done as much good. Sir,*
Be provident.] The Alteration in the pointing I find Mr. *Theobald* had made before me.

And

And therefore need no compliment, but waie it.
Seſſe. Thou bor'ſt the Face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rank'd in the firſt file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful Spirit, ſhewed and pointed,
Thy Country's Love; one that advanc'd her Honour,
Not tainted with the baſe and ſervile uſes
The Tyrant tyes Mens Souls too. Tell me *Virolet*,
If ſhame have not forſook thee, with thy credit——
Vir. No more of theſe Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor Confeſſions;
Nor if I ſhew ill, will I ſeem a Monſter,
By making my Mind Priſoner; do your worſt.
When I came out to deal with you, I caſt it;
Only thoſe baſe inflictions fit for Slaves,
Becauſe I am a Gentleman——
Seſſe. Thou'rt none.
Thou waſt while thou ſtoodſt good, thou'rt now a Villain,
And Agent for the Devil.
Vir. That Tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and ſtand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A Man as fair in Honour;——rate your Priſoners?
How poor and like a Pedagogue it ſhews?
How far from Nobleneſs? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your Victory with ſoul Language,——
Seſſe. Go fling him over-board; I'll teach you, Sirrah——
Vir. You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in deſpiſing all your cruelties,
And make you choak with anger.
Seſſe. Away I ſay.
Mart. Stay, Sir, h'as giv'n you ſuch bold Language,
I am not reconcil'd t' him yet, and therefore
He ſhall not have his wiſh obſerv'd ſo nearly,
To die when he pleaſe; I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
Seſſe. Do with him what thou wilt,
Mart. Carry him to th' Bilboes,
And clap him faſt there, with the Prince.
Vir. Do, Lady,
For any Death you give, I'm bound to bleſs you.
[*Exeunt* Vir. *and Sailors.*
Mart.

Mart. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your reſt, the Surgeons wait all for you.
Seſſe. Thou mak'ſt me bluſh to ſee thee bear thy Fortunes;
Why, ſure I have no hurt, I have not fought ſure?
Maſt. You bleed apace, Sir.
Mart. Ye grow cold too.
Seſſe. I muſt be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepeſt Wounds ſcorn Crutches.
All. A brave General. [*Flouriſh Trumpets, Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Will they not moore her?
2 *Sail.* Not 'till we come to th' Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; ſhe ſwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The Ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.
1 *Sail.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sail.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sail.* Beſhrew my Heart did ſhe.
Her Men are gone to *Candy*, they are pepper'd,
All but this Priſoner.
2 *Sail.* Sure he's a brave Fellow.
1 *Sail.* A ſtubborn Knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.
[*He diſcovers* Virolet *and* Aſcanio *in the Bilboes.*
Look how he looks now: come, let's go ſerve his Diet,
Which is but Bread and Water.
2 *Sail.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*
Aſca. I muſt confeſs I have endur'd much miſery,
E'en almoſt to the ruin of my Spirit,
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To find my Friend here.
Vir. Had we (23) ſerv'd our Country,

(23) —— *ſerv'd our Country,*
Or Honeſties.] This Sentence ſeems to be an Alluſion to the Dying Speech of Cardinal *Wolſey*, and to make it fully ſo I imagine we ſhou'd write thus,
—— *ſerv'd our Country,*
As Honeſtly *as we have done*, &c.

Or

Or Honeſties, as we have ſerv'd our Follies,
We had not been here now.
Aſca. 'Tis too true, *Virolet.*
Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your ſafety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrand*'s Will, a baſe one;
Some ſervice for mine own, ſome for my Nation,
Some for my Friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durſt adventure ſuch a noble Office,
From the moſt treacherous command of miſchief;
You know him now?
Aſca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witneſs with me,
(And if I lie my Miſeries ſtill load me)
With what Tears I have wooed him, with what Prayers,
What weight of Reaſons I have laid, what dangers;
(Then, when the Peoples curſes flew like ſtorms,
And every Tongue was whetted to defame him,)
To leave his Doubts, his Tyrannies, his Slaughters,
His fell Oppreſſions: I know I was hated too.
Vir. And all Mankind that knew him; theſe Confeſſions
Do no good to the World, to Heav'n they may.
Let's ſtudy to die well, we've liv'd like Coxcombs.
Aſca. That my misfortune, ſhould loſe you too.
Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I ſave yours,
And ſome brave Friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious Death I wiſh for,
But we muſt hang or drown like Whelps.
Aſca. No Remedy.
Vir. On my part I expect none. I know th' Man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too,
I know his Nature.
Aſca. A moſt cruel Nature.
Vir. His Wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.
Aſca. He has a Daughter too, the greateſt ſcorner,
And moſt inſulter upon Miſery.

Vir. For thoſe, they're Toys (24) to laugh at, not to load Men:
A Woman's Mirth or Anger, like a Meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
Our Miſeries would ſeem like Maſters to us,
And ſhake our manly Spirits into Feavers,
If we reſpected thoſe; the more they glory,
And raiſe inſulting Trophies on our Ruins,
The more our Virtues ſhine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud Torrent
Of all Afflictions, ſinging as they ſwim,
A Gall of Heart, but to a guilty Conſcience.
Whilſt we ſtand fair, though by a two-edg'd Storm
We find untimely falls, like early Roſes,
Bent to the Earth, we bear our Native Sweetneſs.

Aſca. Good Sir, go on.

Vir. When we are little Children,
And cry and fret for every Toy comes croſs us;
How ſweetly do we ſhew, when Sleep ſteals on us?
When we grow great, (25) but our Affection greater,
And ſtruggle with this ſtubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet ſtill we find a Giant:
Had we not then the privilege to ſleep,
Our everlaſting Sleep, he'd make us Idiots;
The Memory and Monuments of good Men
Are more than lives, and tho' their Tombs want Tongues,
Yet have they Eyes that daily ſweat their loſſes,
And ſuch a Tear from ſtone no time can value.
To die both young and good, are Nature's curſes,
As the World ſays; ask Truth, they're bounteous Bleſſings:
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full Virtues,
And fix our ſelves new Stars, crown'd with our goodneſs.

(24) —— *To laugh at, not to lead Men:*] Here again Mr. *Theobald* was beforehand with me, and reads *load* in his Margin, which is undoubtedly the right word. So *Aſcanio* a little above ſays,

And if I lie, my Miſeries ſtill load *me.*

(25) —— *but our Affections greater,*] *Affection*, as I read, or *Paſſion*, is the *ſtubborn twin born with us*, which *wou'd make us Idiots*, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourſelves from its Tyranny by the Sleep of Death. Mr. *Seward.*

Aſca.

Aſca. You've double arm'd me.
(26) Hark, what noiſe is this?
[*Strange Muſick within, Hoboys.*
What horrid noiſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing!
A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance?
Vir. Stand faſt now.
[*Within ſtrange Cries, horrid Noiſe, Trumpets.*
Aſca. I am fixt.
Vir. We fear ye not,
Let Death appear in all ſhapes, we ſmile on him.

Enter Martia.

Aſca. The Lady now.
Vir. The Face o'th' Mask is alter'd.
Aſca. What will ſhe do?
Vir. Do what ſhe can, I care not.
Aſca. She looks on you, Sir.
Vir. Rather ſhe looks through me,
But yet ſhe ſtirs me not.
Mart. Poor wretched Slaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for Mercy,
Why do not you howl out, and fill the Hold
With lamentations, cries, and baſe ſubmiſſions,
Worthy our ſcorn?
Vir. Madam, you are miſtaken,
We are no Slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if ſhe had her Eyes, and durſt be certain,
Certain our Friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask ſo baſe a Mercy:
If you ſee any thing in our Appearance,
Worthy your Sexes ſoftneſs and your own glory,

(26) *Hark, what noiſe is this?*
What horrid noiſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing.
An hideous Dirge *to our Deliverance?*] If the Reader can paſs over *Aſcanio*'s asking one Queſtion, and anſwering himſelf which another, he has his Liberty; but I rather imagine, that by Miſtake what was *Virolet*'s Part has been given to *Aſcanio*, and think the Speeches ſhou'd be ſeparated thus,
Aſc. *Hark! what noiſe is this?*
What horrid noiſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing?
Vir. *An hideous* Dirge *to our Deliverance.*

Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
We cannot beg.
Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.
Vir. Madam, for what?
Mart. For Life; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your Baſeneſs.
Aſca. Madam, 'tis true, there may be ſuch a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with Honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be Death; but when we beg a baſe Life,
And beg it of your ſcorn ———
Vir. You're cozen'd, Woman,
Your handſomneſs may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate ———
Mart. Are ye ſo ſtubborn?
S'Death, I will make you bow.
Vir. 'T muſt b' in your Bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handſomly,
It may be I can thank you, elſe ———
Mart. So glorious?
Aſca. Her Cruelty now works.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for Life ſake?
Vir. No, I know your ſubtilty.
Mart. For Honour ſake?
Vir. I will not be a Pageant;
My Mind was ever firm, and ſo I'll loſe it.
Mart. I'll ſtarve thee to it.
Vir. I'll ſtarve my ſelf, and croſs it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on ſuch miſeries ———
Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonneſs, you do your Bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a Month a killing thee.
Vir. Poor Lady,
I'll be a Month a dying then; what's that?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.

Mart.

Mart. How might I do in killing of his Body,
To ſave his noble Mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sail. Madam.
Mart. Unbolt this Man, and leave thoſe things behind you;
And ſo away: Now put 'em on. [*Exit Sailor.*
Vir. To what end?
Mart. To my End, to my Will.
Vir. I will.
Mart. I thank you.
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,
I am a Servant to your courteſie,
And ſo far will be woo'd; but if this Triumph
Be only aim'd to make your Miſchief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer Shroud upon me,
Which my ſtrong Mind ſhall ſuffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy Bravery put into thy Carriage,
For I'll admire thee.
Vir. Whither will this Woman?
Aſca. Take heed, my Friend.
Mart. Look, as thou ſcorn'dſt my Cruelty,
I know thou doſt.
Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.
Mart. No, if thou hadſt, thou'dſt died, and I had glo-ried.
I ſuffer now, and thou which art my Priſoner,
Haſt nobly won the free Power to deſpiſe me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleneſs;
And, for thy manly Sufferance, am thy Servant.
Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.
Mart. By Heav'n I love thee;
And by the Soul of Love, am one piece with thee:
Thy Mind, thy Mind! thy brave, thy manly Mind,
That like a Rock, ſtands all the ſtorms of Fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee:
That lovely Mind I doat on, not the Body;
That Mind has rob'd me of my Liberty;
That Mind has darken'd all my Bravery,
And into poor deſpis'd things turn'd my Angers.

Receive me to your Love, Sir, and inſtruct me;
Receive me to your Bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bleſs the hour I knew you.
Vir. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my Faith,
Firſt take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
Or any thing within my power.
Vir. I love you,
But how to recompence your Love with Marriage?
Alas, I have a Wife.
Mart. Dearer than I am?
That will adventure ſo much for your ſafety?
Forget her Father's Wrongs, quit her own Honour,
Pull on her, for a Stranger's ſake, all curſes?
Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too? Elſe all
I love is gone, all my Friends periſh. *Mart.* He ſhall.
Ver. What ſhall I do?
Mart. If thou deſpiſe my courteſie,
When I am dead, for grief I am forſaken,
And no ſoft Hand left to aſſwage your Sorrows;
Too late, but too true, curſe your own cruelties.
Aſca. Be wiſe; if ſhe be true; no thread is left elſe,
To guide us from this Labyrinth of miſchief;
Nor no way for our Friends.
Vir. Thus then I take you,
I bind ye to my Life, my Love.
Mart. I take you,
And with the like Bond tye my Heart your Servant;
We're now almoſt at Harbour, within this hour,
In the dead Watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready,
And when I give the word, be ſure you enter,
I'll ſee ye furniſh'd both immediately, [you;
(27) And like your ſelves; ſome truſty Man ſhall wait
The watch I'll make my own; only my Love
Requires a ſtronger Vow, which I'll adminiſter
Before we go.
Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.
Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his Fetters,

(27) *And like your ſelf;*] The Grammar of this Paſſage requires a Change of Numbers to keep *Martia* from uttering Nonſenſe.

And

And arm ye nobly both; I'll be with you preſently;
And ſo this loving Kiſs.

Aſca. Be conſtant, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Seſſe, *by Torch light, Maſter and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow ſo angry, Sir, your Wound goes backward.

Seſſe. I'm angry at the time, at none of you,
That ſends but one poor Subject for Revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the Villany,
(28) Was ever practis'd under that foul Tyrant
Ferrand, and all to quench my Wrath.

Maſt. Be patient,
Your Grace may find occaſion every Hour
(For certain they'll ſeek you) to ſatisfie,
And to the full, your Anger.

Seſſe. 'Death they dare not:
They know that I command Death, feed his Hunger,
And when I let him looſe——

Surg. You'll never heal, Sir,
If theſe extreams dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your Spirits out with this wild Anger.

Seſſe. Thou lieſt, I am not old, I am as luſty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art ——

Maſt. No more of that.

Seſſe. And dare ſeek out a Danger;
And hold him at the Sword's Point, when thou trembleſt
And creep'ſt into thy Box of Salves to ſave thee.
Oh Maſter, I have had a dreadful Dream to Night!
Methought th' Ship was all on Fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To ſave her Life, leapt into th' Sea; where ſuddenly
A Stranger ſnatcht her up, and ſwam away with her.

Maſt. 'Twas but the heat o'th' Fight, Sir.

[*Boatſwain within, and Sailor.*

Boatſ. Look out, what's that?

Sail. The Long-boat, as I live.

(28) *Was ever practis'd under that foul* Ferrand *Tyrant.*] Theſe two laſt Words have chang'd their places; we muſt read as I have alter'd the place.

Boatſ. (29) Ho, there i'th' Long-boat.
(30) *Seſſe.* What Noiſe is that! [*Hoy.*
I hear Sir —— [*Exit Maſter.*
Boatſ. The Devil or his Dam; Hail her again Boys.
Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.
Seſſe. Why, the Long-boat?
Where is the Long-boat?
Boatſ. She is ſtol'n off.

Enter Maſter.

Seſſe. Who ſtole her?
Oh my prophetick Soul!
Maſt. Your Daughter's gone, Sir:
The Priſoners and ſix Sailors, Rogues!
Seſſe. Miſchief, ſix thouſand Plagues ſail with 'em.
They're in her yet, make out.
Maſt. We ha' ne'er a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this Trick?
Seſſe. Weigh Anchors and away.
Boatſ. We ha' no Wind, Sir,
They'll beat us with their Oars.
Seſſe. Then ſink 'em Gunner,
Oh ſink 'em, ſink 'em, ſink 'em, claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou haſt lov'd me.
Gun. I'll do reaſon,
But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the Lady. [*Exit Gun.*

(29) Boatſ. *Ho, there i'th' Leng-boat.*] The Edition of 1647, has made a Stage Direction of what might poſſibly have been the Text it ſelf once,

She claps on all her Oars.

To which I wou'd prefix the Sailor, who anſwers the Boatſwain a Speech as before, then the whole will run thus,

Boatſ. *Look out, what's that?*
Sail. *The Long boat, as I live* ——
Boatſ. *Ho, there i'th' Long-boat.*
Sail. *She claps on all her Oars.*

(30) Seſſe. *What Noiſe is that!*
I hear Sir ——] So the other Copies; the Text is from the oldeſt Folio.

Seſſe.

Seſſe. Who knew of this? [*A Piece or two go off.*
Maſt. We ſtand all clear.
Seſſe. What Devil
Put this baſe trick into her Tail? My Daughter,
And run away with Rogues! I hope ſhe's ſunk,
[*A Piece or two go off.*
Or torn to Pieces with the Shot. Rots find her,
The Leproſie of Whore ſtick ever to her,
Oh ſhe has ruin'd my Revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She's gone, Sir.
I cannot reach her with my Shot.
Seſſe. Riſe Winds,
Blow till ye burſt the Air, and ſwell the Seas,
That they may ſink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;
She's impudently Wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your Surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a Whore, cool her, cool her;
Oh now a ſhot (31) to ſink her, come cut Cables,
I will away; and where ſhe ſets her Foot,
Although it be in *Ferrand*'s Court, I'll follow her,
And ſuch a Father's Vengeance ſhall ſhe ſuffer ——
Dare any Man ſtand by me?
Maſt. All, all.
Boatſ. All, Sir.
Gun. And the ſame Cup you taſte ——
Seſſe. Cut Cables then;
For I ſhall never ſleep, nor know what Peace is,
'Till I have pluckt her Heart out.
All o'main there. [*Within. Exeunt.*

(31) *To ſink her: Cut Cables,*] The Folio of 1647 gives the true reading.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Caſtruccio, Villio, *and Guard.*

Ron. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flouriſh Cornets.*
Fer. You are too careleſs:
The Creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why ſhould I give you Names, Titles of Honour,
Rob Families to fill your private Houſes;
For your Advancement draw all Curſes on me,
Wake tedious Winter Nights, to make them happy
That for me break no ſlumber?
Ron. What we can,
We dare do.
Fer. Why's your Sovereign's Life then
(In which you live, and in whoſe Fall your Honours,
Your Wealth, your Pomp, your Pride, and all muſt ſuffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark'd me out a King, raiſing me on
This Pinacle of Greatneſs, only to be
The nearer blaſting!
Vil. What think you now, *Caſtruccio?*
Is not this a merry Life?
Caſt. Still thou art cozen'd;
It is a glorious royal Diſcontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!
Fer. To be made
The common Butt, for every Slave to ſhoot at;
No peace, no reſt I take, but their Alarms
Beat at my Heart; why do I live, or ſeek then,
To add a Day more to theſe glorious Troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the ſumming up of Fears and Sorrows?
What Power has my Command, when from my Boſom
Aſcanio, my moſt dear and lov'd *Aſcanio*,
Was ſnatch'd, ſpite of my Will, ſpite of my Succour?
And by mine own proud Slave retain'd moſt miſerable?

And

And ſtill that Villain lives to nip my Pleaſures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ron. Time may reſtore all this: (32) and would you [hear
Whoſe Counſel never fail'd you———
Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my Cares;
And yield my ſelf moſt wretched.
Ron. On my Knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchſafe me hearing.
Fer. Speak, ſpeak, and I thus low, ſuch is my Fortune,
Will hear what thou canſt ſay.
Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a Man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More Pleaſure than this King?
Caſt. A dull Fool ſtill:
Make me a King, and let me ſcratch with care,
And ſee who'll have the better; give me Rule,
Command, Obedience, Pleaſure of a King,
And let the Devil roar: The greateſt Corroſive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear Delight,
Than other Mens whole Lives, let 'em be ſafe too.
Vil. Think of the mutinous People.
Caſt. Hang the People,
Give me the Pleaſure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their Wives and States at my Diſcretion,
And peg 'em when I pleaſe, let the Slaves mumble.
Vil. But ſay they ſhould be vex'd, and riſe againſt thee?
Caſt. Let 'em riſe, let 'em riſe; give me the Bridle here,
And ſee if they can crack my Girths: Ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing ſo Voluptuous
As riding of this Monſter, till he founder.
Fer. Who's that ſo loud?

(32) Suppoſe we ſupplied the Pronoun here, which might eaſily have been dropt by the not over-curious Compoſitor, and write thus,

——— *and wou'd you hear* him,
Whoſe Counſel, &c.

The Paſſage wou'd be more explicit.

Caſt.

Caſt. I'm Dumb: Is not this rare?
Kings Looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happineſs, *Villio?*
Vil. Yes, to put to ſilence
A fawning Sycophant.
Fer. Thou ſpeakeſt truth in all, [*To* Ronvere.
And Mercy is a Vice, when there needs Rigour,
Which I with all ſeverity will practice;
And ſince, as Subjects they pay not Obedience,
They ſhall be forc'd as Slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Go you the fatal Executioners
Of my Commands, and in our Name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private Conferences in the City:
To feaſt a Neighbour ſhall be Death; to talk,
As they meet in the Streets, to hold Diſcourſe
By Writing, nay by Signs; ſee this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to thoſe
That dare repine at this, to me true Service.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have Employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we ſhould be Beggars.
Fer. Ronvere. [*Exit Guard.*
Ron. My Lord.
Caſt. Thou Enemy to Majeſty,
What thinkeſt thou of a Kingdom?
Vil. As of a Man
That hath power to do ill.
Caſt. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods;
Obſerve but with how little Breath he ſhakes
A populous City, which would ſtand unmov'd
Againſt a Whirlwind.
Vil. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the Winds.
Caſt. For me I do profeſs it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand.*
Fer. Who names me?

Deliver

Deliver thy Thoughts, Slave, thy Thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more.

Caſt. They rather will deſerve
Your Favour than your Fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a Loyal Subject?)
Your Wiſdom, Power, your perfect Happineſs,
The moſt bleſt of Mankind.

Fer. Didſt thou but feel
The weighty Sorrows that ſit on a Crown,
Though thou ſhouldſt find one in the Streets, *Caſtruccio*,
Thou wouldſt not think it worth the taking up;
But ſince thou art enamour'd of my Fortune,
Thou ſhalt e'er long taſte of it.

Caſt. But one Day,
And then let me expire.

Fer. Go to my Wardrobe,
And of the richeſt things I wear, cull out
What thou think'ſt fit: Do you attend him, Sirrah.

Vil. I warrant you I ſhall be at his Elbow,
The Fool will never leave him. [*Ex.* Vil. *and* Caſt.

Caſt. Made for ever. [*A Shout within.*

Fer. What Shout is that, draw up our Guards.

Enter Virolet, Aſcanio, *and a Servant.*

Ron. Thoſe rather
Speak Joy than Danger. (33) *Vir.* Bring her to my Houſe.
I would not have her ſeen here.

Fer. My *Aſcanio!*
The moſt deſir'd of all Men, let me die
In theſe Embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?

Aſca. Sir, this is my Preſerver.

Fer. At more Leiſure
(34) I will enquire the Manner, and the Means:
I cannot ſpare ſo much time now from my

(33) Ron. *Bring her to my Houſe,*
I wou'd not have her ſeen here.] This is evidently a Direction of *Virolet*'s relating to *Martia*, and to him it ſhou'd be reſtored. Mr. *Seward.*

(34) *I will enquire the Manner and the Means,*
I *cannot ſpare ſo much time now*] I ſuſpect that *I cannot* ſhou'd be read *Yet cannot*. The reaſon is plain.

More

More ſtrict Embraces: *Virolet*, welcome too,
This Service weighs down your intended Treaſon.
You long have been mine Enemy; learn now
To be my Friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrand*. Let him have
The Forty thouſand Crowns I gladly promis'd
For my *Aſcanio*'s Freedom; and deliver
His Father and his Wife to him in Safety.
Something hath paſs'd which I am ſorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my *Aſcanio*,
And reap the Harveſt of my Winter-Travels.
My beſt *Aſcanio*, my lov'd *Aſcanio*.
[*Flouriſh Cornets. Ex.* Fer. Aſcan

Vir. My Lord, all former Paſſages forgot,
I am become a Suitor.

Ron. To me, *Virolet?*

Vir. To you, yet will not beg the Courteſie,
But largely pay you for it.

Ron. To the purpoſe.

Vir. The Forty thouſand Crowns the King hath gi
I will beſtow on you, if by your means
I may have Liberty for a Divorce
Between me and my Wife.

Ron. Your *Juliana?*
That for you hath endur'd ſo much, ſo nobly?

Vir. The more my Sorrow; but it muſt be ſo.

Ron. I will not hinder it. Without a Bribe,
For mine own Ends, I would have further'd this.
I will uſe all my Power.

(35) *Vir.* 'Tis all I ask.
Oh my curs'd Fate, that ever Man ſhould hate
Himſelf for being belov'd, or be compell'd
To caſt away a Jewel Kings would buy,
Tho' with the Loſs of Crown and Monarchy! [*Exet*

(35) Ron. *'Tis all I ask.*] That *Ronvere* can't be the Speaker is too plain; *Virolet* is the real Perſon, and to him I have g this Speech, and was confirm'd in it by the Folio of 1647, that of 1679.

E

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *and Gunner.*

Seſſe. How do I look?
Maſt. You are ſo ſtrangely alter'd,
We ſcarce can know you; ſo young again, and utterly
From that you were, Figure, or any Favour;
Your Friends cannot diſcern you.
Seſſe. I have none,
None but my fair Revenge, and let that know me!
You're finely alter'd too.
Boatſ. To pleaſe your Humour:
But we may paſs without Diſguiſe, our Living
Was never in their Element.
Gun. This *few* ſure,
That alter'd you, is a mad Knave.
Seſſe. Oh! a moſt excellent Fellow. [Snow off,
Gun. How he has mew'd your Head, has rubb'd the
And run your Beard into a Peak of Twenty.
Boatſ. Stopt all the Crannies in your Face.
Maſt. Moſt rarely. [ſparkling,
Boatſ. And now you look as plump, your Eyes as
As if you were to leap into a Lady's Saddle.
Has he not ſet your Noſe awry?
Seſſe. The better.
Boatſ. I think't be th' better, but 'tis awry ſure;
North and by Eaſt, ay, there's the Point it ſtands in;
Now half a *Point to the Southward.*
Seſſe. I could laugh,
But that my Buſineſs requires no Mirth now.
Thou art a merry Fellow.
Boatſ. I would the *few*, Sir, [in't,
Could ſteer my Head right; for I've ſuch a Swimming
Ever ſince I went to Sea firſt.
Maſt. Take Wine and purge it.
Boatſ. I've had a thouſand Pills of Sack, a thouſand,
A thouſand Pottle-Pills.
Gun. Take more.
Boatſ. Good Doctor,
Your Patient is eaſily perſwaded.
Maſt. The next fair open Weather.

Methinks

Methinks this *Jew*,
If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies, that have loſt their Fleeces
On ev'ry Buſh, might pick a pretty Living. [him:
Boatſ. The beſt of all (36) our Gallants now be glad of
For if you mark their Marches, they are tender,
Soft, ſoft, and tender; then but obſerve their Bodies,
And you ſhall find them cemented by a Surgeon,
Or ſome Phyſician, for a Year or two,
And then to th' Tub again, for a new Pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.

Enter two Citizens at oppoſite Doors, ſaluting afar off.

Seſſe. Who're theſe?
Stand cloſe and mark.
Boatſ. Theſe are no Men, th' are Motions.
Seſſe. What ſad and ruthful Faces!
Boatſ. How they duck!
This ſenſeleſs, ſilent Courteſie, methinks,
Shews like two *Turks* ſaluting one another,
On two *French* Porters Backs.
Seſſe. They are my Country-men,
And this, ſome forc'd Inflict̃ion from the Tyrant;
What are you, why is this? Why move thus ſilent,
As if you were wandring Shadows? Why ſo ſad?
Your Tongues ſeal'd up: Are ye of ſeveral Countries?
You underſtand not one another?
Gun. That's an *Engliſhman.*
He looks as though h'ad loſt his Dog.
Seſſe. Your Habits
Shew ye all *Neapolitans*; and your Faces
Deliver you oppreſſed Things: Speak boldly.
Do you groan and labour under this ſtiff Yoak?
Maſt. They ſhake their Heads and weep.
Seſſe. Oh Miſery!
Give plenteous Sorrows and no Tongue to ſhew 'em!
This is a ſtudy'd Cruelty.

(36) So the Folio of 1647. The Editions of 1679 and 1711, ——— *our Gallants* ſhou'd *be glad of him.*

1 *Cit.* Begone, Sir,
It ſeems you are a Stranger, and ſave your ſelf.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you ſpeak ſo openly and boldly,
The King's Command being publiſh'd to the contrary;
'Tis Death here, above two to talk together;
And that muſt be but common Salutation neither,
Short, and ſo part.
Boatſ. How ſhould a Man buy Muſtard,
If he be forc'd to ſtay the making of it?
Within. Clear all the Streets before the King.
1 *Cit.* Get off, Sir,
And ſhift, as we muſt do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Seſſe. I will ſee his Glory.
Maſt. Stand faſt now, and like Men. [*Flouriſh Colours.*

Enter Caſtruccio, *like the King, in the midſt of a Guard; and* Villio.

Caſt. Begin the Game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row of Houſes there,
They hide the View o'th' Hill; and ſink thoſe Merchants,
Their Ships are foul, and ſtink.
Maſt. This is a ſweet Youth.
Caſt. All that are taken in Aſſemblies,
Their Houſes and their Wives, their Wealths are forfeit,
Their Lives at your Devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and ſhake, I'll make you kneel, Rogues.
How brave 'tis to be a King?
Gun. Here's fine Tumbling.
Caſt. No Man ſhall ſit i'th' Temple near another.
Boatſ. Nor lye with his own Wife.
Caſt. All upon Pain
Of preſent Death, forget to write.
Boatſ. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footpoſts will be arrant Rebels.
Caſt. No Character, or Stamp, that may deliver
This Man's Intention, to that Man i'th' Country.
Gun. Nay, and you cut off, After my hearty Commen-
Your Friend and *Oliver*. No more. [dations,
Caſt. No Man ſmile,

And wear a Face of Mirth: That Fellow's cunning,
And hides a double Heart; he's your Prize, ſmoke him.

Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Aſcanio, *and* Martia, *paſſing over.*

Seſſe. What baſe Abuſe is this? Ha? 'tis her Face ſure.
My Priſoners with her too? By Heav'n, (37) wild Whore,
Now is my time.

Maſt. Do what you will.

Seſſe. Stay, hold yet;
My Country ſhall be ſerv'd firſt, let her go;
We'll have an Hour for her, to make her tremble.
Now ſhew our ſelves, and bleſs you with your Valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues.

[Virolet, *&c. go off again.*

Seſſe. Now for your Country.

Caſt. Away with 'em and hang 'em; ſhew no Mercy,
I ſay no Mercy.

Seſſe. Be it ſo, upon 'em.

Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.

Boatſ. Cut the Slaves to Giggets.

Gun. Down with the Bullbeefs.

Seſſe. Hold, hold, I command you, —— look here.

Caſt. A miſerable thing; I am no King, Sir.

Seſſe. Sirrah, your Fool's Face has preſerv'd your Life.
Wear no more King's Coats, you have ſcap'd a ſcouring.

Boatſ. Is't not the King?

Seſſe. No, 'tis a prating Raſcal,
The Puppy makes him Mirth. *Caſt.* Yes, Sir, I am
A Puppy. *Boatſ.* I beſeech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt ſtraight.

Caſt. As you're honourable, ——
It is enough, you may hang me. *Gun.* I'll hang
A Squib at his Tail that ſhall blow both his
Buttocks, like a Petard. *Caſt.* Do any thing.
But do not kill me, Gentlemen.

(37) —— *wild Whore,*] I have a ſmall Suſpicion here that *vilde* is the true reading, but I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text.

Enter

Enter Citizens.

Boatſ. Let's flea him, [Lives.
And have him Fly-blown. *Cit.* Away, and ſave your
The King himſelf is coming on; if you ſtay,
You're loſt for ever; let not ſo much Nobleneſs
Wilfully periſh.
Seſſe. How near?
2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Seſſe. We thank you. Vaniſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferrand, *and* Ronvere. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

Fer. Double the Guards, and take in Men that dare,
Theſe Slaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels?
To what Protection fled? What Villain leads 'em?
Under our Noſe diſturb'd our Reſt?
Ron. We ſhall hear,
For ſuch a Search I've ſent, to hunt the Traitors.
Fer. Yet better Men I ſay, we ſtand too open.
How now, *Caſtruccio?* How d'you like our Glory?
Caſt. I muſt confeſs, 'twas ſomewhat more than my
This open Glory agrees not with my Body; [Match, Sir;
But if it were i'th' Caſtle, or ſome Strength,
Where I might have my ſwing.
Vil. You have been ſwing'd, Brother;
How theſe Delights have tickled you? You itch yet?
Will you walk out again in Pomp?
Caſt. Good Fool.
Vil. Theſe Rogues muſt be rebuk'd, they are too ſawcy,
Theſe peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the Remnant of your Coronation?
The People ſtay to ſee it.
Fer. Do not vex him,
H'as Grief enough in's Bones; you ſhall to th' Citadel,
And like my ſelf command, there uſe your Pleaſure;
But take heed to your Perſon.
Vil. The more Danger,
Still the more Honour, Brother.
Caſt. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou ſhalt know it, Fool,

And thou ſhalt feel it, Fool.——

Vil. Fools ſtill are Freemen,
I'll ſue for a Protection, 'till thy Reign's out.

Fer. The People have abus'd the Liberty
I late allow'd, I now proclaim it ſtraiter.
No Men ſhall walk together, nor ſalute;
For they that do ſhall die.

Ron. (38) You hit the right, Sir;
That Liberty cut off, you're free from Practice.

Fer. Renew my Guards.

Ron. I ſhall.

Fer. And keep ſtrict Watches;
One Hour of Joy I ask.

Ron. You ſhall have many. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh Cornets:*

Enter Pandulpho, *and* Juliana, *led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*

2 *Guard.* You're now at Liberty, in your own Houſe,
And here our Charge takes end. [Lady,

Pan. 'Tis now a Cuſtom,
We muſt e'en woe thoſe Men deſerve worſt of us,
And ſo we thank your Labours; there's to drink,
For that and Miſchief are your Occupations,
And to mean well to no Man, your chief'ſt Harveſts.

2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, Sir, e're't be long,
To be oftner acquainted with your Bounty,
And ſo we leave you.

Pan. Do, for I doat not on ye.

Jul. But where's my Husband? What ſhould I do here,
Or what Share have I in this Joy, call'd Liberty,
Without his Company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his Service honour'd?

1 *Guard.* He is ſo, and ſtands high in the King's Favour,
His Friends redeemed, and his own Liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his Service,
To his own Wiſh, rewarded: So farewel, Lady.
[*Exe. Guard.*

(38) *You hit the right, Sir;*] The moſt uſual Expreſſion is *white*, but I have been unwilling to make any Alteration.

Pan.

Pan. Go perſecute the Good, and hunt, ye Hell-hounds;
Ye Leeches of the Time, ſuck 'till ye burſt, Slaves;
How does my Girl?
Jul. Weak yet, but full of Comfort.
Pan. Sit down, and take ſome Reſt.
Jul. My Heart's whole, Father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my *Virolet*,
My Dear, my Life, has conquer'd his Afflictions.
Pan. Thoſe rude Hands, and that bloody Will that did [this,
That durſt upon thy tender Body print
Theſe Characters of Cruelty; hear me Heav'n.
Jul. O Sir, be ſparing.
Pan. I'll ſpeak't, tho' I burſt;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould go: O hear me thou great Juſtice;
The Miſeries that wait upon their Miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs, and no Eye pity
Them, when their Souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded through, and through, with guilt and horrour,
As mine is now with Grief; let Men laugh at 'em [em,
Then, when their monſtrous Sins, like Earth-quakes, ſhake
And thoſe Eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
(The bloody Alarms of the Conſcience beating,)
Let Mercy fly, and Day ſtruck into Darkneſs,
Leave their blind Souls, to hunt out their own Horrours.
Jul. Enough, enough, we muſt forget dear Father;
(39) For then we're glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,
When

(39) *For then we're glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,*] If we are glorious Forms of Heaven, then we live ſuch to be ſure; tho' by *live* here join'd to *are* one wou'd imagine the Poets deſign'd to affix different Senſes to theſe two Verſes, and be underſtood thus, — we muſt forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be *glorious Forms of Heav'n when*, &c. Yet I ſuſpect (and Mr. *Seward* too) that the Line might be wrote originally thus,

For then we glorious Forms of Heav'n live,

live here anſwering to the Latin *Vive*, which oftentimes is no more than *Sum*: Thus *Plautus*, in the Prologue to *Amphytrio*, Line 75, and elſewhere has,

Virtute dixit nos rectius vivere,
Non ambitione neque perfidia.

When we can ſuffer, and as ſoon forgive.
But where's my Lord? Methinks I've ſeen this Houſe,
And have been in't before.
Pan. Thine own Houſe, Jewel.
Jul. Mine, without him? Or his, without my Company
I think it cannot be, it was not wont, Father. [Heav'n
Pan. Some buſineſs with the King, (let it be good,
Retains him ſure.

Enter Lucio.

Jul. It muſt be good and noble,
For all Men, that he treats with, taſte of Virtue;
His Words and Actions are his own, and Honour's,
(40) Not brought, nor compell'd from him.
Pan. Here's the Boy.
He can confirm us more; how ſad the Child looks?
Come hither, *Lucio*, how, and where's thy Maſter?
Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.
Pan. Is he return'd in ſafety?
Jul. If not, and that thou knoweſt is miſerable,
Our hopes and happineſs' declin'd for ever;

So too *Horace* in his *Sermones*, Lib. 2. 5. 28.

Vivet *uter locuples ſine natis, improbus ultro*
——— ——— ——— ——— *illius eſto*
Defenſor. ——— ——— ——— ———

And that our Authors alone may not be charged with the Crime of innovating in their own Language; the great *Spenſer*, their Contemporary, has us'd *dwell* in the Senſe of *to be*, more than once So *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. C. 2. 26.

In this ſad Plight, friendleſs, unfortunate,
Now miſerable I Fideſſa duell,
Craving of you, in pity of my State,
To do none ill, if pleaſe you not do well.
He in great Paſſion all the while did dwell, *&c.*

So again, B. 3. C. 10. 49.

So cloſely as he cou'd (Malbecco) *to them he crept,*
When weary of their Sport to Sleep they fell;
And to his Wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſper'd in her Ear, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her Side did dwell,
And therefore pray'd her wake to hear him plaine.

(40) So the oldeſt Folio. The other Copies,
Not brought, *or compell'd from him.*

Study

Study a Sorrow excellent as thy Maſter,
Then if thou canſt live, leave us.
Luc. Noble Madam,
My Lord is ſafe return'd, ſafe to his Friends, and Fortune,
Safe to his Country, entertain'd with Honour,
Is here within the Houſe.
Jul. Do not mock me.
Luc. But ſuch a Melancholy hangs on's Mind,
And in his Eyes inhabit ſuch ſad Shadows;
But what the cauſe is ———
Pan. Go tell him we are here, Boy,
There muſt be no cauſe now.
Jul. Haſt thou forgot me?
Luc. No, nobleſt Lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his Wife is here, found my Name to him,
And thou ſhalt ſee him ſtart; ſpeak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labours through a Tempeſt,
How ſuddenly he will diſperſe his ſadneſs?
Pan. Go I command thee inſtantly,
And charge him on his Duty.
Jul. On his Love, Boy:
I'd fain go to him.
Pan. Away, away, you're fooliſh.
Jul. Bear all my Service, ſweet Boy ———
Pan. Art thou here ſtill? [thee.
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that ſhall become
Pan. I'th' Houſe, and know we're here. [*Exit* Lucio.
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His Love had leſs than Wings, (had he but ſeen me,)
His ſtrong Affection any thing but Fire
Conſuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my Flame, and made one Body?
If ever Heav'n's high Bleſſings met in one Man,
And there erected to their holy Uſes.
A ſacred Mind fit for their Services,
Built all of poliſht Honour, 'twas in this Man:
Miſdoubt him not.
Pan. I know he's truly Noble;

But why this ſadneſs, when the general Cauſe
Requires a Jubile of Joy?

Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet *and* Lucio.

Pan. Pray Heav'n you find it not.

Jul. I hope I ſhall not:
O here he comes, and with him all my Happineſs;
He ſtays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They ſtand off.*

Pan. I do not like this ſadneſs.

Vir. O hard Conditiion of my Miſery!
Unheard of Plagues! When to behold that Woman,
That chaſte and virtuous Woman, that preſerv'd me,
That pious Wife, wedded to my Afflictons,
Muſt be more terrible than all my Dangers.
O Fortune, thou haſt robb'd me of my making,
The noble Building of a Man demoliſh'd,
And flung me headlong, on a Sin ſo baſe
Man and Mankind contemn, e'en Beaſts abhor it;
A Sin more dull than Drink, a Shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from Faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry it ſelf out loud, Ingratitude.
Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Pan. You have it in abundance;
So is our Joy, to ſee you ſafe.

Vir. My Dear one.

Jul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you, Sir.

Vir. Muſt this be added to encreaſe my Miſery,
That ſhe muſt weep for Joy, and loſe that Goodneſs?
My *Juliana*, e'en the beſt of Women,
Of Wives the perfecteſt; let me ſpeak this,
And with a Modeſty declare thy Virtues,
Chaſter than Chryſtal, on the *Scythian* Clifts,
The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Produceſt Miracles; and Women daily,
With crooked and lame Souls creep to thy Goodneſs,
Which having toucht at, they become Examples.

The

The Fortitude of all their Sex (41) is fable,
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up Glory,
And Admiration, in the Age behind us,
Out of their celebrated Urns are ſtarted,
To ſtare upon the Greatneſs of thy Spirit;
Wondring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
To fill the Times with Truth, and eaſe their Stories:
Being all theſe, and excellent in Beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the nobleſt Buildings)
Thou haſt undone thy Husband, made him wretched,
A miſerable Man, my *Juliana*,
Thou'ſt made thy *Virolet*.

Jul. Now Goodneſs keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.

Pan. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but ſpeak, I charge you on Obedience;
Your Father charges you; ſhe make you miſerable?
That you your ſelf confeſs.

Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far leſs I have ſpoke her than her Merit.

Jul. It is ſome ſin of Weakneſs, or of Ignorance?
For ſure my Will ——

Vir. No, 'tis a ſin of Excellence:
Forgive me Heav'n, that I prophane thy Bleſſings:
Sit ſtill, I'll ſhew you all. [*Exit Vir.*

Pan. What means this Madneſs?
For ſure there is no taſte of right Man in it;
Grieves he our Liberty, our Preſervation?
Or has the greatneſs of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, ſcorn the benefit?
Well *Virolet*, if thou beeſt proud, or treacherous——

Jul. He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will ſhew us,
And with that reaſon ground his Words ——

(41) —*is fable.*] Tho' a ſlight Corruption has quite chang'd the Word, yet as *it* has left ſome Senſe remaining, it has eſcap'd the Obſervation of former Editors; but *feeble* being in proper Antitheſis to Fortitude, is undoubtedly the true Reading. Mr. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Virolet, Martia, *and* Ronvere.

Pan. He comes.
What Maſque is this? what admirable Beauty?
Pray Heav'n his Heart be true.
Jul. A goodly Woman.
Vir. Tell me, my Dear, and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honeſt, ſpeak the Truth;
What think you of this Lady?
Jul. She's moſt excellent.
Vir. (42) Might not this Beauty, tell me that, it's a ſweet one,
Without more ſetting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Miſtreſs than meer Nature,
Stagger a conſtant Heart?
Pan. She's full of wonder!
But yet; yet *Virolet*——
Vir. Pray by your leave, Sir!
Jul. She would amaze.
Vir. O! would ſhe ſo? I thank you.
Say to this Beauty, ſhe have all Additions,
Wealth, noble Birth——
Pan. O hold there.
Vir. All Virtues,
A Mind as full of Candor as the Truth is,
Ay, and a loving Lady.
Jul. She muſt needs
(I'm bound in Conſcience to confeſs) deſerve much.
Vir. Nay, ſay beyond all theſe, ſhe be ſo pious,
That e'en on Slaves condemn'd ſhe ſhower her Benefits,
And melt their ſtubborn Bolts with her ſoft Pity,
What think you then?
Pan. For ſuch a noble Office,
At theſe Years I ſhould dote my ſelf. Take heed, Boy.
Jul. If you be he that have receiv'd theſe Bleſſings,

(42) *Might not this Beauty tell me, that it's a ſweet one,*]Thus reads the Folio of 1647. The Copies of 1679, and 1711, in this manner,

Might not this Beauty, tell me, it's a ſweet one,

But I have rectified the Pointing in the preſent Text, which the other Editions greatly wanted, to make the Line both clear and eaſy.

And

And this the Lady, love her, honour her;
You cannot do too much to ſhew your Gratitude,
Your greateſt Service will ſhew off, too ſlender.
Vir. This is the Lady, Lady of that Bounty,
That Wealth, that noble Name, that all, I ſpoke of:
(43) The Prince *Aſcanio*, and my ſelf, the Slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, ſtill guarded by her Goodneſs,
And of our Liberties you taſte the Sweetneſs.
E'en you ſhe has preſerv'd too, lengthen'd your Lives.
Jul. And what Reward do you purpoſe? It muſt be a main one;
If Love will do't, we'll all ſo love her, ſerve her ——
Vir. It muſt be my Love.
Jul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, only my Love,
My everlaſting Love.
Pan. How?
Vir. Pray have Patience.
The Recompence ſhe ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her Husband. Then I vow'd it,
And ſince I've made it good.
Pan. Thou durſt not.
Vir. Done't, Sir.
Jul. Be what you pleaſe, (44) this Happineſs yet ſtays with me,
You have been mine: Oh, my unhappy Fortune!
Pan. Nay, break and die.
Jul. It cannot yet: I muſt live,
'Till I ſee this Man bleſt in his new Love,
And then ——
Pan. What haſt thou done, thou baſe one, tell me?
Thou barren thing of Honeſty, and Honour,
What haſt thou wrought? Is not this ſhe, look on her,
Look on her with the Eyes of Gratitude,
And wipe thy falſe Tears off: Is not this ſhe,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy Safety,

(43) *The Prince of* Aſcanio.] I have omitted *of* upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

(44) —— *his Happineſs*, &c.] The omiſſion of a ſingle Letter has made Nonſenſe of this, in all the former Editions. *Mr. Seward.*

When

When thou ſtood'ſt loſt, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that ſhames to know thee,
Ingag'd i'th' Jaws of Danger; was not this ſhe,
That then gave up her Body to the Torture?
That tender Body, that the Wind ſings through;
And three times, when her Sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The Beauties of her Body turn'd to Ruins;
Even then, within her patient Heart ſhe lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preſerv'd thee;
And canſt thou be that Slave?

Mart. This was but Duty,
She did it for her Husband, and ſhe ought it;
She'as had the Pleaſure of him, many an Hour,
And if one Minute's Pain cannot be ſuffered ——
Mine was above all theſe, a nobler Venture,
I ſpeak it boldly, for I loſt a Father,
(45) She has one ſtill, I left my Friends, ſhe'as many;
Expos'd my Life and Honour to a Cruelty,
That if it had ſeiz'd on me, —— racks and tortures,
Alas, they are Triumphs to't; and had it hit,
For this Man's Love, it ſhould have ſhew'd a Triumph,
Twice loſt, I freed him; *Roſſana* loſt before him,
His Fortunes with him, and his Friends behind him:
Twice was I rack'd my ſelf for his Deliverance,
In Honour firſt and Name, which was a Torture
The Hangman never heard of; next at Sea,
In our Eſcape, where the proud Waves took Pleaſure
To toſs my little Boat up like a Bubble,
Then like a Meteor in the Air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of Darkneſs;
The Cannon from my incens'd Father's Ship,
Ringing our Knell, (and ſtill as we peep'd upward,
Beating the raging Surge,) with Fire and Bullet,
And I ſtood fix'd for this Man's ſake, and ſcorn'd it;
Compare but this.

Vit. 'Tis too true; O my Fortune!
That I muſt equally be bound to either.

(45) *He has one ſtill —— he has many;*] *Martia* is pleading that her Merits are ſuperior to thoſe of *Juliana*, it was therefore a groſs Miſtake to let *He* ſtand in this Line. Mr. *Seward*

Jul

Jul. You have the better, and the nobler Lady,
And now I'm forc'd, a lover of her Goodneſs:
And ſo far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, ſo lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I ſtagger in my Title.
But how with honeſty? (for (46) I'm poor, Lady,
In all my duteous ſervice but your ſhadow,
Yet would be juſt;) how with fair Fame and Credit,
May I go off? I would not be a Strumpet;
O my dear Sir, you know ——
Vir. O Truth, thou knoweſt too.
Jul. Nor have the World ſuſpect, I fell to miſchief.
Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair Divorce, 'tis honeſt too.
Pan. The Devil,
Honeſt? to put her off?
Law. Moſt honeſt, Sir,
And in this point moſt ſtrong.
Pan. The cauſe, the cauſe, Sir?
Law. A juſt cauſe too ——
Pan. As any is in Hell, Lawyer.
Law. For Barrenneſs, ſhe never brought him Children.
Pan. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canſt not get 'em,
Thy Neighbours, thy rank Neighbours. O baſe jugling,
Is ſhe not young?
Jul. Women at more Years, Sir,
Have met that Bleſſing; 'tis in Heav'n's high Power.
Law. You never can have any.
Pan. Why, quick Lawyer?
Why Philoſophic Lawyer.
Law. Th' Rack has ſpoil'd her.
The diſtention of thoſe parts hath ſtopt all Fruitfulneſs.
Pan. O I could curſe.
Jul. And am I grown ſo miſerable,
That (47) mine own Piety muſt make me wretched?
No

(46) —— *I'm poor, Lady,*] So the Copy of 1647. The reſt, *I am a poor Lady.*

(47) —— *mine own Piety*] By this reading the Verſe has loſt one of its Syllables; and as the roundneſs of Expreſſion too was by this

No Cauſe againſt me, but my Love and Duty?
Farewel, Sir, like Obedience, thus I leave you,
My long Farewel. I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
And if that be offenſive, I can die,
And then you're fairly free. Good Lady, love him.
You have a noble and an honeſt Gentleman;
I ever found him ſo, the World has ſpoke him,
And let it be your part ſtill to deſerve him,
Love him no leſs than I have done, and ſerve him,
And Heav'n ſhall bleſs you: You ſhall bleſs my Aſhes;
I give you up the Houſe, the Name of Wife,
Honour, and all Reſpect I borrow'd from him,
And to my Grave I turn: One Farewel more,
Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
Which I ſhall pray againſt, and make you fruitful:
Grow like two equal Flames, riſe high and glorious,
And in your honour'd Age burn out together.
To all I know, Farewel.

Ron. Ben't ſo griev'd, Lady,
A nobler Fortune ——

Jul. Away, thou Paraſite.
Diſturb not my ſad Thoughts; I hate thy Greatneſs.

Ron. I hate not you; I'm glad ſhe's off the Hinges,
Come, let's purſue. [*Ex.* Ronvere *and* Law.

Pan. If I had Breath to curſe thee,
Or could my great Heart utter —— Farewel, Villain,
Thy Houſe nor Face again —— [*Exit* Pand.

Mart. (48) Let 'em all go.
And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
And now embrace me, *Virolet*; give the Rites
Of a brave Husband to his Love.

Vir. I'll take my Leave too.

Mart. How? take your Leave too?

Vir. Th' Houſe is furniſh'd for you;
You're Miſtreſs, may command.

this means a little diſconcerted, I ſuppoſed *Piety* was the true Word, and found Mr. *Theobald* read ſo; and Mr. *Seward* communicated to me the ſame Correction.

(48) *Let 'em all go*] So Folios of 1647, 1679. The other Copies, *Let 'em go.*

Mart.

Mart. Will you to bed, Sir?
Vir. As ſoon to Hell, to any thing I hate moſt:
You muſt excuſe me, I have kept my Word.
You are my Wife, you now enjoy my Fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your Bounty:
But to yield up thoſe chaſte Delights and Pleaſures,
Which are not mine, but my firſt Vows ———
Mart. You jeſt.
Vir. You will not find it ſo —— to give you thoſe
I have Divorc'd, and loſt with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that Nature———
Mart. Are you a Husband?
Vir. (49) To jeſt on hers, and ſatisfie your Flames,
That held an equal Beauty, equal Bounty ———
Good Heav'n forgive! no, no, the ſtrict forbearance
Of all thoſe Joys, like a full Sacrifice,
I offer to the Sufferings of my firſt Love.
Honour, and Wealth, Attendance, State, all Duty,
Shall wait upon your Will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted Mind, (you muſt give leave, Lady,)
My weary Trunk muſt wander.
Mart. Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?
Vir. For ever thus I leave you:
And howſoe'er I fare, live you ſtill happy. [*Exit* Vir.
Mart. Since I am ſcorn'd, I'll hate thee, ſcorn thy gifts too,
Thou miſerable Fool, thou Fool to pity;
And ſuch a rude, demoliſh'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my Revenge; for fooliſh Love, farewel now,
And Anger, and the ſpite of Woman enter,
That all the World ſhall ſay, that read this Story,
My Hate, and not my Love, begot my Glory.
[*Exit* Martia.

(49) *To queſtion hers*, &c.] If the Reader can affix any clear Idea to the old Text, he will do more than I can. The Senſe requir'd ſeems to be an Exclamation at the Thought of quitting his former Wife's chaſte Embraces, to ſatisfy *Martia*'s Flames. As her ſuppos'd Barrenneſs was the Cauſe alledg'd, my Conjecture makes good Senſe, and keeps very cloſe to the trace of the Letters,
To jeſt *on hers, and ſatisfy your Flames.* Mr. *Seward.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Seſſe, *Boatſwain, Maſter and Gunner.*

Seſſe. HE that fears Death, or Tortures, let him leave me.
The ſtops that we have met with, crown our Conqueſt.
Common Attempts are fit for common Men;
The rare, the rareſt Spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have ſmil'd at Sea at certain Ruins,
Which Men on Shore but hazarded would ſhake at:
We that have liv'd free, in deſpite of Fortune,
Laught at the out-ſtretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As ſtill too ſhort to reach us, ſhall we faint now?
No my brave Mates, I know your fiery Temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as Men;
Calamity, that ſevers worldly Friendſhips,
Could ne'er divide us, you are ſtill the ſame;
The conſtant followers of my baniſht Fortunes;
The Inſtruments of my Revenge, the Hands
By which I work, and faſhion all my Projects.

Maſt. And ſuch we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight Sir, cram me
Into a Cannon's Mouth, and ſhoot me at
Proud *Ferrand*'s Head; may only he fall with me,
My Life I rate at nothing.

Boatſ. Could I but get
Within my Sword's length of him, and if then
He ſcape me, may th' account of all his Sins
Be added unto mine.

Maſt. 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that ſtaggers me:
For were your ends ſerv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing Sacrifices.

Seſſe. To riſe up
Moſt glorious Martyrs.

Boatſ. But the reaſon why

We

We wear theſe Shapes?
Seſſe. Only to get acceſs;
Like honeſt Men, we never ſhall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And faſhioning our Language to our Habits,
(Bold, bloody, deſp'rate,) we may be admitted
Among his Guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thouſand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various Shapes, but I will reach his Heart,
And ſeal my Anger on't.

Enter Ronvere *and the Guard.*

Maſt. The Lord *Ronvere.*
Boatſ. Shall we begin with him?
Seſſe. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you ſee me begin,
With all care imitate.
Gun. We are inſtructed.
Boatſ. Would we were at it once.
Ron. Keep a ſtrict Watch,
And let the Guards be doubled, this laſt Night
The King had fearful Dreams.
Seſſe. 'Tis a good *Omen*
To our Attempts.
Ron. What Men are theſe? what ſeek you?
Seſſe. Imployment.
Ron. Of what nature?
Seſſe. We are Soldiers;
We have ſeen Towns and Churches ſet on fire;
The Kennels running Blood, coy Virgins raviſh'd;
The Altars ranſack'd, and the Holy Relicks,
Yea, and the Saints themſelves, made lawful Spoils
To th' Conquerors; but theſe good days are paſt,
And we made Beggars, by this idle Peace,
For want of Action. I am, Sir, no Stranger
To th' Government of this State, I know the King
Needs Men, that only do what he Commands,
And ſearch no farther: it is the Profeſſion
Of all our Nation, to ſerve faithfully,
Where they're beſt payed; and if you'll entertain us,

I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.
Ron. A goodly Perſonage!
Maſt. And if you have an Enemy, or ſo,
That you would have diſpatch'd——
Gun. They're here can fit you.
Boatſ. Or if there be an Itch, though to a Man——
Seſſe. You ſhall tye
Our Conſciences in your Purſe-ſtrings.
Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom; I am now in haſte,
But wait for my return. I like the Raſcals,
They may be uſeful.
Seſſe. We'll attend you, Sir.
Ron. Do, and be confident of Entertainment;
I hope you will deſerve it. [*Exe.* Ron. *and Guard.*
Seſſe. O, no doubt, Sir:
Thus far we're proſperous; we'll be his Guard;
'Till Tyranny and Pride find full Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulpho *and* Juliana.

Pan. My Bleſſing? no, a Father's heavy curſe,
Purſue and overtake him.
Jul. Gentle Sir.
Pan. My Name, and Family, end in my ſelf,
Rather than live in him.
Jul. Dear Sir, forbear;
A Father's curſes hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murthering piece aims not at one,
But all that ſtand within the dangerous level.
Some Bullet may return upon your ſelf too,
Though againſt Nature, if you ſtill go on
In this unnatural courſe.
Pan. Thou art not made
Of that ſame ſtuff as other Women are:
Thy Injuries would teach Patience to blaſpheme,
Yet ſtill thou art a Dove. *Jul.* I know not Malice,
But like an Innocent, ſuffer. *Pan.* More miraculous!
I'll have a Woman Chronicled, and for Goodneſs,
Which is the greateſt wonder. Let me ſee,

I have no Son t' inherit after me;
Him I diſclaim.
What then? I'll make thy Virtues my ſole Heir;
Thy Story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In Proſe and Verſe, and by the (50) ableſt Doers:
A word or two of a kind Step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens ſhall buy it.
And if the Actions of ill great Women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred;
That have undone their Husbands and their Families,
What will our Story do? It ſhall be ſo,
And I will ſtraight about it. [*Exit* Pan.

Jul. Such as love
Goodneſs for Glory, have it for Reward;
I love mine for it ſelf: let Innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne'er ſo humble,

(50) —— *ableſt Doers:*] The *Engliſh* word *Doers* here, is a literal Tranſlation of the *Greek* ποιηταὶ, which means not only ſimply a *Maker* or *Doer*, but a *Maker of Verſes*: The Cuſtom of uſing *Engliſh* Words in a *Greek* and a *Latin* Senſe, was highly in vogue in our Authors Time; *Spenſer* has not only taken the Liberty to do ſo with the one, but the other too: So *Shepherd's Calender, June, Colin* ſays to *Hobbinel*,

The God of Shepherds Titynis *is dead,*
Who taught me, homely as I can, to make.

And for the uſe of *Engliſh* Words in a *Latin* Senſe, take this Inſtance from the ſame Eclogue. *Colin* ſays to *Hobbinel*,

Thy lovely Lays here mayeſt thou freely boſte.

Taken from *Virg. Alexis, line* 4.

—— *ibi hæc incondita ſolus*
Montibus & ſilvis ſtudio jactabat *inani.*

But this practice was not confin'd to our Author's Days; *Milton* has made a fine uſe (tho' ſomewhat ſparingly) of it in his *Paradiſe Loſt*: That the *Latins* took the ſame Privilege before us of uſing their Words in a *Greek* Senſe take two Inſtances, out of the many that might be brought to prove my Aſſertion. *Phædra* in her Letter to *Hippolytus*, Line 75. ſays thus,

Sint procul à nobis juvenes, ut fœmina compti:
Fine *coli modico forma virilis amat.*

And *Virg. Æn.* 7. 766. ſpeaking of the ſame, *Hippolytus* has theſe Lines,

Namque ferunt formâ Hippolytum, poſtquam arte novercæ
Occiderit, patriaſque explerit ſanguine pœnas,
Turbatis diſtractus equis, ad ſidera rurſus
Ætheria & ſuperas cœli veniſſe ſub auras, &c.

'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my Vows.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. 'Fore me you are not modeſt,
Nor is this Court-like. Would you take it well,
If ſhe ſhould rudely preſs into your Cloſet,
When from your ſeveral Boxes you chuſe Paint,
To make a this days Face with?
Jul. What's the matter?
Luc. Pray know her Pleaſure firſt.
Jul. To whom ſpeak you, Boy?
Luc. Your Ladyſhip's Pardon. That proud Lady-Thief,
That ſtole away my Lord from your Embraces,
(Wrinkles at two and twenty on her Cheeks for't,
Or *Merc'ry* unallayed, make Bliſters on it)
Would force a Viſit.
Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any elſe that I call mine? No more.
Attend her with all Reverence and Reſpect;
The want in you of Manners, my Lord may
Conſtrue in me for Malice. I will teach you
How t' eſteem and love the Beauty he doats on:
Prepare a Banquet ———

Enter Martia.

Madam, thus my Duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchſafe your Servant,
In honouring her Houſe.
Mart. Is this in ſcorn?
Jul. No, by the Life of *Virolet:* Give me leave
To ſwear by him, as by a Saint I worſhip,
But am to know no farther, my Heart ſpeaks that:
My Servants have been rude, and this Boy, doating
Upon my Sorrows, hath forgot his Duty;
In which, that you may think I have no ſhare,
Sirrah, upon your Knees, deſire her Pardon
Luc. I dare not diſobey you.
Mart. Prithee riſe
My Anger never looks ſo low: I thank you,

And

And will deſerve it; if we may be private ——
I came to ſee and ſpeak with you.
Jul. Be gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Good Madam ſit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deſerv'd a better, in my Bed;
Make uſe of this too: Now your Pleaſure, Lady.
If in your Breaſt there be a worthy Pity,
That brings you for my Comfort, you do nobly;
But if you come to triumph in your Conqueſt,
Or tread on my Calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other Excellencies. Let it ſuffice,
That you alone enjoy the beſt of Men,
And that I am forſaken.
Mart. He the beſt?
The ſcum and ſhame of Mankind. *Jul. Virolet,*
Lady? *Mart.* Bleſt in him? I would my Youth had
Choſen conſuming Fevers, Bed-rid Age,
For my Companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whoſe Baſeneſs open, would e'en poiſon
The Tongue that ſpeaks it.
Jul. Certainly from you ——
At no part he deſerves this; and I tell you,
Durſt I pretend but the leaſt title to him,
I ſhould not hear this.
Mart. He's an impudent Villain,
Or a malicious Wretch; to you ungrateful;
To me beyond Expreſſion barbarous.
I more than hate him; from you he deſerves
A Death moſt horrid: From me, to die for ever,
And know no end of Torments. Would y'have Comfort?
Would you waſh off the ſtain that ſticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your Fame,
Shipwrack'd in his baſe Wrongs? If you deſire this,
It is not to be done with ſlaviſh ſuffering,
But by a noble Anger, making way
To a moſt brave Revenge, we may call Juſtice;
Our Injuries are equal; join with me then,
And ſhare the Honour.
Jul. I ſcarce underſtand you,

And know I ſhall be moſt unapt to learn
To hate the Man, I ſtill muſt love and honour.
Mart. This fooliſh Dotage in ſoft-hearted Women,
Makes proud Men inſolent; but take your way,
I'll run another Courſe.
Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his Offence.
Mart. He has denied
The Rites due to a Wife.
Jul. O me moſt happy,
How largely am I paid for all my Sufferings!
Moſt honeſt *Virolet*, thou juſt Performer
Of all thy Promiſes: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in thoſe Joys you ſpeak of,
In a chaſte Bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would ſwear, that if he ſhould ſurvive me,
(Which then I knew he wiſht not) never Woman
Should taſte of his Embraces; this one act
Makes me again his Debtor.
Mart. And was this
The cauſe my Youth and Beauty were contemn'd?
If I ſit down here! well ——
Jul. I dare thy worſt,
Plot what thou canſt, my Piety ſhall guard him
(51) Againſt thy Malice. Leave my Houſe and quickly,
Thou wilt infect theſe innocent Walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpoſe,
And turn it on thine own accurſed Head;
Believe't I will. [*Exit* Juliana.
Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed againſt him.
I'll ſet my ſelf to Sale, and live a Strumpet;
Forget my Birth, my Father, and his Honour,
Rather than want an Inſtrument to help me
In my Revenge. The Captain of the Guard;
Bleſt Opportunity courts me.

(51) So the Folios. Octavo, *Againſt* my *Malice*. ——

Enter

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?
How brave her Anger shews? How it sets off
Her natural Beauty? Under what happy Star
Was *Virolet* born, to be belov'd and sought to,
By two incomparable Women? Noblest Lady,
I've heard your Wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my Life could give me hope
To gain your Favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad Servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not Preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtship
He that desires to reap the Harvest of
My Youth and Beauty, must begin in Blood,
And right my Wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you, Madam,
And rest assur'd 'tis done; I am provided
Of Instruments to fit you: To the King
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than Man,
That to atchieve your Favour, would not do
Deeds, Fiends would fear to put their Agents to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virolet *Reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an Axiome.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her Life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy Husband;
Was full of Children, her Afflictions,
That I begot; that when our Age must perish,
And all our painted Frailties (52) turn to Ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our Honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange Beauty 'twas an useful one —
How? to my Lust? If it be so, I'm sinful,

(52) —— *turn'd to Ashes,*] The eldest Folio gives the Text.

And guilty of that Crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair courſe of Virtue,
This pious Courſe? to ſave my Friends, my Country,
That e'en then had put on a mourning Garment,
And wept the deſolation of her Children,
Her nobleſt Children. Did not ſhe thruſt me on,
And to my Duty clapt the ſpur of Honour?
Was there a way, without this Woman, left me
To bring 'em off? The marrying of this Woman?
If not, why am I ſtung thus? Why tormented?
Or had there been a wild Deſire join'd with it,
How eaſily, both theſe, and all their Beauties
Might I have made mine own? Why am I toucht thus,
Having perform'd the great Redemption,
Both of my Friends and Family? Fairly done it,
Without baſe and laſcivious ends; O Heav'n,
Why am I ſtill at War thus? Why this a Miſchief,
That Honeſty and Honour had propounded,
Ay, and abſolv'd my tender Will, and chid me,
Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana *and* Lucio.

Luc. He's here, Madam;
This is the melancholy Walk he lives in,
And chuſes ever to increaſe his ſadneſs.
Jul. Stand by.
Vir. 'Tis ſhe; how I ſhake now and tremble?
The Virtues of that Mind are Torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated Face ſhall ſtir your Anger,
Or this forbidden Path I tread in vex you;
My Love and fair Obedience left behind me,
Your Pardon asked, I ſhall return and bleſs you.
Vir. Pray ſtay a little, I delight to ſee you;
May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
And ſet an envious ſtop between our Pleaſures,
Look thus one at another? Sigh and weep thus?
And read in one another's Eyes, the Legends,
And Wonders of our old Loves? Be not fearful,
Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
May I not take this Hand, and on it ſacrifice

The ſorrows of my Heart? White ſeal of Virtue!
Jul. My Lord, you wrong your Wedlock.
Vir. Were ſhe here,
And with her all ſevere Eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,
And to the reverence of that Name, bow thus:
I might ſigh *Juliana*, ſhe was mine once;
But I too weak a Guard for that great Treaſure——
And whilſt ſhe has a Name, believe me, Lady,
This broken Heart ſhall never want a Sorrow.
Jul. Forget her, Sir, your Honour now commands you,
You are another's, keep thoſe Griefs for her,
She richly can reward 'em. I'd have ſpoke with you.
Vir. What is your Will? For nothing you can ask,
So full of Goodneſs are your Words and Meanings,
Muſt be denied: Speak boldly.
Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd;
That I deſire: For I ſhall tell a Story,
So far from ſeeming Truth, yet a moſt true one;
(53) So horrible in Nature, and ſo horrid;
So beyond Wickedneſs, that when you hear it,
It muſt appear the practice of another,
The Caſt and Malice of ſome one you've wrong'd much;
And me you may imagine, me accuſe too,
Unleſs you call to Mind my daily Sufferings,
The infinite Obedience I have borne you,
That hates all Name and Nature of Revenge,
My Love, that nothing but my Death can ſever,
Rather than hers I ſpeak of.
Vir. Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you ſhall deliver,
After my full experience of your Virtues,
Were to diſtruſt Providence; to think you can lie,
Or being wrong'd, ſeek after foul repairings;
To forge a Creed againſt my Faith.

(53) *So horrible in Nature, and ſo horrid*;] This is ſo wretched and tautological a Line, that I can't think it our Authors. The place wou'd be much better without it, as the judicious Reader will eaſily perceive.

Jul.

Jul. I muſt do ſo, for it concerns your Life, Sir;
And if that word may ſtir you, hear and proſper:
I ſhould be dumb elſe, were not you at ſtake here.
Vir. What few Friends have I found, that dare deliver
This loaden Trunk from his Afflictions?
What pitying Hand, of all that feels my Miſeries,
Brings ſuch a Benefit?
Jul. Be wiſe and manly,
And with your Honour fall, when Heav'n ſhall call you,
Not by a helliſh Miſchief.
Vir. Speak, my bleſt one.
How weak and poor I am, now ſhe is from me?
Jul. Your Wife.
Vir. How's that?
Jul. Your Wife.
Vir. Be tender of her, I ſhall believe elſe.
Jul. I muſt be true; your Ear, Sir,
For 'tis ſo horrible, if the Air catch it,
Into a thouſand Plagues, a thouſand Monſters,
It will diſperſe it ſelf, and fright Reſiſtance. *Whiſpers.*
Vir. She ſeek my Life with you? Make you her Agent?
Another Love? O ſpeak but Truth.
Jul. Be patient,
Dear as I love you, elſe I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward; 'tis well, it ſhall be welcome to me;
I've liv'd too long, numbred too many Days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my Service,
And hunt for that my Youth and Honour aims at,
The Sun ſets on my Fortune red and bloody,
And everlaſting Night begins to cloſe me.
'Tis time to Die.

Enter Martia *and* Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her ſelf.
Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel Hand your Servant ſeals it,
You ſhall be Miſtreſs of your whole Deſires,
And what ye ſhall command.
Mart. Ha Minion,

My

My precious Dame, are you there? Nay go forward,
Make your Complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,
(54) Slave-like to him you ſerve: I'm the ſame ſtill,
And what I purpoſe, let the World take witneſs,
Shall be ſo finiſht, and to ſuch Example,
Spite of your poor preventions, my dear Gentleman,
My honourable Man, are you there too?
You and your hot Deſire? Your mercy, Sir,
I had forgot your Greatneſs.

Jul. 'Tis not well, Lady. [ſp'rately

Mart. Lord, how I hate this Fellow now; how de-
My Stomach ſtands againſt him; this baſe Fellow,
This gelded Fool!

Jul. Did you ne'er hear of Modeſty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and ſo believ'd it,
Thou bloodleſs, brainleſs Fool.

Jul. How?

Mart. Thou deſpis'd Fool,
Thou only Sign of Man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven Worthy in a Piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a Waſt; thou Beaſt
Beaten to uſe: Have I preſery'd a Beauty,
A Youth, a Love, to have my Wiſhes blaſted?
My Dotings, and the Joys I came to offer,
Muſt they be loſt, and ſlighted by a Dormouſe?

Jul. Uſe more Reſpect, and Woman, 'twill become you,
At leaſt, leſs Tongue.

Mart. I'll uſe all Violence,
Let him look for it.

Jul. Dare you ſtain thoſe Beauties,
Thoſe heav'nly Stamps, that raiſe up Men to Wonder,
With harſh and crooked Motions? Are you ſhe
That overdid all Ages, with your Honour;
And in a little Hour dare loſe this Triumph?
Is not this Man your Husband?

Mart. He's my Halter;
Which (having ſued my Pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my Anger,

(54) All the Books read, *Slave-like to him.*

Which

Which I will nouriſh to the Deſolation,
Not only of his Folly, but his Friends,
And his whole Name.
Vir. 'Tis well, I have deſerv'd it,
And if I were a Woman, I would rail too.
Mart. Nature ne'er promiſed thee a thing ſo noble.
Take back your Love, your Vow, I give it freely;
I poorly ſcorn it; graze now where you pleaſe:
That, that the dulneſs of thy Soul neglected,
Kings ſue for now. And mark me, *Virolet*,
Thou Image of a Man, obſerve my Words well.
At ſuch a bloody rate I'll ſell this Beauty,
This Handſomneſs thou ſcorn'ſt and fling'ſt away,
Thy proud ungrateful Life ſhall ſhake at; take your Houſe,
The petty things you left me, give another;
And laſt, take home your (55) Trinket: Fare you well, Sir.
Ron. You have ſpoke like your ſelf; y'are a brave Lady.
[*Exeunt* Ronvere *and* Martia.
Jul. Why do you ſmile, Sir?
Vir. O my *Juliana*,
The Happineſs this Woman's Scorn has giv'n me,
Makes me a Man again; proclaims it ſelf,
In ſuch a general Joy, through all my Miſeries,
That now methinks ———
Jul. Look to your ſelf, dear Sir,
And trifle not with Danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free.
Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my Vow, my Love, my Freedom;
I am free, free as Air; and though to morrow
Her bloody Will meet with my Life, and ſink it,
And in her Execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my Wiſhes,
Once more t' embrace my beſt, my nobleſt, trueſt,
And Time that's warranted.
Jul. Good Sir, forbear it;
Though I confeſs, equal with your Deſires
My Wiſhes riſe, as covetous of your Love,

(55) *Trinket:*] Here means the Divorce he had procured a little above.

And

And to as warm Alarms ſpur my Will to;
Yet pardon me, the Seal o'th' Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning Flame between us,
We muſt not meet, I dare not.
Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only ſtrong Neceſſity thruſt on you,
Not Crime, nor ſtudied Cauſe of mine; how ſweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cheriſh;
How I will recompence one dear Embrace now,
One free Affection? How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my Credit
The Love you firſt had was preſerv'd with Honour,
The laſt ſhall not cry Whore; you ſhall not purchaſe
From me a Pleaſure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair Fame as you, at ſuch a Rate,
Your Honeſty and Virtue muſt be bankrupt;
If I had lov'd your Luſt, and not your Luſtre,
The glorious Luſtre of your matchleſs Goodneſs,
I (56) would compel you now to Bed: — forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir, how fondly ſtill I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way ſtraight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax, upon the Rack again,
E'en in the Bed of all Afflictions,
Where nothing ſings our Nuptials but dire Sorrows,
With all my Youth and Pleaſure, I'll embrace you,
Make Tyranny and Death ſtand ſtill affrighted,
And at our meeting Souls amaze our Miſchiefs;
'Till when, high Heav'n defend you, and Peace guide you.
Be wiſe and manly, make your Fate your own,
By being Maſter of a Providence,
That may controul it.

(56) —— *would compel you now to be!* ——] To be what? There we have a Daſh, and a very unhappy one it is. But by the good Leave of my Readers, if we muſt have a Daſh, let us reſtore Senſe firſt, and then our Daſh may be lengthened to what ſize you pleaſe; I read therefore, and Mr. *Theobald* with me,
—— *compel you now to* Bed: ——

Vir.

Vir. Stay a little with me.
My Thoughts have chid themſelves: May I not kiſs you?
(57) Upon my truth I'm honeſt.
Jul. I believe ye;
But yet what that may raiſe in both our Fancies,
What Iſſues ſuch warm Parents breed —
Vir. I obey you,
And take my Leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable Love.
Jul. I'll pray for ye,
And when you fall, I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, and Gunner, at one Door,* Martia *and* Ronvere, *at another.*

Seſſe. Now we have got free Credit with the Captain.
Maſt. Soft, ſoft, he's here again: Is not that Lady—
Or have I loſt mine Eyes? a ſalt Rhume ſeizes 'em;
But I ſhould know that Face.
Boatſ. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the Woman; ſteer a Lar-board.
Maſt. He will not kill her.
Boatſ. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but Blood and Horror.
Maſt. I'd ſave the Lady,
For ſuch another Lady ——
Boatſ. There's the Point;
And you know there want Women of her Mettle.
Maſt. 'Tis true, they bring ſuch Children now,
Such Demi-lances.
Their Father's Socks will make them chriſtning Cloaths.
Gun. No more, they view us.
Seſſe. You ſhall play a while,
And ſun your ſelf in this Felicity,

(57) *Upon my truth I am an honeſt.*] This reading the Octavo only exhibits. The true one is from the Folio's.

You

You ſhall you glorious Whore, I know your Will.
But I ſhall pick an Hour when moſt ſecurely ——
I ſay no more.

Ron. Do you ſee thoſe? thoſe are they
Shall act your Will; come hither my good Fellows.
You're now the King's. Are they not goodly Fellows?

Mart. They've Bone enough, if they have ſtout [Heart to it.

Maſt. Still the old Wench.

Seſſe. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What noble Lady's that? 'Tis a rude Queſtion,
But I deſire to know.

Ron. She's for the King, Sir;
Let that ſuffice for Anſwer.

Seſſe. Is ſhe ſo, Sir?
In good time may ſhe curſe it.
Muſt I breed Hacknies for his Grace?

Ron. What wouldſt thou do
To merit ſuch a Lady's Favour?

Seſſe. Any thing. [tunes?

Ron. That can ſupply thy Wants, and raiſe thy For-

Seſſe. Let her command, and ſee what I dare execute.
I keep my Conſcience here; if any Man
Oppoſe her will, and ſhe would have him humbled,
Whole Families between her and her Wiſhes ——

Maſt. We have ſeen bleeding Throats, Sir, Cities ſack'd,
(58) And Infants ſtuck upon their Pikes ——

Boatſ. Houſes a fire, and handſom Mothers weeping.

Seſſe. Which we have heap'd upon the Pile like Sacrifices.
Churches and Altars, (59) Prieſts and all Devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos*.

Gun. We know no Fear, Sir, but want of Imployment.

Seſſe. Nor other Faith but what our Purſes preach.
To gain our Ends we can do any thing,
And turn our Souls into a thouſand Figures;

(58) *And Infants ſtuck upon their Pikes.*] If I might be allow'd liberty, I wou'd propoſe reading either
—— *upon* theſe, *or* the, *or* cur *Pikes.*

(59) —— *Prieſts and all Devotions,*] Devotions here means the ſame as *devoted* or holy Things.

But

But when we come to do——

Mart. I like theſe Fellows.

Ron. Be ready and wait here, within this Hour
I'll ſhew you to the King, and he ſhall like ye:
And if you can deviſe ſome Entertainment
To fill his Mirth, ſuch as your Country uſes,
Preſent it, and I'll ſee it grac'd.
After this *Comick Scene* we ſhall employ you,
For one muſt die.

Seſſe. What is he, Sir? ſpeak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.

Ron. This Lady's Husband;
His Name is *Virolet.*

Seſſe. We ſhall diſpatch it. [*Exe.* Martia *and* Ronvere.
O damned, damned thing: A baſe Whore firſt,
And then a Murtherer! I'll look to you.

Boatſ. Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange?

Seſſe. She has an itch;
I'll ſcratch you my dear Daughter, I'll ſo claw you;
I'll curry your hot Hide; married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy Bleſſings into Brothels?
Your Beauty into Blood? I'll hunt your Hotneſs.
I'll hunt you like a Train.

Maſt. We did all pity her.

Seſſe. Hang her, ſhe is not worth Man's Memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all Stories.
Well, though thou be'ſt mine Enemy I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.

Boatſ. Faith, Sir, ſince ſhe muſt go,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.

Seſſe. We'll take all,
And like a Torrent ſweep the Slaves before us.
You dare endure the worſt?

Maſt. You know our Hearts, Sir,
And they ſhall bleed the laſt, e'er we ſtart from ye.

Gun. We can but die, and e'er we come to that,
We ſhall pick out ſome few Examples for us.

Seſſe. Then wait the firſt Occaſion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the Gulph before you, fearleſs leap it:
Then follow me like Men, and if our Virtues

May buoy our Country up, and ſet her ſhining
In her firſt State; our fair Revenges taken,
We have our noble Ends, or elſe our Aſhes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aſcanio, *and* Martia *above.*

Mart. AS you are noble, keep me from diſcovery,
And let me only run a Stranger's Fortune:
For when the King ſhall find I am his Daughter
He ever holds moſt Ominous, and hates moſt;
With what Eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his Fears and Cruelties?

Aſca. I've found you;
Suſpect not, I am bound to what you like beſt;
What you intend, I dare not be ſo curious
To queſtion now; and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand, *and* Ronvere *above.*

The King comes, make your Fortune, I ſhall joy in't.

Ron. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And ſuch a King, you ſhall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't, for I've need of Mirth.

Ron. The Lady, Sir.

Fer. Now as I am a King, a ſprightly Beauty;
A goodly ſweet Aſpect! My Thanks *Ronvere*,
My beſt Thanks, on your Lips I ſeal your Wiſhes,
Be, what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now ſit down and ſmile; come, my *Aſcanio*,
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

Ron. Theſe are th' *Switzers*,
I told your Grace of.

Fer. Goodly promiſing Fellows,
With Faces to keep Fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the Preſence well, and do your Duties,

To Morrow I ſhall take a further View.
Seſſe. You ſhall, Sir,
Or I ſhall loſe my Will; how the Whore's mounted?
How ſhe ſits thron'd? thou blazing muddy Meteor,
That fright'ſt the under World with luſtful Flaſhes,
How I ſhall daſh thy Flames? Away, no Word more.
[*Exe.* Seſſe *and his Company. Flouriſh Cornets.*

Enter Villio, Caſtruccio, *Doctor, and a Guard.*

Fer. Now, here he comes in Glory; be merry, Maſters,
A Banquet too? [*Meat brought in.*
Ron. O, he muſt ſit in State, Sir!
Aſca. How rarely he is uſher'd? Can he think now
He is a King indeed?
Ron. Mark but his Countenance.
Caſt. Let me have Pleaſures infinite, and to the Height,
And Women in abundance, many Women:

Enter Ladies.

I will diſport my Grace, ſtand there and long for me:
What, have ye brought me here? Is this a Feaſt
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? Are theſe things,
Theſe Preparations, ha? ———
Doct. May't pleaſe your Grace? [Marchpanes,
Caſt. It does not pleaſe my Grace: Where are the
The Cuſtards double Royal, and the Subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to ſerve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates o'th' Earth and Air?
Th' hidden Secrets of the Sea? Am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with Porridge? Hang the Cooks.
Fer. O moſt Kingly:
What a Majeſtick anger?
Caſt. Give me ſome Wine.
Aſca. He cools again now.
Caſt. Fool, where are my Players?
Let me have all in Pomp; let 'em play ſome Love matter,
To make the Ladies itch. I'll be with you anon, Ladies;
You black Eyes, I'll be with you:
Give me ſome Wine I ſay,
And let me have a Mask of Cuckolds enter,

Of

Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,
Juſt as I kiſs their Wives, and ſomewhat glorying.
Some Wine I ſay, then for an excellent Night-piece,
To ſhew my Glory to my Loves, and Minions,
I will have ſome great Caſtle burnt.
Vil. Hark you, Brother;
If that be to pleaſe theſe Ladies, ten to one
The Fire firſt takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may ſhew a Night-piece.
Caſt. Where's this Wine?
Why, ſhall I choak? d'ye long all to be tortur'd?
Doct. Here, Sir.
Caſt. What is this? (*taſtes*) why, Doctor.
Doct. Wine and Water, Sir.
'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you muſt endure it.
Vil. Moſt excellent to cool your Night-piece, Sir.
Doct. You're of a high and cholerick Complexion,
And you muſt have allays.
Caſt. Shall I have no ſheer Wine then?
Doct. Not for a World: I tender your dear Life, Sir;
And he's no faithful Subject ——
Vil. No, by no means;
Of this you may drink, and ne'er hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the Fool; this Liquor's merciful.
Caſt. I'll ſit down and eat then: Kings, when they're hungry,
May eat, I hope?
Doct. Yes, but they eat diſcreetly.
Caſt. Come, taſte this Diſh, and cut me liberally;
I like Sauce well.
Doct. Fie, it is too hot, Sir;
Too deeply ſeaſon'd with the Spice, away with't;
You muſt acquaint your Stomach with thoſe Diets
Are temperately nouriſhing.
Caſt. But pray ſtay, Doctor,
And let me have my Meat again.
Doct. By no means:
I have a charge concerns my Life.
Caſt. No Meat neither;
Do Kings never eat, Doctor?

Doct. Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.
Vil. Your King ne'er ſleeps, Brother,
He muſt not ſleep, his Cares ſtill keep him waking.
Now he that Eats and Drinks much, is a Dormouſe;
The third part of a Wafer's a Week's Diet.
Caſt. Appoint me ſomething then.
Doct. There.
Caſt. This I feel good,
But it melts too ſuddenly; yet --- how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [*Take away.*
Doct. For your Health, Sir,
A little quickens Nature, much depreſſes.
Caſt. Eat nothing for my Health? that's a new Diet.
Let me have ſomething, ſomething has ſome ſavour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, ſhall I hang thee?
Doct. 'Tis better, Sir, than I ſhould let you ſurfeit:
My Death were nothing.
Vil. To loſe a King, were terrible.
Caſt. Nay, then I'll carve my ſelf, I'll ſtay no Ceremonies.
This is a Partridge Pye, I'm ſure that's nouriſhing,
Or *Galen* is an Aſs: 'tis rarely ſeaſon'd:
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?
Vil. What ails thy Grace? [*Take away.*
Caſt. Retrieve thoſe Partridges.
Or as I am a King ——
Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They're flown too far.
Vil. Theſe are breath'd Pies an't pleaſe you,
And your Hawks are ſuch Buzards.
Caſt. A King, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!
Vil. What think you of a Pudding?
A Pudding Royal?
Caſt. To be royally ſtarv'd;
Whip me this Fool to Death, he is a Blockhead.
Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a
'Twill be enough. [King:
Caſt. As for you dainty Doctor, th' Table ta'en away,
All gone, all ſnatch'd away, and I unſatisfied,

With-

(59) Without my Wits, being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy Treaſon? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earneſt, and in Anger,
(60) I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry Grace is fitteſt to no Meal, Sir.
Doct. Some two hours hence, you ſhall ſee more: but
You muſt retain an excellent and ſtrict Diet. [ſtill, Sir,
Vil. It ſharpens you, and makes your Wit ſo poynant, Sir,
Your very words will kill.
Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Pea,
Vil. And that well butter'd,
The Air thrice purified, and three times ſpirited,
Becomes a King: your rare Conſerve of nothing
Breeds no Offence.
Caſt. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court i'th' Air?
Fer. They vex him cruelly. [the Women,
Aſca. In two days more they'll ſtarve him. *Fer.* Now
There's no Food left but them. *Aſca.* They'll prove
ſmall Nouriſhment;
Yet h'as another Stomach and a great one,
I ſee by's Eye.
Caſt. (61) I'll have mine own Power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no Tutor.
Doctor, this is no Diet.

(59) *Without my Wits,*] This odd Paſſage gives room for Suſpicion, that it has had ſome foul Play either from the Tranſcriber or Editor: Let the Reader conſider it, and then think if, with Mr. *Seward* and myſelf, it ſhou'd not run thus,

Without my Will, ——

Tho' there are two or three more ways of altering it, but none of 'em ſatisfactory.

(60) *I'm damnably hungry, my* very Grace is hungry.] A ſlight Tranſpoſition will ſet this place right.

My Grace is very hungry ——

To which anſwers *Villio*, right enough,

A hungry Grace is fitteſt to no Meal.

(61) *I'll have mine own Power here*;] Tho' *have* is not eaſily corrupted into *uſe*, yet I cannot help imagining but it has undergone ſuch a Change. To *have one's Will*, is common; *To have one's Power*, not ſo.

Doct. It may be, Sir.
Vil. By'r Lady, it may turn to a dry Diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that ——
Caſt. Stand off, Doctor;
And talk to thoſe that want Faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Aſca. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Caſt. *Fair, plump, and red,*
A Forehead high, an Eye revives the dead;
A Lip like ripeſt Fruit, inviting ſtill.
Vil. *But O, the ruſhy Well, below the Hill,*
Take heed of that, for though it never fail,
Take heed I ſay, for thereby hangs a Tale.
Caſt. I'll get ye all with Child.
Vil. With one Child, Brother,
So many Men in a Blue Coat.
Caſt. Had I fed well,
And drunk good ſtore of Wine, ye had been bleſt all,
Bleſt all with double Births; come kiſs me greedily,
And think no more upon your fooliſh Husbands,
They're tranſitory things; (62) a King's Fame meets you.
Doct. Vaniſh away. [*Ex. Women.*
Caſt. How, they gone too? my Guard there;
Take me this Devil Doctor, and that Fool there,
And ſow 'em in a Sack; bring back the Women,
The lovely Women; drown theſe Rogues, or hang 'em.
Aſca. (63) He is in earneſt, Sir.

(62) *A King's Fame meets you.*] The Reader is left to interpret *Fame* here in what Senſe he pleaſes; but I rather think that *Flame* is the true reading; the miſtaking of one for the other was eaſy, and ſo probably gave occcaſion to this ſlight Corruption.

(63) Aſca. *He is in earneſt, Sir,*
I needs muſt take him off.

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner and Sailors.*

Fer. *In ſerious earneſt.*] From this and ſuch like Miſtakes one wou'd imagine that the Editors of the Octavo Edition had collated the firſt Folio in a very negligent manner. The Change of the Speakers, as well as Tranſpoſition of the Speeches, which are undoubtedly right, in the preſent Text, are from the Copy of 1647.

Fer.

Fer. In ſerious earneſt,
I needs muſt take him off.

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *Gunner and Sailors.*

Seſſe. Now, now be free,
Now Liberty, now Country-men ſhake from ye
The Tyrant's Yoke.
All. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.
Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry Treaſon,
And raiſe our faithful Friends; O my *Aſcanio.*
Aſca. Make haſte, we have way enough.
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon.
[*Ex.* Fer. Aſca. *and Guard.*
Seſſe. Spare none, put all to th' Sword: A vengeance ſhake thee,
Art thou turn'd King again?
Caſt. I am a Raſcal:
Spare me but this time, if e'er I ſee King more,
Or once believe in King.
Seſſe. The Ports are ours,
The Treaſure and the Port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
Cry to the Town, cry Liberty and Honour;
[*Some go off crying Liberty and Freedom.*
Waken their perſecuted Souls, cry loudly,
We'll ſhare the Wealth among ye.
Caſt. Do you hear, Captain?
If e'er you hear me name a King ——
Seſſe. You ſhall not.
Caſt. Or though I live under one, obey him ——
Gun. This Rogue again.
Seſſe. Away with him, good Gunner.
Caſt. Why look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.
Gun. I'll take a courſe, you ſhall not;
Come, no more words.

Enter Boatſwain.

Caſt. Say nothing when you kill me.

(64) *Seſſe.* He's ta'en to th' Tower's ſtrength;
Now ſtand ſure Gentlemen,
We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us,
The reſt o'th' Caſtle's ours; Liberty, Liberty!
What, is the City up?

Boatſ. They are up and glorious,
And rouling like a ſtorm they come; their Tents
Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.
The Women are in Arms too.

Seſſe. Let 'em come all;
Honour and Liberty.

All. Honour and Liberty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This Woman threats, her Eyes, e'en red with fury,
Which like prodigious Meteors foretold
Aſſur'd Deſtruction, are ſtill before me.
Beſides I know ſuch Natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their Love, or Hatred;
And ſhe that dar'd all dangers to poſſeſs him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loſs
Of what ſhe held ſo dear. I firſt diſcover'd
Her bloody purpoſes, which ſhe made good,
And openly profeſs'd 'em; that in me
Was but a cold Affection; Charity
Commands ſo much to all; for *Virolet*,
Methinks I ſhould forget my Sexes weakneſs,
Riſe up, and dare beyond a Woman's ſtrength;

(64) Seſſe. *He's ta'en to th' Tow'rs ſtrength;*] But how cou'd *Seſſe* know that? Surely by nothing but Inſpiration: I can't help thinking but the Stage Direction, two Lines above, of

Enter Boatſwain, is wrong, and that he ſhou'd come in and bring the News of *Ferrand*'s having retir'd into the ſtrongeſt part of the Citadel, and then we ſhall have the Dialogue go on clear and eaſy. Thus,

Caſt. *Say nothing when you kill me.*
Enter Boatſwain.
Boatſ. *He's ta'en to th' Tower's ſtrength.*
Seſſe. *Now ſtand ſure Gentlemen,* &c.

Then

Then do, not counſel: He is too ſecure,
And in my judgment, 'twere a greater Service
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Than to get him a Friend. I undertook too
To croſs her Plots; oppos'd my Piety,
Againſt her Malice; and ſhall Virtue ſuffer?
No, *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed,
I have a cauſe, ſpite of thy maſculine Breeding,
That would aſſure the Victory: My Angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Virolet *like* Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combuſtion,
Part of the Citadel forc'd, the Treaſure ſeiz'd on;
The Guards corrupted, arm themſelves againſt
Their late protected Maſter; *Ferrand* fled too,
And with ſmall ſtrength, into the Caſtle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him?
And yet the Undertakers, nay, Performers,
Of ſuch a brave and glorious Enterprize,
Are yet unknown; they did proceed like Men,
I like a Child; and had I never truſted
So deep a practice unto ſhallow Fools,
Beſides my Soul's peace, in my *Juliana*,
The Honour of this Action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no ſhare.

Jul. Ronvere! 'tis he, a thing, next to the Devil
I moſt deteſt, and like him terrible;
Martia's right Hand, the Inſtrument I fear too,
That is to put her bloody Will in act.
Have I not Will enough, and Cauſe too mighty?
Weak Womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this Habit,
This Likeneſs to *Ronvere*, which I have ſtudied,
Either admits me ſafe to my deſign,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And ſuffer'd to be raviſh'd from my Glory;
Or ſinks me and my Miſeries together;
Either concludes me happy——

Jul. He ſtands muſing,

Some

Some Miſchief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his Wickedneſs,
I'll ſink his curſed Soul: Guide my Hand, Heav'n,
And to my tender Arm give Strength and Fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all Ages
Shall bleſs my Name for; all remembrance crown me.
Vir. It ſhall be ſo.
Jul. It ſhall not; take that Token, [*Stabs him.*
And bear it to the luſtful Arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Virolet*'s dear ſake, I ſent it.
Vir. O I am happy, let me ſee thee, that I
May bleſs the hand that gave me Liberty;
O courteous Hand, nay thou haſt done moſt nobly,
And Heav'n has guided thee, 'twas their great Juſtice;
O bleſſed Wound that I could come to kiſs thee!
How beautiful and ſweet thou ſhew'ſt!
Jul. Oh!
Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, Dear, ſhed not thoſe ſovereign Balſams
Into my Blood, which muſt recover me;
Then I ſhall live again to do a miſchief,
Againſt the mightineſs of Love and Virtue,
Some baſe unhallow'd Hand ſhall rob thy right of.
Help me, I faint: ſo.
Jul. O unhappy Wench!
How has my Zeal abus'd me; you that guard Virtue,
Were ye aſleep? or do you laugh at Innocence,
You ſuffer'd this miſtake? O my dear *Virolet!*
An everlaſting curſe follow that form
I ſtruck thee in, his Name be ever blaſted;
For his accurſed ſhadow has betray'd
The ſweetneſs of all Youth, the Nobleneſs,
The Honour, and the Valour; wither'd for ever
The Beauty and the Bravery of all Mankind:
O my dull Devil's Eyes.
Vir. I do forgive you,
By this, and this, I do: I know you were cozen'd;
The Shadow of *Rowvere*, I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas moſt neceſſary
I ſhould be ſtruck, ſome Hand above directed you;

For

For *Juliana* could not ſhew her Juſtice,
Without depriving high Heav'n of his Glory,
(65) Or any Subject fit for her, but *Virolet:*
Forgive me too, and take my laſt Breath, ſweet one,
This the new Marriage of our Souls together;
Think of me, *Juliana*, but not often,
For fear my Faults ſhould burthen your Affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.
Jul. O ſtay a little,
A little, little, Sir. [*Offers to kill herſelf.*
Vir. Fie, *Juliana.*
Jul. Shall I out-live the Virtue, I have murder'd?
Vir. Hold, or thou hat'ſt my Peace; give me the Dagger,
On your Obedience, and your Love, deliver it.
If you do thus, we ſhall not meet in Heav'n, Sweet;
No guilty Blood comes there; kill your Intentions,
And then you conquer; there where I am going,
Would you not meet me, Dear?
Jul. Yes.
Vir. And ſtill love me?
Jul. And ſtill behold you.
Vir. Live then 'till Heav'n calls you.
Then ripe and full of Sweetneſs you riſe ſainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
(66) With Hymns of holy Love — I go out:
Give me your Hand; farewel, in Peace farewel,
Remember me, farewel. [*Dies.*

(65) Or *any Subject*, &c.
This *the new Marriage*,] We ſhould certainly read,
On *any Subject*, &c.
'Tis *the new Marriage*, or the Sentence will be as much nonſenſical, as elliptical.

(66) *With Hymns of holy Love — I go out:*] The Colon at the end of the Line ſeems greatly to injure the Senſe of this Paſſage, as the —— to have ſwallow'd up a Word which is requiſite to complete both that and the Meaſure: I imagine we ſhou'd fill up and point thus,
With Hymns of holy Love —— 'fore *I go out*
Give me your Hand; &c.
The judicious Reader will eaſily ſee the Reaſon of both.

Jul.

Jul. (67) Sleep you ſweet Glaſſes,
An everlaſting Slumber crown thoſe Cryſtals;
All my Delight adieu, farewel, dear *Virolet*,
Dear, dear, moſt dear; O I can weep no more,
My Body now is Fire, and all conſuming.
Here will I ſit, forget the World and all things,
And only wait what Heav'n ſhall turn me to,
For now methinks I ſhould not live. [*She ſits down.*

Enter Pandulpho.

Pan. O my ſweet Daughter,
The Work is finiſh'd now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy Virtues ſhew'd, here regiſter'd,
And here ſhall live for ever.
Jul. Blot it, burn it,
I have no Virtue, hateful I'm as Hell is.
Pan. Is not this *Virolet?*
Jul. Ask no more Queſtions;
Miſtaking him, I kill'd him.
Pan. O my Son,
Nature turns to my Heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my Age, would'ſt thou go out ſo quickly?
So poorly take thy Leave, and never ſee me?
Was this a kind Stroke, Daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his Father, and ſo deadly ſtrike him?
O wither'd timeleſs Youth! are all thy Promiſes,
Thy goodly Growth of Honours, come to this?
Do I halt ſtill i'th' World, and trouble Nature,
When her main Pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter Lucio, *and other Servants.*

Luc. He does weep certain: What Body's that lyes by him?

(67) This Paſſion of *Juliana* calls for, and deſerves our higheſt Admiration: 'tis drawn with ſo maſterly an Hand, that a Perſon muſt be endued with a very ſmall ſhare of Taſte not to be touch'd at the reading of it: Our Poets, ſtill in the Pathetic, appear ſufficiently plain thro' the Body of their Plays, that here it flames out, and perhaps has not its ſuperior in any part of their Maſter *Shakeſpear*'s Compoſitions.

How

(68) How do you, Sir?
Pan. O look there, *Lucio*,
Thy Maſter, thy beſt Maſter!
Luc. Woe is me.
They've kill'd him, ſlain him baſely; O my Maſter!
Pan. Well Daughter, well; what (69) Heart had you to do this?
I know he did you Wrong; but 'twas his Fortune,
And not his Fault; for my ſake that have lov'd you—
But I ſee now you ſcorn me too.
Luc. O Miſtreſs?
Can you ſit there, and his cold Body breathleſs?
Baſely upon the Earth?
Pan. Let her alone, Boy,
She glories in his end.
Luc. You ſhall not ſit here,
And ſuffer him you loved,—ha! Good Sir, come,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O Heav'n! Sir,
O God, my Heart! ſhe's cold, cold and ſtiff too,
Stiff as a Stake, ſhe's dead.
Pan. She's gone, ne'er bend her.
I know her Heart, ſhe could not want his Company:
Bleſſing go with thy Soul, ſweet Angels ſhadow it,
O, that I were the third now, what a Happineſs?
But I muſt live, to ſee you laid in Earth both,
Then build a Chapel to your Memories,
Where all my Wealth ſhall faſhion out your Stories.
Then dig a little Grave beſides, and all's done.
How ſweet ſhe looks, her Eyes are open ſmiling,
I thought ſh'ad been alive. You are my Charge, Sirs,
And amongſt you, I'll ſee his Goods diſtributed.
Take up the Bodies, mourn in Heart, my Friends,
You've loſt two noble Succours; follow me,
And thou, ſad Country, weep this Miſery. [*Exeunt.*

(68) *How do you do, Sir?*] The latter *do* which ſpoils the Meaſure, I have dropt upon the Authority of Folio 1647.
(69) ——— *Heart had you*] So Octavo Edition of 1647, thus,
——— what Heart *you had.*
'Tis no matter which way we read, either will do.

Enter

Enter Seſſe, *Boatſwain, Maſter, Gunner, Citizens, and Soldiers.*

Seſſe. Keep the Ports ſtrongly mann'd, and let none enter
But ſuch as are known Patriots.

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Seſſe. 'Tis a ſubſtantial Thing, and not a Word,
You Men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other Bleſſings leave us; 'tis a Jewel
Worth purchaſing, at the dear rate of Life,
And ſo to be defended. O remember
What you have ſuffer'd, ſince you parted with it;
And if again you wiſh not to be Slaves,
And Properties to *Ferrand*'s Pride and Luſt,
Take noble Courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great Preſerver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched Bondage.

2 *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our Free-
We to the Death would follow him. [dom,

3 *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.

Seſſe. That's not my end.
'Twas not Ambition that brought me hither,
With theſe my faithful Friends, nor hope of Spoil:
For when we did poſſeſs the Tyrant's Treaſure,
By Force extorted from you, and employed,
To load you with moſt miſerable Thraldom,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of theſe, to get you Liberty,
That for the ſame Price kept you in Subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Country Men,
But *Neapolitans*: Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend Emblems of mine Age,
My ſilver Locks are ſhorne, (70) my Beard cut off,
Partaking

(70) ——— *my Beard cut off,*
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;] This is a glaring Contradiction indeed, for if his Beard was cut off, the Colour of it cou'd not poſſibly be adulterate: If we do but remember what we are told of this Duke's having his Beard run into *a Peak of Twenty*, we may read the Paſſage thus with Mr. *Seward*,

— *my*

Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho' fourteen Yeers you have not ſeen this Face,
You may remember it, and call to Mind
There was a Duke of *Seſſe*, a much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Seſſe*.

Seſſe. I thank you.
The Injuries I receiv'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made me forget the Love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I've given Satisfaction,
In being the firſt that ſtir'd, to give it Freedom;
And with your Loves and furtherance, will call back
Long baniſht Peace, and Plenty, to this People.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you pleaſe, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all Dangers.

Enter Pandulpho, *the Bodies of* Virolet *and* Juliana, *upon a Hearſe.*

Seſſe. What ſolemn Funeral's this?

Pan. There reſt a while,
And if't be poſſible there can be added
Wings to your ſwift deſire of juſt Revenge,
Hear (if my Tears will give way to my Words)
In brief a moſt ſad Story.

Seſſe. Speak, what are they?

———— *my Beard cut ſharp,*
Or as I think nearer the traces of the Letters thus,
———— *my Beard cut half.*
'Tis well known that *dying* of Beards was a frequent Cuſtom in our Poets Time, and upon this Practice I will undertake to correct a corrupted Paſſage in *Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act 4. Scene 7.

Duke. *Oh Death's a great diſguiſer*, and you may add to it; Shave the Head and *tie* the Beard, and ſay it was, *&c.* to make it appear that *tie* is a Corruption here, and that *dye* is the original Word, we need only quote another place from Scene 9. of this ſame Act. *The Provoſt* ſays,

There dy'd this Morning ————
One Ragozine————
A Man of Claudio's *Years; his* Beard *and* Head
Juſt of his Colour.

I know thee well, *Pandulpho.*

Pan. My beſt Lord?

As far as Sorrow will give Leave, moſt welcome;
This *Virolet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might ſay, the moſt hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll ſpeak him no further. Look on this,
This Face, that in a Savage would move Pity,
The Wonder of her Sex, and having ſaid
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want Words
To ſet out her deſervings; this bleſt Lady,
That did endure the Rack to ſave her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thouſand Tortures; by what Practice,
I know not, (but 'twas ſure a cunning one)
Are made, the laſt I hope, but ſad Examples
Of *Ferrand's* Tyranny. Convey the Bodies hence.

Seſſe. Expreſs your Sorrow
In your Revenge, not Tears, my worthy Soldier;
That fertile Earth, that teem'd ſo many Children
To feed his Cruelty, in her wounded Womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boatſ. We are cold, [vered.
Cold Walls ſhan't keep him from us. *Gun.* Were he co-
With Mountains, and room only for a Bullet
To be ſent level at him, I would ſpeed him. [con's
Maſt. Let's ſcale this pretty Tower; at Sea we're Fal-
And fly unto the Main-Top in a Moment.
What then can ſtop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.

2 *Cit.* Or eat a Paſſage to him.

Seſſe. Let Diſcretion
Direct your Anger; that's a Victory,
Which is got with leaſt Loſs, let us make ours ſuch:
And therefore Friends, while we hold parley here,
Raiſe your Scalado on the other ſide,
But enter'd wreak your Suff'rings,

[*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*

1 *Cit.* In our Wrongs
There was no Mean ———

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full Revenge
Will we know any.
Seſſe. Be appeas'd, good Man, [*To* Pandulpho.
No Sorrow can redeem them from Death's Priſon;
What his inevitable Hand hath ſeiz'd on,
The World cannot recover. All the Comfort
That I can give to you, is to ſee Vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Author's Head,
Of which their Aſhes may be ſenſible,
That have faln by him. [*Sound a Parley.*

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Aſcanio, *and* Ronvere *above.*

Pan. They appear.
Fer. 'Tis not that we eſteem rebellious Traitors
Worthy an Anſwer to their proudeſt Summons,
That we vouchſafe our Preſence, or t' exchange
One Syllable with 'em; but to let ſuch know,
Though circled round with Treaſon, all points bent
As to their Center at my Heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, Villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as abſolute, as when
He trod upon your Necks, and as much ſcorns you.
And when the Sun of Majeſty ſhall break through
The Clouds of your Rebellion, every Beam,
Inſtead of comfortable Heat, ſhall ſend
Conſuming Plagues among you, and you call
That Government which you term'd Tyrannous,
Hereafter, gentle.
Seſſe. Flattter not thy ſelf
With theſe deluding hopes, thou cruel Beaſt,
Thou art i'th' toil, and the glad Huntſman prouder,
By whom thou'rt taken, of his Prey, than if
(Like thee) he ſhould command, and ſpoil his Foreſt.
Fer. What art thou?
Seſſe. To thy horror, Duke of *Seſſe.*
Fer. The Devil.
Seſſe. Reſerv'd for thy Damnation.
Fer. Why ſhakes my Love?
Mart. O I am loſt for ever;
Mountains divide me from him, ſome kind Hand

Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the ſteep Rock, whoſe rugged Brows are bent
Upon the ſwelling Main; there let me hide me:
And as our Bodies then ſhall be divided,
May our Souls never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweeteſt?

Mart. There are a thouſand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly ſilence more loud Horror,
Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whoſe ſhrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my Father.

Seſſe. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my Revenge. It is my Daughter, *Ferrand*;
My Daughter thou haſt whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in't:
To know ſhe's thine, affords me more true Pleaſure,
Than the Act gave me, when e'en at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin Zone. Her ſhame dwell on thee,
And all thy Family; may they ne'er know
A female Iſſue, but a Whore; *Aſcanio*,
Ronvere, look cheerful; be thou a Man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our Ruins ſwallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole World, and make a ſecond *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new Beginning riſe,
Be it Recorded this did end with us;
And from our Duſt hath Embryon.

Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your Example makes me
Equally bold.

Aſca. And I reſolv'd to bear
Whate'er my Fate appoints me.

Seſſe. They are ours,
Now to the Spoil.

Boatſ. Pity the Lady, to all elſe be deaf. [*Exeunt.*

Within. Kill, kill, kill.

[*Alarum, Flouriſh Trumpets, Retreat.*

Enter

Enter Seſſe *with* Ferrand's *Head, the Citizens, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in* Aſcanio *and* Martia.

Seſſe. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the beſt Sacrifice to Heav'n for Peace,
Is Tyrants Blood, and thoſe that ſtuck faſt to him,
Fleſh'd Inſtruments in his commands to Miſchief,
With him diſpatch'd.

Boatſ. They are cut off.

Seſſe. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of *Seſſe.*

Seſſe. Pay that to Heav'n,
And for a general Joy, give general Thanks:
For Bleſſings ne'er deſcend from Heav'n, but when
A grateful Sacrifice aſcends from Men.
To your Devotion; leave me, there's a Scene
Which I would act alone; yet you may ſtay,
For wanting juſt Spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The reſt forbear me.

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I ſtand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that died, I dying live
To ſtand the Whirlwind of a Father's Fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Seſſe. Thou I want a Name
By which to ſtile thee: All artic'late ſounds
That do expreſs the miſchief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide!
For thou, in taking leave of Modeſty,
Haſt kill'd thy Father, and his Honour loſt;
He's but a walking Shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy Father; then ſet free
His Foes, whoſe Slavery he did prefer
Above all Treaſure, was a ſtrong defeazance
To cut off e'en the ſureſt bonds of Mercy.
After all this, having given up thy ſelf
Like to a ſenſual Beaſt, a ſlave to Luſt,

To play the Whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me
To find out none to quench thy Appetite,
But the moſt cruel King, whom next to Hell
Thy Father hated, and whoſe black Embraces
Thou ſhouldſt have fled from, as the whips of Furies;
What canſt thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, *and the Bodies borne on the Hearſe.*

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
To hurt me farther; my old Reſolution,
Take now the place of Fear; in this I liv'd,
In this I'll die, your Daughter.
Pan. Look but here;
You had, I know, a guilty Hand in this;
Repent it, Lady.
Mart. Juliana dead?
And *Virolet?*
Pan. By her unwilling Hand.
Mart. Fates, you are equal. What can now fall on me
That I will ſhrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your Anger, and not bend a Knee
To ask your Pardon; let your Rage run higher
Than Billows rais'd up by a violent Tempeſt,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties;
They're dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my deſires are ſum'd up.
Seſſe. Impudent too?
Die in it, Wretch.
Boatſ. Stay, Sir. [*Boatſwain kills he*
Seſſe. How dar'ſt thou, Villain,
Snatch from my Sword the honour of my Juſtice?
Boatſ. I never did you better Service, Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confeſs
That ſhe deſerv'd to die, but by whoſe Hand?
Not by a Father's. Double all her Guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis Murder, in you 'twere a Crime
Heav'n could not pardon. Witneſs that I love you,
And in that Love I did it.
Seſſe. Thou art noble,

I thank thee for't, the thought of her die with her.

Aſca. My turn is next; ſince ſhe could find no Mercy,
What am I to expect?

Cit. With one Voice, Sir,
The Citizens ſalute you with the Stile
Of King of *Naples.*

Seſſe. I muſt be excus'd,
The Burden is too heavy for my Shoulder,
Beſtow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Aſcanio,*
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the Example of your Uncle,
Learn that you are to govern Men, not Beaſts;
And that it is a moſt improvident Head,
That ſtrives to hurt the Limbs that do ſupport it.
Give burial to the Dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The Place, which in my Birth firſt gave me Woe.

[*Flouriſh Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*

THE ASTOR LIBRARY

THE MAID IN THE MILL.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DON Philippo, *King of* Spain.
Otrante, *a Spaniſh Count, in love with* Florimel.
Julio, *a Nobleman, Uncle to* Antonio.
Bellides, *Father to* Iſmenia, *Enemy to* Julio.
Liſauro, *Brother to* Iſmenia, Bellides' *Son.*
Terzo, *Kinſman to* Liſauro, *and Friend to* Bellides.
Antonio, *in love with* Iſmenia, *an Enemy to* Bellides.
Martino, *Friend to* Antonio, *and his ſecret Rival.*
Geraſto, *Friend to* Otrante.
Pedro, Moncado, } *Two Courtiers.*
Goſtanzo, Giraldo, Philippo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to* Julio.
Vertigo, *a* French *Taylor.*
Lords attending the King in Progreſs.
Franio, *a Miller, ſuppoſed Father to* Florimel.
Buſtopha, Franio *his Son, a Clown.*
Pedro, *a Songſter.*
Conſtable.
Officers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Iſmenia, *Daughter to* Bellides, *Miſtreſs of* Antonio.
Aminta, *Couſin to* Iſmenia, *and her private Competetrix in* Antonio's *Love.*
Florimel, *ſuppoſed Daughter to* Franio, *Daughter to* Julio, *ſtolen from him a Child.*
Gillian, Franio *the Miller's Wife.*
Country Maids.

S C E N E *S' P A I N.*

THE

THE

MAID *in the* MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Iſmenia, *and* Aminta.

LISAURO.

LET the Coach go round, we'll walk along theſe Meadows, [Siſter,
And meet at Port again: Come my fair
Theſe cool Shades will delight ye.

Amin. Pray be merry,
The Birds ſing as they meant to entertain ye,
Ev'ry thing ſmiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he ſteals by, curles up his Head, to view ye:
Ev'ry thing is in Love.

Iſm. You'd have it ſo.
You that are fair, are eaſie of belief, Couſin,
The theam ſlides from your Tongue ——

Amin. I fair? I thank ye,
Mine's but a Shadow when your Sun ſhines by me.

Iſm. No more of this; you know your worth, *Aminta.*
Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the Town, *Iſmenia.*

Ter. Cloſe by the Gates.

Iſm. 'Tis a fine Air.

Liſ. A delicate;
The way ſo ſweet and even, that the Coach

Would

Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleaſures:
Methinks I'm very merry.
Iſm. I am ſad.
Amin. You're ever ſo when we entreat ye, Couſin.
Iſm. (1) I have no reaſon: ſuch a trembling here
Over my Heart methinks ——
Amin. Sure you are faſting,
Or not ſlept well to Night; ſome Dream, *Iſmenia?*
Iſm. My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honeſt and innocent,
Yours are unhappy; who are theſe that coaſt us?
You told me th' Walk was private.

Enter Antonio *and* Martino.

Ter. 'Tis moſt commonly. [neſs,
Iſm. Two proper Men: It ſeems they have ſome buſi-
With me none ſure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company.
Ter. No, Couſin.
Liſauro, we are dog'd.
Liſ. I find it, Couſin.
Ant. What handſome Lady?
Mar. Yes, ſhe's very handſome;
They're handſome both.
Ant. Martino, ſtay, we're cozen'd.
Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.
Ant. Now by my Life ſhe's ſweet: Stay good *Martino.*
They're of our Enemies, the Houſe of *Bellides*;
Our mortal Enemies.
Mar. Let 'em be Devils,
They 'pear ſo handſomly, I will go forward;
If theſe be Enemies, I'll ne'er ſeek Friends more.
Ant. Prithee forbear, the Gentlewomen ——
Mar. That's it, Man,

(1) *I have no reaſon: ſuch a trembling here*] The Gentleman, to whom my Readers are indebted for ſome Remarks upon *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, points thus,

I have (no reaſon) ſuch a trembling here,

Which I think clears and heightens the place, tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the old pointing, which is certainly Senſe.

That

That moves me like a Gin.
'Pray ye ſtand off, Ladies——
Liſ. They're both our Enemies, both hate us equally;
By this fair Day our mortal Foes.
Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They ſhall have gaping work.
Iſm. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?
Ter. Pray ye ſtand you off, Couſin,
And good now leave your whiſtling, we're abus'd all;
Back, back, I ſay.
Liſ. Go back.
Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,
To run back on Command.
Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.
Ant. Having a civil Charge of handſome Ladies,
We are your Servants; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,
There's way enough for both.
Liſ. We'll make it wider. [at ye.
Ant. If you will fight; arm'd from this Saint, have
Iſm. O me unhappy! are ye Gentlemen
Diſcreet, and civil, and in open View thus——
Amin. What will Men think of us; nay you may kill us.
Mercy o'me, through my Petticoat; what bloody Gentlemen! [nocent;
Iſm. Make way through me, y'had beſt, and kill an In-
Brother, why Couſin by this Light I'll die too.
This Gentleman is temperate; be you merciful:
Alas, the Swords!
Amin. You had beſt run me through,
'Twill be a valiant Thruſt.
Iſm. I faint amongſt ye.
Ant. Pray ye ben't fearful: I have done, ſweet Lady,
My Sword's already aw'd, and ſhall obey ye:
I come not here to violate ſweet Beauty,
I bow to that.
Iſm. Brother, you ſee this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman.
Liſ. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.

Ant.

Ant. The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.
Iſm. What a ſweet Nature this Man has? dear Brother,
Put up your Sword.
Ter. Let them put up, and walk then. [us:
Ant. No more loud Words, there's time enough before
For ſhame put up, do Honour to theſe Beauties.
Mar. Our way is this, we will not be deny'd it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be croſs'd in it.
Ant. What e'er your way is, Lady, 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [*Exeunt.*
Iſm. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy!
Here's a ſweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother;
This Gentleman's anger is ſo nobly ſeated,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monſters.
What if he be our Houſe-Foe? we may brag on't;
We've ne'er a Friend in all our Houſe ſo honourable:
I'd rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy diſtances (2) and modeſt deference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I'm hurt between ye.
Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Couſin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?
Iſm. I know not,
But here methinks.
Lif. Unlace her, gentle Couſin.
Iſm. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bleſs the hurter.
Amin. Is it ſo dangerous?
Iſm. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, ſure 'tis inward.
Iſm. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a ſubtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.
Lif. The Coach there.

(2) —— *and modeſt* difference,] The Senſe of this place requires evidently a Lection different from any the other Editions exhibit: I propos'd reading thus,

—— *and worthy* deference,

i. e. reſpect, before Mr. *Seward* communicated to me the ſame conjectural Lection, and ſo have not ſcrupled to reject the old Text.

Amin.

Amin. May be a fright.
Iſm. *Aminta*, 'twas a ſweet one,
And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handſome Gentleman ——
Iſm. Oh no deeper:
Prithee be ſilent, Wench, it may be thy caſe. [Couſin;
Amin. You muſt be ſearch'd; the Wound will rancle,
And of ſo ſweet a Nature ——
Iſm. Dear *Aminta*,
Make it not ſorer.
Amin. And on my Life admires ye.
Iſm. Call the Coach, Couſin.
Amin. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.
Liſ. Well my brave Enemies, we ſhall yet meet ye,
And our old Hate ſhall teſtifie ——
Ter. It ſhall, Couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonino *and* Martino.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiſcretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the Houſe affrights not me,
It ſpends it ſelf in Words: Oh me, *Martino*,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd;
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aſide.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrapt in a Cloud of Fire; (3) that Point, *Martino*,
Dazled my Senſe, and was too ſubtle for me;

Shot

(3) —— *that Point*, Martino,
Dazled my Senſe,] I don't approve any of the Text where it is good Senſe before, otherwiſe a ſmall change in the Letters wou'd perhaps keep cloſer to the Metaphor that is carry'd on thro' the Speech. I therefore only mention it as a meer Query, whether the Poet might not poſſibly have wrote
Baffled my Fence, ——
There is this Reaſon to render it probable; in both Folios *Sence* is ſpelt in the latter part with a *c*, as Fence is. Now ſuppoſe the *f* to

Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded
(To my Eternal Ruin,) my Heart's Valour.
Mar. Methinks ſhe was no ſuch Piece.
Ant. Blaſpheme not, Sir,
She is ſo far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will bluſh to think ill of her.
Mar. I ſee it not, and yet I had both Eyes open,
And I could judge; I know there is no Beauty
'Till our Eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handſome;
What's red and white, unleſs we do allow 'em?
A green Face elſe; and methinks ſuch another ——
Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou haſt an excellent Senſe for a Sign-Poſt, Friend,
(4) Didſt thou not ſee, (I'll ſwear thou art ſtone blind elſe,
As blind as Ignorance;) when ſhe appear'd firſt,
Aurora breaking in the Eaſt, and through her Face,
(As if the Hours and Graces had ſtrew'd Roſes,)
A Bluſh of Wonder flying? (5) when ſhe was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didſt thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The ſoft Wind drives, whiteneſs of Innocence,
Or any thing that bears celeſtial Paleneſs,
Sh' appear'd o'th' ſudden? Didſt thou not ſee her Tears
When ſhe entreated? O thou Reprobate!
Didſt thou not ſee thoſe orient Tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A ſet, *Martino*,

to have been accidentally changed, (and 'tis the leaſt change a Letter can undergo) the Editors wou'd then naturally alter *Baffled* to *Dazled*. Mr. *Seward*.

(4) *Doſt thou not ſee, —— ſoon blind elſe,*] This Line labours under two Corruptions; the firſt is the wrong Tenſe of the Verb in the front of the Line, which the unknown Gentleman alters with me thus,

Didſt thou not ſee —— The other is,

Thou art ſoon *blind elſe*, a Paſſage which Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me ought to be wrote,

Thou art ſtone *blind elſe*. And accordingly I have ventur'd to inſert the Paſſage thus corrected into the preſent Text.

(5) —— *when he was frighted*] As the Diſcourſe is ſolely about a Lady, the reading in the Text, which is from the Copy of 1647, and my Correſpondent's Conjecture, is undoubtedly genuine.

Of

Of ſuch ſanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I could live ever a religious Hermit.
Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was o'th' loweſt Stature.
Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature's chief Art, *Martino*,
Is to reſerve her Models curious,
Not cumberſome and great; and ſuch an one
For fear ſhe ſhould exceed upon her Matter,
Has ſhe fram'd this; (6) oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they 'pear ſo excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention ſpoils 'em:
Martino learn this, th' narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, ſtill the ſweeter
That comes unto's: Great Bodies are like Countries,
Diſcovering ſtill, Toil and no Pleaſure finds 'em.
Mar. A rare Coſmographer for a ſmall Iſland.
Now I believe ſhe's handſome.
Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, ſave thee.
Mar. She was, certain, fair.
Ant. But hark ye, Friend *Martino*,
Do not believe your ſelf too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.
Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
D'you ſhow me Meat, and ſtitch my Lips, *Antonio?*
Is that fair Play?
Ant. Now if thou ſhouldſt abuſe me ——
And yet I know thee for an arrant Wencher,
A moſt immod'rate thing, thou canſt not love long——
Mar. A little ſerves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe ——
Ant. How if we never ſee her more?
She is our Enemy.

(6) —— *Oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,*
And when they appear ſo excellent in little,
They will but flame *in great;*] If this be genuine, *Flame*, when apply'd to Beauty, muſt be a term of Contempt, whereas it is, I believe, univerſally apply'd to it as a term of Excellence. I verily think the Original was, *not flame*, and then the Reaſon that follows is juſt, *becauſe Extention ſpoils 'em.* Mr. *Seward.*

Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive ſhe hates our whole Houſe.
Ant. Yet, good *Martino* ——
Mar. Come, come, I've mercy on ye:
You ſhall enjoy her in your Dream, *Antonio*,
And I'll not hinder; though now I perſuade my ſelf——

Enter Aminta *with a Letter.*

Ant. Sit with Perſuaſion down, and you deal honeſtly;
I will look better on her.
Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes; a Letter ——
She brings no Challenge ſure; if ſhe do, *Antonio*,
I hope ſhe'll be a Second too; I'm for her.
Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.
Ant. You're welcome, Lady;
'Tis like our late rude Paſſage has pour'd on you
Some Reprehenſion.
Amin. No, I bring no Anger,
Though ſome deſerv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons;
Indeed I wear no Sword to fright ſweet Beauties.
Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye view't, Sir,
And my Commiſſion's done.
Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?
Amin. Not at this time.
Mar. I am ſorry for't; I can read too.
Amin. I'm glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exerciſe,
You may chance meet with one ill written.
Mar. Thank ye,
So't be a Woman's, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they've but one end.
Amin. You ſay true, Sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. Martin', my Wiſhes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave Return; moſt happy, happy;
I am a bleſs'd Man; where's the Gentlewoman?
Mar. Gone, the Sp'rits gone, what News?

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we ſaw; from that ſame Miracle,
I know her Name now; read but theſe three Lines;
Read, with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martino reads.

I dare not chide ye in my Letter, Sir,
'Twill be too gentle: If you pleaſe to look me
In the Weſt-ſtreet, *and find a fair Stone Window*
(6) *Carved with white* Cupids; *there I'll entertain ye:*
Night and Diſcretion guide ye. Call me Iſmenia.

Ant. Give't me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I'm all Fire.

Mar. There may be Danger.

Ant. So there is to drink,
When Men are thirſty, to eat haſtily
When we are hungry: So there is in Sleep, Friend,
Obſtructions then may riſe and ſmother us;
(7) We may die laughing, choak'd e'en at Devotions:
An Apoplexy, or a ſudden Palſie,
May ſtrike us down.

Mar. 'T may be a Train to catch ye.

Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love anſwer for't,
'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things.—

Mar. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.
'Tis almoſt Night; away Friend.

Mar. I am ready,

(6) *Carved with white* Cupid;] The Text is from 1647, and 1679 Editions; and ſo reads too my unknown Friend.

(7) *We may die laughing, choak'd e'en at Devotions:*
An Apoplexy, &c.] Here the falſe Pointings have depriv'd us of a beautiful compound Word, and apply'd *choaking* to Devotions, which cannot in a ſerious Senſe have any tendency to kill a Man in that way. I read,

We may die laughing-choak'd, e'en at Devotions,
An Apoplexy, or a ſudden Palſy
May ſtrike us down. &c. Mr. *Seward.*

I think I know the Houſe too.
Ant. Then we're happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Iſm. Did you meet him?
Amin. Yes.
Iſm. And did you give my Letter?
Amin. To what end went I?
Iſm. Are ye ſure 'twas he?
Was it that Gentleman?
Amin. D'you think I was blind?
I went to ſeek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.
Iſm. What kind of Man was he? Thou may'ſt be deceiv'd, Friend. [Eyes too,
Amin. A Man with a Noſe on's Face: I think he had
And Hands, for ſure he took it.
Iſm. What an Anſwer? [troubled?
Amin. What Queſtions are theſe to one that's hot and
Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Couſin,
At my Years and Diſcretion, to deliver
A Letter handſomely? Is that ſuch a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempſter's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife won't miſs it:
A Puritan Hoſteſs, Couſin, would ſcorn theſe Queſtions.
My Legs are weary.
Iſm. I'll make 'em well again.
Amin. Are they at Supper?
Iſm. Yes, and I'm not well,
Nor deſire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkiſh.
Amin. I ſee nothing yet; aſſure your ſelf, *Iſmenia*,
If he be a Man, he will not miſs.
Iſm. It may be he is modeſt,
And that may pull him back from ſeeing me;
Or has made ſome wild Conſtruction of my Eaſineſs:
I bluſh to think what I writ.
Amin. What ſhould ye bluſh at?
Bluſh when you act your Thoughts, not when you write 'em;

Bluſh

Bluſh ſoft between a Pair of Sheets, ſweet Couſin.
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I can't think
He's ſo unnatural to leave a Woman,
(A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,)
Leave her in her Deſires: Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they're ſent for.
Hark, I hear ſomething: Up to th' Chamber, Couſin,
You may ſpoil all elſe.

Enter Antonio *and* Martino.

Iſm. Let me ſee, they're Gentlemen;
It may be they.
Amin. They are they; get ye up,
(9) And like a Land-ſtar draw him.
Iſm. I'm ſhame-fac'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. This is the Street.
Mar. I'm looking for the Houſe:
Cloſe, cloſe, pray ye cloſe —— here.
Ant. No, this is a Merchant's;
I know the Man well.———
Mar. And this a Pothecary's: I've lain here many times,
For a looſeneſs in my Hilts.
Ant. Have ye not paſt it?
Mar. No ſure:
There is no Houſe of mark that we have ſcaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?
Mar. Speak ſofter, 'may be Spies;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
(10) Carv'd fair above, that I perceive; 'tis dark,
But ſhe has ſuch a Luſtre.

(9) *And like a* Land-ſtar ———] Mr. *Theobald* here reads *Load-ſtar*, and ſo does Mr. *Seward*; the former upon what Authority I know not, but the latter upon that of Sir *John Davies* in his Poem upon the Soul,

Load-ſtone to Hearts, and Load-ſtar to all Eyes.

(10) *Carv'd* far *above*,] I read by a ſlight Alteration *fair*, ſo juſt before,

——— *a* fair *ſtone Window*
Carv'd with white Cupids.

And ſo reads likewiſe my anonymous Correſpondent.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta *above with a Taper.*

Ant. Yes *Martino*,
So radiant ſhe appears ——
Mar. Elſe we may miſs, Sir: [clear:
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n ſhe ſhine
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too.
Ant. Step cloſe, 'tis ſhe; I ſee the Cloud diſperſe,
And now the beauteous Planet.
Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the ſoul of Love a Divine Creature.
Iſm. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Moſt bleſſed Lady.
Iſm. 'Pray ye ſtand out.
Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now ſtirring.
Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite ſtrangely taken.
Amin. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body:
I love him heartily.
Iſm. 'Tis the right Gentleman;
But what to ſay to him. Sir —— [*Aſide.*
Amin. Speak.
Ant. I wait ſtill,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this Houſe, ſo it pleaſe you.
Iſm. Speak ſoftly,
And 'pray ye ſpeak truly too.
Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.
Iſm. And do not think me impudent to ask ye;
I know ye are an Enemy; ſpeak low,
But I would make y' a Friend.
Ant. I'm Friend to Beauty;
There is no Handſomneſs, I dare be Foe to.
Iſm. Are ye married?
Ant. No.
Iſm. Are ye betrothed?
Ant. No, neither.
Iſm. Indeed, fair Sir?
Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.

Moſt

Moſt beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.
Iſm. That may be, Sir, then ye are miſerable,
For I am bound.
Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your ſelf for Pleaſure?
Sure they be ſweeter far than Liberty:
There is no bleſſedneſs but in ſuch Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beſeech ye,
(Since you have queſtion'd me ſo cunningly)
To ask you whom you're bound to; he muſt be certain
More than Human, that bounds in ſuch a Beauty:
Happy that happy Chain, ſuch Links are Heav'nly.
Iſm. Pray ye don't mock me, Sir.
Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.
Iſm. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not ſcorn what I ſpeak?
Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you ſay, I dare ſwear to.
Iſm. I'll ſet the Candle by, for I ſhall bluſh now;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth? It muſt out,
'Tis you I'm bound to.
Ant. Speak that word again.
I underſtand ye not.
Iſm. 'Tis you I'm bound to.
Ant. Here is another Gentleman.
Iſm. 'Tis you, Sir.
Amin. He may be lov'd too.
Mar. Not by thee, firſt curſe me.
Iſm. And if I knew your Name ——
Ant. *Antonio*, Madam.
Iſm. *Antonio*, take this Kiſs, 'tis you I'm bound to.
Ant. And when I ſet ye free, may Heav'n forſake me,
Iſmenia.
Iſm. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You've learn'd my Name.
Ant. Hear but ſome Vows I'll make to ye:
Hear but the Proteſtations of a true Love.
Iſm. No, no, not now: Vows ſhould be cheerful things;
Done in the cleareſt Light, and nobleſt Teſtimony:

No Vow, dear Sir; tie not my fair Belief
To ſuch ſtrict Terms: thoſe Men have broken Credits,
Looſe and diſmembred Faiths, my dear *Antonio*,
That ſplinter 'em with Vows: Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you pleaſe.
Ant. I'd rather hear ye,
For ſo ſweet Muſick never ſtruck mine Ears yet:
Will you believe now?
Iſm. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Iſm. Speak louder,
If ye anſwer th' Prieſt ſo low, you'll loſe your Wedding.
Mar. Would I might ſpeak, I'd hollow.
Ant. Take my Heart,
And if he be not firm and honeſt to you,
Heav'n ———
Iſm. Peace, no more: I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
Keep you your word; when will you come again, Friend?
For this time we have woo'd indiff'rently.
I would fain ſee ye, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why any Night; only, dear noble Miſtreſs,
Pardon three Days, my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon Promiſe,
Upon expectation too; we have rare Sports there,
Rare Country Sports, I would you could but ſee 'em.
Dare ye ſo honour me?
Iſm. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I muſt not, Friend;
Where I may come with honourable Freedom ——
Alas, I'm ill too, we in Love ———
Ant. You flout me.
Iſm. Truſt me, I do not; I ſpeak truth, I'm ſickly,
And am in Love, but you muſt be Phyſician.
Ant. I'll make a Plaiſter of my beſt Affection.
Iſm. Be gone, we've ſupp'd, I hear the People ſtir,
Take my beſt Wiſhes; give me no cauſe, *Antonio*,
To curſe this happy Night.
Ant. I'll loſe my Life firſt:
A thouſand Kiſſes.

Iſm.

Iſm. Take ten thouſand back again.
Mar. I'm dumb with Admiration; ſhall we go, Sir?
[*Exeunt.*

Iſm. Doſt thou know his Uncle?
Amin. No, but I can ask, Couſin.
Iſm. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to Bed both,
And give me handſome Dreams, Love, I beſeech thee.
Amin. 'Has giv'n y' a handſome Subject.
Iſm. Pluck to th' Windows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Buſtopha.

Buſt. *THE thund'ring Seas, whoſe wat'ry Fire waſhes* the (11) Whiting-Mops.
The gentle Whale whoſe Feet ſo fell flies o'er the Mountains tops.
Fra. [*within.*] Boy.
Buſt. *The thund'ring* ———
Fra. Why, Boy, *Buſtopha.*
Buſt. Here I am; *The gentle Whale* ———

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Siſter?
Buſt. *The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountains tops*—
Fra. Where's your Siſter, Man?
Buſt. *Waſhes the Whiting-Mops* ———
Fra. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe has (12) none to waſh. Mops? The Boy is half way out of his Wits, ſure:

(11) ——— *Whiting-Mops.*] A ſort of Fiſh ſo called; our Authors have the ſame Term in the *Martial Maid*, Act 2. Scene 2.
——— *they will tread you their Meaſures like Whiting-Mops*, &c.
So in the Guardian of *Philip Maſſenger*, *Camillo* ſays,
If it were a Fiſh-day,
I have a Stomach and wou'd content my ſelf
With this pretty Whiting-Mop. Meaning *Mirtilla.*

(12) ——— *none to waſh Mops?*] My nameleſs Friend wou'd have *Mops* left out in the Text, but I think without reaſon: By the preſent pointing *Mops* heightens the Sneer, and makes the repetition in this place neceſſary.

Sirrah, who am I?

Buſt. *The thund'ring Seas* ——

Fra. Mad, ſtark mad.

Buſt. Will you not give a Man leave to Con?

Fra. Yes, and 'feſs too, ere I have done with you, Sirrah. Am I your Father?

Buſt. The Queſtion is too hard for a Child, ask me any thing that I have learn'd, and I'll anſwer you.

Fra. Is that a hard Queſtion? Sirrah, am not I your Father?

Buſt. If I had my Mother's wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you a Thief?

Buſt. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Buſt. Let it go by Elderſhip. *The gentle Whale* —

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your fooliſh Study there, And beat your Brains about your own Affairs: or ——

Buſt. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails, and beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural Father you are.——

Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day; Laſt Night I gave you leave, now I recant.

Buſt. Is the Wind turn'd ſince laſt Night?

Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill; There's my Command upon you.

Buſt. I may go round about then as your Mill does: I will ſee your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks, ere I deceive the Country ſo; have I not my part to ſtudy? How ſhall the Sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if thou be'ſt not there.

Buſt. Conſider that, and go your ſelf.

Fra. I have fears, Sirrah, that I cannot utter: You go not, nor your Siſter; there's my Charge.

Buſt. The price of your golden Thumb can't hold me, [*Hounds in full Cry.*] (13) *Fra.* Ay, this was ſport that I have tightly lov'd,

(13) Fra. *I, this was ſport,* &c.] Without the Stage Direction which Mr. *Seward* and I have affix'd here, this abrupt Speech wou'd not be underſtood by any Reader.

I could have kept Company with the Hounds——

Buſt. You are fit for no other Company yet.

Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's tail i'faith:

Buſt. That was before I was born, I did ever miſtruſt I was a Baſtard, becauſe *Lapis* is in the ſingular number with me.

Enter Otrante *and* Geraſto.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, *Geraſto*, and chaſe here;
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I'm prepar'd,
My Lord, with all Advantages; and ſee
Yonder's the Subject I muſt work upon.

Otr. Her Brother 'tis: Methinks it ſhould be eaſie:
(14) That groſs Compound cannot but diffuſe
The Soul, in ſuch a Latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie:
What Wit above the leaſt, can be in him,
That Reaſon ties together?

Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a Hackney-pace,
With all that Fleſh about him; yes, and dragg
His Siſter after him: This baits the old one,
[*Cry of Hounds.*
Rid you but him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*

Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good Day to you;
You were not wont, to hear this Muſick, ſtanding;
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the firſt rank of Huntſmen.

(15) *Buſt.* The Dogs cry out for him now.

(14) *That groſs Compound*] The Senſe and Meaſure both ſeem here to be incomplete: The deficiency I wou'd remedy thus,

For *this groſs.* &c. Mr. *Seward* ſo,
Sure *this groſs.* The Reader may take his Choice of either.

(15) Buſt. *The Dogs cry out of him now.*] I read *for:* Without this trifling Change, I ſee no Humour in *Buſtopha*'s Anſwer. *The very Dogs cry out againſt him*, does not ſuit the reſt of his Drolleries; but *the Dogs cry out for him as Carrion proper for 'em*, is quite in his Stile. Mr. *Seward.*

Fra.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you elſe.

Buſt. Cur? Cur?

Fra. Slave, do'ſt call me Dog?

Otr. Oh fie, Sir, he ſpeaks *Latin* to you, he would know why you'll bite him. [Lord.

Buſt. Reſponde, cur? You ſee his Underſtanding, my

Fra. I ſhall have a time to curry you for this;
But, my Lord, to anſwer you, the Days have been
I muſt have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the Stones grind empty: But thoſe Dancings
Are done with me; I have good will to't ſtill,
And that's the beſt I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd,
Your Company deſerves him; though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Buſt. He'll do't o'th' purpoſe, my Lord, to bring him up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord.

Otr. There is a foot i'th' Stirrop; I'll not leave you Now: You ſhall ſee the Game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for you, and try 'em once a Horſeback. (16) Sirrah, my Charge, keep it. [*Exit.*

Buſt. Yes, when you pare down your diſh for Conſcience ſake, when your Thumb's coin'd into *bonæ & legalis*, when you are a true Man, Miller.

Otr. What's the matter, *Buſtopha?*

Buſt. My Lord, if you have e'er a drunken Jade that has the Staggers, that will fall twice the height of our Mill with him, ſet him o'th' back on him; a galled *Jennet* that will winch him out o'the Saddle, and break one on's Necks, or a ſhank of him; (there was a Fool going that way, but the Aſs had better luck;) or one of your brave *Barbaries*, that would paſs the Straits, and

(16) ——— *Sirrah, my Charge, keep it.*] My unknown Friend fills up the Ellipſis here thus, *Sirrah, remember my Charge and keep it*, tho' I believe it not neceſſary. The old Miller is in an hurry to get ready for the Chace, and he may eaſily be ſuppos'd to be conciſe upon that account.

run

run into his own Country with him; the firſt *Moor* he met, would cut his Throat for Complexions ſake; there's as deadly feud between a *Moor* and a Miller, as between Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, *Buſtopha*,
Unleſs on ſome ſtrong cauſe.

Buſt. Be Judge, my Lord, I am ſtudied in my Part; the *Julian* Feaſt is to Day, the Country expect me, I ſpeak all the dumb ſhews; my Siſter's choſen for a Nymph. *The gentle Whale whoſe feet ſo fell.* Cry mercy, that was ſome of my part; but his Charge is, to keep the Mill, and diſappoint the Revels.

Otr. Indeed, there it ſpeaks ſhrewdly for thee, the Country expecting.

Buſt. Ay, and for mine own Grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being ſtudied too, and the main Speaker too.

Buſt. The main? Why all my Speech lies in the Main, and the dry Ground together:

The thund'ring Seas whoſe— [demn'd elſe.

Otr. Nay, then we muſt go, thou'lt be much con-
But then o'th' other ſide, Obedience.

Buſt. Obedience? But ſpeak your Conſcience now, my Lord, am not I paſt asking Bleſſing at theſe Years? Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your Father.

Otr. I muſt yield to you, *Buſtopha*; your Reaſons are ſo ſtrong, I cannot contradict: This I think, if you go, your Siſter ought to go along with you.

Buſt. There I ſtumble now: She is not at Age.

Otr. Why, ſhe's fifteen, and upwards.

Buſt. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age; as full as thou art at one and twenty: She's manable, is ſhe not?

Buſt. I think not; poor Heart, ſhe was never try'd, in my Conſcience. 'Tis a coy thing; ſhe will not kiſs you a Clown, not if he would kiſs her —

Otr. What, Man?

Buſt. Not if he would kiſs her, I ſay.

Otr.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected; well, Sir, I'll leave you to your own; (17) but my Opinion is, you may take her along: This is half way: The reſt, *Geraſto*, and I hunt my Prey.——— [*Exit.*

Buſt. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill ſtrikes ſail preſently.

Enter Pedro, *with* Geraſto *blind, ſinging.*

SONG.

Ger. *Come follow me, you Country Laſſes,*
And you ſhall ſee ſuch Sport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro, *he ſhall rub the String;*
Each ſhall have a looſe-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Buſt. O ſweet *Diego*, the ſweeteſt *Diego*; ſtay, Siſter *Florimel.*

Flo. What's that, Brother?

Buſt. Didſt not hear *Diego?* Hear him, and thou'lt be raviſh'd.

Flo. I have heard him ſing, yet am unraviſh'd, Brother.

Buſt. You had the better Luck, Siſter. I was raviſh'd by my own Conſent; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Buſt. Out; the Thief is as ſafe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our great Landlord, the Don *Otrante.* Strike up, *Diego.*

Flo. But ſay he return before us, where's our Excuſe?

Buſt. Strike up, *Diego.* Haſt no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well, the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Buſt. My Faults never mount ſo high, Girl; they riſe but to my Middle at moſt. Strike up, *Diego.*

(17) *But my Opinion is,*] So the Folios. The Octavo, *But Opinion is.*

Ger.

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, *Buſtopha*, and pretty *Florimel* thy Siſter; oh that I could ſee her.

Buſt. Oh *Diego*, there's two Pities upon thee; great Pity thou art blind; and as great a Pity, thou canſt not ſee.

S O N G.

Ger. *You ſhall have Crowns of Roſes, Daiſies,*
Buds, where the (18) *Hony-maker grazes;*
You ſhall taſte the golden Thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chambers lyes.
What Fruits pleaſe you, taſte, freely pull,
'Till you have all your Bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Buſt. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not ſo ſweet when he perfum'd the Steeple. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio *and* Martino.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not loſt again?

Ant. Not loſt? Why, all the World's a Wilderneſs;
Some Places peopled more by braver Beaſts
Than others are; but Faces, Faces, Man,
May a Man be caught with Faces?

Mar. Without Wonder,
'Tis Odds againſt him: May not a good Face
Lead a Man about by the Noſe? alas,
The Noſe is but a part againſt the whole.

Ant. But is it poſſible that two Faces
Should be ſo twinn'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aſpect? that neither Wen, nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eyes Luſtre,
The Lips cherry; neither the Bluſh nor Smile

(18) ——— *Hony-maker gazes;*] The Nonſenſe of this Paſſage Mr. *Theobald*, as well as myſelf, ſaw might eaſily be remedied by the Inſertion of a ſingle Letter, thus,
——— *Hony-makes* grazes.

Should

Should give the one Diſtinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?
Mar. Ay, altogether.
We're all one Mold, one Duſt.
Ant. Thy Reaſon's mouldy.
I from the Form ſpeak, thou the Matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongſt
So many Million Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Diſtinction, to cull out
Th' one from th' other; yet all one Name, the Face?
Mar. You muſt compare 'em by ſome other part of the Body, if the Face cannot do't.
Ant. Didſt ask her Name?
Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, beſides a Spoon,
And what Apoſtles Picture; She is chriſten'd too,
In Token whereof ſhe's called *Iſabella*,
The Daughter of a Country plow-Swain by:
If this be not true, ſhe lyes.
Ant. She cannot:
It would be ſeen a Bliſter on her Lip,
Should Falſhood touch it, it is ſo tender:
Had her Name held, 't had been *Iſmenia*,
And not another of her Name.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak? [like?
Ant. Yes, if thou wilt ſpeak truth: Is ſhe not wondrous
Mar. As two Garments of the ſame Faſhion,
Cut from the ſame Piece; yet if any excel,
(19) This has the firſt; and in my Judgment 'tis ſo.

(19) *This has the firſt*;] This is a kind of Latiniſm which is no where elſe made uſe of, as I remember, thro' the reſt of our Authors Plays; but we have one of the ſame Family introduced into our Language by two fine Writers, Contemporaries with our Authors, Mr. *Fairfax* and Mr. *Spencer*. The one in *Taſſo*, Book 2. St. 24.

The Wretch of new *enraged at the ſame.*

The other in *Fairy Queen*, Book 6. C. 11. St. 43.

The whiles fair Paſtorell ——
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting left of new
Some Uprore were like that, which lately ſhe did view.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.
Mar. Were it the Face
Where on mine Eyes ſhould dwell, I would pleaſe both
With this, as ſoon as one with the other.
Ant. (20) And yet the other is the Caſe of this.
Had I not look'd upon *Iſmenia*,
I ne'er had ſtaid beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this.
Mar. Would I could leave him here, [*Aſide.*
'Twere a free Paſſage to *Iſmenia:*
I muſt now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not conſider, Sir,
The great Diſparity is in their Bloods,
Eſtates and Fortunes: There is the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homelineſs is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The leaſt of all.
Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar:
That ſole Unhappineſs is left to Princes
To marry Blood: We are free Diſpoſers,
And have the Pow'r to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us.
Mar. Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor ſuch hinderers,
You might do with your ſelf at your Pleaſure;
But as it is ——
Ant. As it is; it is nothing:
(21) Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The Yeſterday I loſt. *Mar.*

(20) *And yet the other is the* Caſe *of this.*] If this has any Senſe at all, it is a repetition of what had been ſo often ſaid, That *Iſmenia* was the very Picture and Image of *Iſabella*. But who, to expreſs this wou'd ſay, *that one was the Caſe of the other?* I believe the loſs of a Letter has depriv'd us of a more proper Sentiment, as well as Expreſſion. *Antonio* is afraid of being guilty of Inconſtancy, in being ſo enamour'd with *Iſabella*, and ſays therefore that *Iſmenia* herſelf was the *Cauſe* of it, for

Had I not look'd, &c. Mr. *Seward.*

(12) *Their Pow'rs will come too late, to give me back*
The Yeſterday I loſt.] Tho' this is a true Sentiment, I cannot ſee its Connection with the Context. My Father and Uncle cannot

Mar. Indeed, to ſay ſooth,
Your Oppoſition from the other part
Is of more Force; there you run the hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply;
You meet your deareſt Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Iſmenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country *Iſabel.*

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tuſh, 'tis not Fear removes me,
Mar. No more; your Uncle.
Jul. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen:
Welcome my Nephew; ſpeak it to your Friend, Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, good Uncle,
To do't before; and I think he believes it.
Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you muſt look on with a loving Eye,
And without Cenſure, unleſs it be giving
My Country Neighbours Loves their yearly Off'rings,
That muſt not be refus'd; though't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor;
It will abide no more Teſt than the Tinſel
We clad our Masks in for an Hour's wearing,
Or the Liv'ry Lace ſometimes on the Cloaks of
A great Don's Followers: I ſpeak no further
Than our own Country, Sir.
Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more abſurd, 't ſhall be the better welcome.
Jul. You'll find the Gueſt you look for: I heard, Couſin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other Day.
Ant. Not late, Sir.
Jul. Oh fie! Muſt I be plainer? You chang'd the Point

cannot hinder me from being in Love, becauſe they can't recal the Hours that I have loſt. I believe we ſhou'd read,

——— *what Yeſterday I loſt.*

Meaning, *his Heart and Affections.* Mr. *Seward.*

With

With *Terzo* and *Liſauro*, two o'th' Stock
Of our Antagoniſts, the *Bellides*.

Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention was quick with us: We had done ſomewhat elſe; this Gentleman was engaged in't.

Jul. I am the Enemy to his Foe for't: That wild-fire will crave more than fair Water to quench it I ſuſpect: Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconcilement,
But I do fear I ſhall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us; nay, I have more Gueſts to grace it: Welcome Don *Goſtanzo*, *Giraldo*, *Philippo*; Seat, ſeat all. [*Muſick.*

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. *Love is little, and therefore I preſent him;*
Love is a Fire, (22) *therefore you may lament him.*

Mar. Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench him?

Jul. He's not without thoſe Members, fear him not.

Cup. *Love ſhoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.*
And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out. [before.

Mar. I never heard Love give Reaſon for what he did

Enter Buſtopha, *for* Paris.

Cup. *Let ſuch as can ſee ſee, ſuch as cannot: Behold*
Our Goddeſſes all three ſtrive for the Ball of Gold:
And here fair Paris *comes, the hopeful Youth of* Troy,
Queen Hecuba's *darling Son, King* Priam's *only Joy.*

(22) —— *Therefore you may* lament *him.*] The Rhyme by this reading is preſerv'd 'tis true, but I am afraid the Senſe is loſt; for where is the Congruity between *Love's being a fire,* and our *lamenting of him?* Beſides, the next Line contradicts this, which runs ſo,

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench *him?*

I imagine therefore that we ſhou'd read as the Line quoted gives us Licence,

—— *Therefore you may* quench him.

Mar. Is this *Paris?* I ſhould have taken him for *Hector* rather.

Buſt. Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating.

Ant. Paris can be angry.

Jul. Oh at this time

You muſt pardon him; he comes as a Judge.

Mar. — Mercy on all that look upon him, ſay I.

Buſt. *The thund'ring Seas whoſe wat'ry Fire waſhes the Whiting-Mops.* [*tains Tops.*

The gentle Whale, whoſe Feet ſo fell, flies o'er the Moun-

No Roars ſo fierce, no Throats ſo deep, no Howls can bring ſuch Fears,

As Paris *can, if Garden from, he call his Dogs and Bears.*

Mar. Ay, thoſe they were that I fear'd all this while.

Buſt. *Yes Jack-an-Apes* ——

Mar. I thank you, good *Paris.* [o'th' way then:

Buſt. You may hold your Peace, and ſtand further out

The Lines will fall where they light, [*Mirth,*

Yes Jack-an-Apes, *he hath to Sports, and Faces make like*

Whilſt bellowing Bulls, the horned Beaſts, do toſs from Ground to Earth:

(23) *Blind Bear there is, as* Cupid *blind* ——

Ant. That Bear ſhou'd be whipp'd for loſing of his Eyes.

Buſt. *Be-whipped Men may ſee,* [*be.*

But we preſent no ſuch Content, but Nymphs ſuch as they

Ant. Theſe are long Lines.

Mar. Can you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em.

Enter Shepherd ſinging, with Iſmenia, Aminta, Florimel. (*as* Juno, Pallas, Venus) *and three Nymphs attending.*

Buſt. *Go* Cupid *blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies muſt not ſpeak here.*

Let Shepherds ſing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Muſick break here.

(23) *Blind Bear there is,* &c.] Mr. *Seward* is of Opinion that a Line here is got out of its place, and that *Antonio* drolls upon whipping the Bear before the whipping was ſpoke of, and propoſes reading thus.

Buſt. *Blind Bear there is, as* Cupid *blind be-whipped Man may ſee.*
Ant. *That Bear ſhou'd be whipp'd for loſing of his Eyes.*
Buſt. *But we preſent,* &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Now Ladies fight, with Heels ſo light,
By Lot your Luck muſt fall,
Where Paris *pleaſe, to do you Eaſe,*
And give the golden Ball. [*Dance.*

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now, *Antonio*, where would you beſtow it?

Ant. I prithee, Friend, take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. I proteſt there's a third, which by her Habit ſhould perſonate *Venus*, and by Conſequence of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize: And were I *Paris*, there it ſhould be. Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine Eye's ſo fix'd, I cannot move it.

Cup. *The Dance is ended; now to Judgment*, Paris.

Buſt. *Here* Juno, *here — but ſtay, I do eſpy*
A pretty Gleek coming from Pallas' *Eye:*
Here Pallas, *here — yet ſtay again; methinks*
I ſee the Eye of lovely Venus *winks:*
Oh cloſe them both; ſhut in thoſe golden Ey'n,
And I will kiſs thoſe ſweet blind Cheeks of thine.
Juno *is angry; yes and* Pallas *frowns;*
Would Paris *now were gone from* Ida's *Downs.*
They both are fair, but Venus *has the Mole,*
The faireſt Hair, and ſweeteſt dimple Hole:
To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one Man pleaſe three Ladies altogether?
No; take it Venus, *toſs it at thy Pleaſure,*
Thou art the Lover's Friend beyond his Meaſure.

Jul. Paris has done what Man can do, pleas'd one, Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Perſon.

Enter Geraſto, *as* Mars.

Ger. *Come lovely* Venus, *leave this lower Orb,*
And mount with Mars, *up to his glorious Sphere.*

Buſt. How now, what's he?

Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. *Thy ſilver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,*
And thou ſhalt fly thorough Apollo's *Beam:*
I'll ſee thee ſeated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with Mars *a ſweet Conjunction.* [Exit.

Buſt. Ha! What Fellow's this? h'as carry'd away my Siſter *Venus:* He never rehears'd his Part with me before.

Jul. What follows now, Prince *Paris?*

Flo. [*Within.*] Help, help, help.

Buſt. Hue and Cry, I think, Sir, this is *Venus*'s Voice, mine own Siſter *Florimel*'s.

Mar. What, is there ſome Tragick-Act behind?

Buſt. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus* are in the old Conjunction, it ſeems.

Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cries out when ſhe conjoins with *Mars.*

Buſt. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts ſure, it may be 'tis the Book-holder's Fault, I'll go ſee— [*Exit.*

Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?

All Gent. Oh, they commend themſelves, Sir.

Ant. Methinks now *Juno* and *Minerva* ſhould take Revenge on *Paris*, it cannot end without it.

Mar. I did expect,
Inſtead of *Mars*, th' Storm-Goaler *Æolus*;
And *Juno* proff'ring her *Deiopeia*
As ſatisfaction to the bluſtring God,
To ſend his Toſſers forth.

Jul. It may ſo follow,
Let's not prejudicate the Hiſtory.

Enter Buſtopha.

Buſt. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Jul. So here's a Paſſion towards.

Buſt. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Siſter, my *Venus*, ſhe's ſtollen away.

Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation.

Buſt. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me elſe, God *Mars* is a bawdy Villain; he ſaid ſhe ſhould ride upon Doves: She's hors'd, ſhe's hors'd, whether ſhe will or no.

Mar. Sure I think he's ſerious. *Buſt.*

Buſt. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-horſe in the Breech of her; the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none of you will help.

Jul. Speak, is it the Show, or doſt thou bawl?

Buſt. A pox on the Ball: My Siſter bawls, and I bawl, either bridle Horſe and follow, or give me a Halter to hang my ſelf: I cannot run ſo faſt as a Hog.

Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with purſuit, but I will find the Thief; my Houſe thus abus'd? [*Exit.*

Buſt. 'Tis my Houſe that's abus'd, the Siſter of my Fleſh and Blood; oh! oh! [*Exit.*

1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all ſhift for our ſelves, if this be ſerious.

2 *Wench.* Howe'er I'll be gone.

3 *Wench.* And I. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls,
With the leaſt pale Complexion of a Fear. [diſcreet.

Mar. *Juno* has better Courage, and *Minerva*'s more

Iſm. Alas, my Courage was ſo counterfeit,
It might have been ſtruck from me with a Feather.
Juno ne'er (24) had ſo weak a Preſenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiſer for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.

Iſm. My Dwelling, Sir? [Antonio *whiſpers* Iſmenia.
'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, ſcarce a League off,
That never ſham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle Pardon:
I vow my erring Eyes had almoſt caſt you
For one of the moſt mortal Enemies
That our Family has.

Iſm. I'm ſorry, Sir,
I am ſo like your Foe: 'Twere fit I haſted
From your offended Sight.

Ant. Oh, miſtake not,
It was my Error, and I do confeſs it:
You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I ſpeak it,

(24) —— *had ſo weak a Preſenter.*] As the Meaſure here halts, the Reader may perhaps like to ſet this crippled Verſe ſound, and read with my anonymous Correſpondent and myſelf thus,

——— *had ne'er ſo weak a* Repreſenter.

But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.
Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employ-
Ant. A Kinſwoman to that Beauty. [ment.
Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her Beauty.
Ant. Do not wrong it, it is not far behind her.
Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.
Mar. Let me but kiſs you with his Ardour now,
You ſhall feel how he loves you.
Iſm. Oh forbear:
'Tis not the Faſhion with us; but would you
Perſuade me that he loves me?
Mar. I'll warrant you he dies in't, and that were Witneſs enough on't.
Iſm. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reaſon?
Mar. Fie, will you ask me? that which you've about
Iſm. I know nothing, Sir. [you.
Mar. Let him find it then;
He conſtantly believes you have the thing
That he muſt love you for; much is apparent,
A ſweet and lovely Beauty.
Iſm. So Sir; pray you
Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his Boſome Counſellor.)
Nay then I ſee your Anſwer is not ready;
I'll not believe you, if you ſtudy farther.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak truth to you?
Iſm. Or ſpeak no more.
Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady,
Whoſe Deſerts might buy him treble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he loſt it —
In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.
Iſm. May I know her Name?
Mar. In your Ear you may,
With vow of Silence.
Amin. He'll not give over, Sir.
If he ſpeak for you, he'll ſure ſpe'd for you.
Ant. But that is not the Anſwer to my Queſtion.
Amin. You are the firſt upon my Virgin-Conſcience
That ever ſpoke Love to her: Oh, my Heart!

Ant.

Ant. How do you?
Amin. Nothing, Sir; but would I had a better Face.
How well your Pulſe beats.
Ant. Healthfully, does it not?
Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.
Iſm. Alack, I hear it
With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?
Mar. You forget
The difficult Paſſage he has to her,
A Hell of Feud's between the Families.
Iſm. And that, has often Love, wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconcilement.
Mar. There impoſſible.
Iſm. This way 'tis worſer; 't may Seed again
In her unto another Generation:
For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?
Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
(I'll go no farther for Compariſon,)
As dear as he loves you.
Iſm. How if ſhe love not?
Mar. Tuſh, be that my Pains: You know not what Art
I have thoſe ways.
Iſm. Beſhrow you, you have practis'd upon me;
Well, ſpeed me here, and you with your *Iſmenia.*
Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, and ready dated,
There wants but your Hand to't.
Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.
Mar. A friendly part, no more, ſweet Beauty.
Amin. They're happy, Sir, have ſuch Friends as you are,
But do you know you have done well in this?
How'll his Allies receive it? She though I ſay't,
Is of no better Blood than I am.
Mar. There I leave it, I am at fartheſt that way.
Iſm. You ſhall extend your Vows no larger now.
My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reaſon, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I ſhall not leave you unſaluted long
Either by Pen or Perſon.
Ant. You may diſcourſe

With me, when you think y'are alone, I ſhall
Be preſent with you.
Iſm. Come, Couſin, will you walk?
Amin. Alas, I was ready long ſince: In Conſcience,
You would with better will yet ſtay behind.
Iſm. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dſt been ſo blind.
Mar. You'll anſwer this, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. If e'er 't be ſpoke on:
I purpoſe not to propound the Queſtion.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor Knave ſaid; ſome Raviſher,
Some of Luſt's Blood-Hounds have ſeiz'd upon her:
The Girl is hurry'd, as the Devil were with 'em,
And help'd their Speed.
Mar. It may be not ſo ill, Sir.
A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot Blood as this, and perform't honeſtly.
Jul. What? ſteal away a Virgin 'gainſt her Will?
Mar. It may be any Man's Caſe; deſpiſe nothing:
And that's a Thief of a good Quality,
Moſt commonly he brings his Theft home again,
Though with a little Shame.
Jul. There's a Charge by't
Fall'n upon me: *Paris* (the Miller's Son)
Her Brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better Tidings follow of his Siſter.
Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the Miſchance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I ſhould as ſoon
Have ſtoll'n him as his Siſter: Marry then,
To render him back in the ſame Plight he is
May be coſtly; his Fleſh is not maintain'd with little.
Jul. I think the poor Knave will pine away,
He cries all-to-be-pitied yonder.
Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go ſee him: I ſhould laugh
To ſee him cry, ſure.
Jul. Well, you're merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this Charge; (I have Fears
Move me to lay it on yon:) Pray forbear

The

The ways of your Enemies, the *Bellides*.
I have Reaſon for my Injunction, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Aminta *as a Page, with a Letter.*

Ant. To me, Sir? From whom?
Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir.
Though on the Enemies part: The Lady *Iſmenia*.
Mar. Take heed, bluſh not too deep; let me adviſe you
In your Anſwer, 't muſt be done heedfully.
Ant. I ſhould not ſee a Maſculine, in peace,
Out of that Houſe.
Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir,
Your Hates cannot laſt 'till I wear a Sword.
Ant. Await me for your Anſwer.
Mar. He muſt ſee her,
To manifeſt his Shame; 'tis my Advantage;
While our Blood's under us, we keep above,
But then we fall, when we do fall in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and* Franio.

Fra. MY Lord, my Lord, your Houſe hath injur'd me,
(25) Rob'd me of all the Joys I had on Earth.
Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow?
Fran. In a Mill.
You may perceive it by my loud Exclaims,
Which muſt riſe higher yet.
Jul. Obſtrep'rous Carle,
If thy Throat's Tempeſt could o'er-turn my Houſe,
What Satisfaction were it for thy Child?
Turn thee the right way to thy Journey's end.
Wilt have her where ſhe's not?

(25) *Rob'd me*, &c.] Thus reads the Copy of 1647, which confirms my Correſpondent's Conjecture. The other Books, againſt both Senſe and Meaſure,
Rob'd of all Joys, &c.

Fra.

Fra. Here was ſhe loſt,
And here muſt I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to puniſh,
I will not reſt: You are not quick to Grief.
Your hearing's a dead Senſe; were yours the Loſs,
(26) Had you a Daughter ſtol'n, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end ſhould come the Thief?)
You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high,
But being not a Sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.
Jul. Oh, thou haſt op'd a Sluce was long ſhut up,
And let a Flood of Grief in; a buried Grief
Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old
As likely 'tis thy Child is; Friend, I tell thee,
I did once loſe a Daughter.
Fra. Did you, Sir?
Beſeech you then, how did you bear her Loſs?
Jul. With thy Grief trebled.
Fra. But was ſhe ſtol'n from you?
Jul. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a Satisfaction:
The wild Beaſts had her in her ſwathing Cloaths.
Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.
Jul. (27) Away tough Churl.
Fra. Why, ſhe was better, eaten, than my Child,
Better by Beaſts, than beaſtly Men devoured:
They took away a Life, no Honour from her;
Thoſe Beaſts might make a Saint of her; but theſe
Will make my Child a Devil. But was ſhe, Sir,
Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'er had other, Friend.

(26) The Text is from the oldeſt Copy. The others,
Had you a Daughter perhaps be-whor'd. Mr. *Theobald.*

(27) *Away tough Churle.*] Mr. *Seward* propoſes reading *rough Churle*, as much properer to the Occaſion. I can't, with Submiſſion, think a Change here neceſſary, as we have this Expreſſion a little lower.

—— *The Miller has a ſtout Heart,*
Tough *as his Toal-pin.*

Gil.

Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Buſineſs lyes not here,
Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill coſt you dear, her Freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay:
Horſe-Locks nor Chains ſhall hold her from me.

Jul. I'll take this Relief.
I now have time to ſpeak alone with Grief. [*Exit.*

Fra. [Gil. *whiſpers him.*] How? My Landlord? He
is Lord of my Lands,
But not my Cattle: I'll have her again, *Gil.*

Gil. You are not mad upon the ſudden now.

Fra. No, *Gil.* I have been mad theſe five Hours:
I'll ſell my Mill, and buy a roaring.
I'll batter down his Houſe, and make a Stews on't.

Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
And hear me? The King is near by, in Progreſs,
Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

Fra. Give it me, *Gil.*
I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own Hands, God bleſs him, will I give it,
And he ſhall ſet the Law upon their Shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.

Gil. Where is your Son?

Fra. He ſhall be hang'd in Flitches: The Dogs ſhall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats Meat and Dog's Meat enough about him.

Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this time.

Fra. If ſhe be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count ſhall pay for't. He ſhall pay for a new Maiden-Head.

Gil. You are ſo violous: This I'm reſolv'd,
If ſhe be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right, ſhe's
None of our Child, but a meer Foundling.
(And I can gueſs the Owner for a need too)
We have but foſter'd her.

Fra. Gil, no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell thoſe Tales.

Hark,

Hark, hark, theſe *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll ſee if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Pedro, *and* Moncado.

Liſ. Does the King remove to Day?
Ter. So ſay the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the Progreſs.
Ped. He hunts this Morning, Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' Fields: The Court is all in Readineſs.
Liſ. Pedro, did you ſend for this Tailor? or you *Moncado?*
This light *French* Demi-Lance that follows us?
Ped. No, I aſſure ye on my Word, I'm guiltleſs,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
Mon. I am not quit I'm ſure: There is a Reck'ning
(Of ſome four ſcarlet Cloaks, and two lac'd Suits.)
Hangs on the File ſtill, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off.
Liſ. I'm in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.
Ter. And I for two: What a Deel makes he this Way?
I do not love to ſee my Sins before me.
Ped. 'Tis the Vacation, and theſe things break out
To ſee the Court, and glory in their Debtors.
Ter. (28) What do you call him? for I never love
To remember their Names I owe Mony to,
'Tis not gentile; I ſhun 'em like the Plague ever.
Liſ. His Name's *Vertigo*; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A *Frenchman*, and a Founder of new Faſhions:
The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Mon. He's very brave.

(28) *What did you call him for? I never love*] This Paſſage is a direct Contradiction to what was ſaid above: Tho' the Fault is only in the Punctuation, which is amended, I hope, in the preſent Edition.

Liſ.

Lif. The Shreds of what he ſteals from us, believe it,
Make him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.
Ver. Save ye together, my ſweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking ——
Ter. Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time.
Ver. Pardon me, ſweet Signior, [Gentlemen,
Good Faith the leaſt Thought in my Heart; your Love,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preſerve your Love.
Lif. Yes marry ſhall ye,
And we our Credit; you would ſee the Court?
Mon. He ſhall ſee ev'ry Place.
Ver. Shall I i'faith, Gentlemen?
Ped. The Cellar, and the Butt'ry, and the Kitchen,
The Paſtry, and the Pantry.
Ter. Ay, and taſte too
Of ev'ry Office, and be free of all too;
That he may ſay, when he comes home in Glory——
Ver. And I will ſay, i'faith, and ſay it openly,
And ſay it home too: Shall I ſee the King alſo?
Lif. Shalt ſee him every Day: (29) Shalt ſee the Ladies
In their *French* Cloaths, ſhalt ride a hunting with them,
Shalt have a Miſtreſs too. We muſt fool handſomly [*Aſide.*
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us elſe.
Ped. A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own Houſe for ſalt Butter.
Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit ——
Ter. Thou ſhalt ſee it firſt,
And diſſect his Doublet, that thou may'ſt be perfect.
Ver. The Wardrobe I wou'd fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to ſee the Wardrobe.
Lif. Thou ſhalt ſee it,
And ſee the Secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations

(29) —— *Shalt ſee the Ladies*
—— *Shalt ride a hunting with* him] As *him* has nothing to refer to but Ladies, I wou'd alter the number, and read,
—— *a hunting with them.*

Of

Of Faſhions five Years hence.
Ver. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me.
Ter. Any thing i'th' Court, Sir,
Or within the Compaſs of a Courtier——
Ver. My Wife ſhall give ye Thanks.
Ter. You ſhall ſee any thing.
The privat'ſt place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.
Ver. Ye make me bluſh, ye pour your Bounties, Gen-
In ſuch abundance. [tlemen,
Liſ. I will ſhew thee preſently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'ſt tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou'ſt ſeen ſomething,
Nay thou ſhalt, preſent the King for this time——
Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir. [belong to't;
Liſ. That thou may'ſt know what State there does
Stand there I ſay, and put on a ſad Count'nance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reſerv'd;
Move like the Sun, by ſoft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd,
The King appears; we'll ſport with you a while, Sir,
I'm ſure you're merry with us all th' Year long, Tailor,
Move ſofter ſtill, keep in that fencing Leg, *Monſieur*,
Turn to no ſide.

Enter Franio *out of Breath.*

Ter. What's this that appears to him?
Liſ. Has a Petition, and he looks moſt lamentably,
Miſtake him, and we're made.
Fra. This is the King ſure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.
Liſ. Now bear your ſelf, that you may ſay hereafter—
Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll ſpeak to him preſently.
May it pleaſe your gracious Majeſty to conſider
A poor Man's Caſe?
Ver. What's your Will, Sir?
Liſ. You muſt accept, and read it.
Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my Life for't.
Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He'll ne'er cut
Clothes again. *Ver.*

Ver. And what's your Grief?
Mon. He ſpeaks i'th' Noſe like his Gooſe. [Sir,
Fra. I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frumpt,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honeſt Men are hang'd for doing leſs, Sir:
My Child is ſtoll'n, the Count *Otrante* ſtole her;
(29) A pretty Child ſhe is, although I ſay it,
A handſome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A ſilken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beaſtly Offices:
I kneel for Juſtice. Shall I have it, Sir?

Enter King Philippo, *and Lords.*

Phil. What Pageant's this?
Lif. The King:
Tailor, ſtand off, here ends your Apparition:
Miller, turn round, and there addreſs your Paper
There, there's the King indeed.
Fra. May't pleaſe your Majeſty.
Phil. Why didſt thou kneel to that Fellow?
Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought h'ad been a King, he was ſo gallant,
There's none here wears ſuch Gold.
Phil. So fooliſhly?
You've golden Buſineſs ſure; becauſe I'm homely
Clad, in no glitt'ring Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preſerve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings:
Unto your Bodies miniſter warm Raiments,
Wholeſome and good; glitter within, and ſpare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took ſuch State upon ye?

(29) *A pretty Child ſhe is,——*
A handſome Mother,] Mr. *Theobald* propoſes changing *Mother* for *Mauther*, a word us'd now in *Suffolk* for a *Girl:* But there is no occaſion at all for this Change. Sir. *Henry Spelman* in his Gloſſary tells us *Mother* is a Corruption of the *Daniſh* word *Moer*, which ſignifies a *Girl*. *Vide in Voce* Moer.

Are

Are ye a Prince?

Lif. The Prince of Tailors, Sir:
We owe ſome Mony to him, and't like your Majeſty.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modeſter,
And you leſs ſaucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Preſſing-Iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go ſtitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show ſuch another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worſe Clothes, theſe but proclaim your Fellony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I beſeech you read it. [Villany,

Phil. What's here, the Count *Otrante* task'd for a baſe
For ſtealing of a Maid?

Lord. The Count *Otrante?* Is not the Fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I'm in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have ſeldom Leiſure to run mad;
We've other Buſineſs to employ our Heads in.
We've little Wit to loſe too: If we complain,
(30) And if a heavy Lord lye on our Shoulders,
Worſe than a Sack of Meal, and oppreſs our Poverties,
(31) We are mad ſtraight, and whip'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horſe mad, as you uſe us;
You're mad for nought, and no Man dare proclaim it,
In you a Wildneſs is a noble Trick,
And cheriſh'd in ye, and all Men muſt love it?
Oppreſſions of all ſorts, ſit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handſomely upon your Lordſhips;
And if we kick but when your Honours ſpur us,
We're Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Juſtice;
I'm a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a Wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the Man reputed for a good Man,

(30) *And if a heavy Load,* &c.] I was doubtful about the reading of this place, and ſuſpected that *Lord* might bid fair to be the Text, and found my Conjecture confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(31) *We are mad ſtraight, and whop'd,*] This ſlight Corruption here my Friend alters and amends thus with me,

We are mad ſtraight, and whip'd.

An

An honeſt and ſubſtantial Fellow.
Phil. He ſpeaks Senſe,
And to the Point: Greatneſs begets much Rudeneſs.
How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainſt ſo main a Perſon,
A Man of ſo much noble Note and Honour,
Put up this baſe Complaint? Muſt ev'ry Peaſant
Upon a ſaucy Will affront great Lords?
All Fellows, Miller?——
Fra. I have my Reward, Sir.
I was told one Greatneſs, would protect another,
As Beams ſupport their Fellows; now I find it:
If't pleaſe your Grace to have me hang'd, I'm ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief diſpatch'd:
Though I ſteal Bread, I ſteal no Fleſh to tempt me.
I have a Wife, and't pleaſe him to have her too,
With all my Heart; 'twill make my Charge the leſs, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile: I have a Boy too,
He's able (32) to inſtruct his Honour's Hogs,
Or rub his Horſes Heels; when't pleaſe his Lordſhip
He may have him his Slave too, or his Bawd:
The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Siſter:
For me, the Priſon, or the Pillory,
To loſe my Goods, and have mine Ears cropt off;
Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper ſtuck before me,
For abominable Honeſty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir; the Miller has a ſtout Heart,
Tough as his Toal-pin,
Phil. I ſuſpect this ſhrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the People call
The Miller's fair Maid?
2 *Lord.* It ſhould ſeem ſo, Sir.
Phil. Be ſure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.
Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
Be ſure you hang me, I will ask no Courteſie:
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.
She may be fair, and ſhe may be abus'd too;
(A King is not exempted from theſe Caſes,)

(32) ——— *to inſtruct his Honour's* Hogs,] Here the Gentleman ſo often mention'd, ſays we ought to read *Dogs*. The Reader is left to his Choice.

Stol'n from your loving Care ———

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid ſhe ſhould be in that Venture
That mine's in at this Hour: I'll aſſure your Grace
Th' Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
Would I'd his Stones to ſet, I'd fit him for it. [there,

Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye far-
And keep this private all, upon your Loyalties:
To Morrow Morning, though I'm now beyond him,
And th' leſs lookt for, I'll break my Faſt with the good Count.
No more, away, all to our Sports, be ſilent. [*Exeunt.*

Ver. What Grace ſhall I have now?

Liſ. Chuſe thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We muſt needs follow th' King.

Ter. You heard the Sentence.

Mon. If you ſtay here,
I'll ſend thee a ſhoulder of Veniſon;
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt diſguiſe,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs. [Monkey,

Ped. Or thou ſhalt be ſpecial Tailor to the King's
'Tis a fine place; we cannot ſtay.

Ver. No Mony,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?

Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor,
The King hasn't broke his Faſt yet.

Ver. I ſhall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.

Ped. Thou ſhalt not miſs us:
Prethee provide ſome Cloaths, and doſt thou hear *Vertigo*
Commend me to thy Wife: I want ſome Shirts too.

Ver. I've Chambers for ye all.

Liſ. They are too muſty,
When they are clear we'll come.

Ver. I muſt be patient
And provident, I ſhall ne'er get home elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante *and* Florimel.

Otr. Prithee be wiſer Wench, thou canſt not ſcape me,
Let me with Love and Gentleneſs enjoy that
That may be ſtill preſerv'd with Love, and long'd for:
If violence lay rough hold, I ſhall hate thee,
And after I've enjoy'd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear ſo ſtale and ugly to me
I ſhall deſpiſe thee, caſt thee off ——

Flo. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your Doors to me,
I do confeſs I'm ugly; let me go, Sir:
A Gipſey-girl: Why would your Lordſhip touch me?
Fie, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred,
Courſe, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young Ladies many, that will love ye,
That will dote on ye: (34) You're a handſome Gentleman:
What will they ſay when once they know your Quality?
A Lord, a Miller? Take your Toal-Diſh with ye,
(35) You that can deal with Gudgeons, and courſe Flower,
'Tis pity you ſhould taſte what Manchet means;
Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour?

Otr. I'll love thee ſtill.

Flo. You cannot, there's no Sympathy
Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions;
And where theſe are at Difference, there's no liking:

(34) —— *You're an handſome*] I have choſe to read thus with the Edition of the oldeſt Date, rather than with the reſt, thus,

You a handſome, &c.

(35) *You that can* deal *with* Gudgeons.] This Reading has the Authority of all the Copies, and as ſuch I have not dared to diſplace or diſpoſſeſs it: Yet ſtill I ſuſpect a latent Corruption, and that the Author's own Manuſcript run originally thus,

You that can deal with Gurgeons,

which is explained by the Words that immediately follow,

—— *and courſe Flower.*

Mr. *Seward* reads the Line, as ſuppoſing it corrupted, thus,

You that can deal with Cutlins, *&c.*

Cutlins being a Word us'd in the Weſt for *Greets* or *Oats* cleared of the Huſks.

This Hour it may be I ſeem handſome to you,
And you are taken with Variety
More than with Beauty,
To-morrow when you have enjoyed me,
Your Heat and Luſt aſſwag'd, and come t' examine
Out of a cold and penitent Condition [with,
What you have done, whom you have ſhar'd your Love
Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,
How you will curſe the Devil that betray'd ye,
And what ſhall come of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As haſty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this Beauty ſhew'd unto ye,
You'll kick me out of Doors, you'll whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with Child with your fair Iſſue,
Give me a Penſion of five Pound a Year
To breed your Heir withal, and ſo good ſpeed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo. I'll keep my ſelf, Sir,
Keep my ſelf honeſt, Sir, there's the brave keeping:
If you will marry me ———

Otr. Alas, poor *Florimel.*

Flo. I do confeſs I am too courſe and baſe, Sir,
To be your Wife, and it is fit you ſcorn me;
Yet ſuch as I, have crown'd the Lives of great ones:
To be your Whore I'm ſure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honeſt)
And that's an Honour equal to your Greatneſs.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flo. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that Peace, and then you give me abundance.
I know you do but try me, ye are noble,
All theſe, are but to try my Modeſty,
If you ſhould find me eaſie, and once coming,
I ſee your Eyes already how they'd fright me;
I ſee your honeſt Heart how it would ſwell,
And burſt itſelf into a Grief againſt me;
Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, e'en now, Sir,
Ready to rip my looſe Thoughts to the Bottom,
And lay my Shame unto my ſelf, wide open:

You

You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maids;
The People are miſtaken in your Courſes:
You, like a Father, try 'em to the uttermoſt,
As they do Gold, you purge the Droſs from them,
And make them ſhine.
Otr. This Cunning cannot help ye:
(36) I love ye to enjoy ye: I have ſtol'n ye
T' enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with Circumſtance.
Yield willingly, or elſe ——
Flo. What?
Otr. I will force ye.
I will not be delay'd; a poor baſe Wench
That I, in curteſie, make offer to,
Argue with me?
Flo. Do not, you'll loſe your Labour,
Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly:
Your Courteſie may do much on my Nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender:
If you compel, I have my Strengths to flye to,
My honeſt Thoughts, and thoſe are Guards about me:
I can cry too, and Noiſe enough I dare make,
And I have Curſes, that will call down Thunder;
For all I am a poor Wench, Heav'n will hear me:
My Body you may force, but my Will never;
And be ſure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no Tongue to tell your beaſtly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a Juſtice ——
Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calm my ſelf for this time,
And be your Friend again.
Flo. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Otr. You cannot ſcape me yet, I muſt enjoy ye;
I'll lye with thy Wit, though I miſs thy Honeſty;
Is this a Wench for a Boor's hungry Boſom?
A morſel for a Peaſant's baſe Embraces?
And muſt I ſtarve, and the Meat in my Mouth?
I'll none of that.

(36) *I love ye to enjoy* ye: This reading which makes the Senſe more explicit, and the Line run better, is from the Edition of 1647: The others,
I love ye to enjoy: I have &c.

Enter Geraſto.

Ger. How now, my Lord, (37) how ſped ye?
Have ye done the Deed?
Otr. No, pox upon't, ſhe's honeſt.
Ger. Honeſt, what's that? You took her bare denial.
Was there e'er a Wench brought up in a Mill, and honeſt?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle.
Is your Belief ſo large? What did ſhe ſay to ye?
Otr. She ſaid her Honeſty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how diſhonourable 't would ſeem in me
To act my Will, popt me i'th' Mouth with Modeſty —
Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That's their trick ever.
Otr. And then diſcourſed to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife ſhe touch'd at ———
Ger. Out upon her Varlet.
Was ſhe ſo bold? Theſe (38) home-ſpun things are Devils,
They'll tell y' a thouſand Lies, if you'll believe 'em,
And ſtand upon their Honours like great Ladies;
They'll ſpeak unhappily too, Good words to cozen ye.
And outwardly ſeem Saints; they'll cry down-right alſo,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not cruſh 'em.
Did ſhe not talk of being with Child?
Otr. She touch'd at it.
Ger. The trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lord-ſhip;
And then a Penſion nam'd?
Otr. No, no, ſhe ſcorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but ſhe refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.
Ger. You thought ſo,

(37) ——— *How* ſped *ye?*] I have inſerted this reading from the firſt Folio Copy; and as the Senſe is chang'd here upon the Authority of that Edition, I have upon my own alter'd *take* her bare denial into *took*, three Lines below: The other Copies read,

My Lord, how ſpeed *ye!*

(38) ——— *home-ſpun things are Evils,*] *Devils*, which I have inſerted into the Text, ſeem'd to me manifeſtly the reading the Context required, and the Copy of 1647, confirm'd me in it.

You

You ſhould have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' ſtrength of all her Reſolution, flatter'd her,
And ſhak'd her ſtubborn Will; ſhe would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They muſt ſeem modeſt,
It is their Parts; if you had plaid your part, Sir,
And handl'd her as Men do * unman'd Hawks,
Caſt her, and malde her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-ſtrings.
Theſe tough Virginities they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempeſts.

Otr. She's beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Cryſtal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, ſhe longs to be raviſh'd,
Some have no Pleaſure but in Violence;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradiſe:
'Tis ord'nary in our Country, Sir, to raviſh all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unleſs they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they ſwear they'll hang the Man comes near 'em,
And ſwear it on his Lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another Courſe, and I will follow it.
I command you, and d' you command your Fellows,
That when you ſee her next, ye diſgrace and ſcorn her;
I'll ſeem to put her out o'th' Doors o'th' ſudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then ſeize on her.
Away, be ready ſtraight.

Ger. We ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*

Otr. Florimel.

Enter Florimel.

Flo. My Lord.

Otr. I'm ſure you've now conſider'd,
And like a wiſe Wench weigh'd a Friend's diſpleaſure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and caſt your Scorn off.

Flo. My Lord, I am not proud, I was ne'er beautiful.
Nor ſcorn I any thing that's juſt and honeſt.

Otr. Come, to be ſhort, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindneſs would far compel ye: I'm kind to ye,

* *Metaphars from Falconry.* *Mr.* Theobald.

And mean t'exceed that way.
Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with Modeſty,
With Honour, and with Honeſty I'd yield to ye:
Good my Lord, take ſome other Theme; for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the ſudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his moſt myſtick Art, 'tis moſt impoſſible;
Nay, to begin with Luſt, which is an Hereſie,
A foul one too; to learn that in my Childhood:
O good my Lord.
Otr. You will not out of this Song,
Your Modeſty, and Honeſty, is that all?
I will not force ye.
Flo. Y'are too noble, Sir.
(39) *Otr.* Nor play the childiſh Fool, and marry ye:
I'm not yet mad.
Flo. If ye did, Men wou'd imagine.
Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.
Flo. I expect your Pardon,
And a Diſcharge, my Lord, that's all I look for.
Otr. No, nor fall ſick for Love.
Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.
Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o' doors, and ſcorn ye.
Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.
Otr. A proud ſlight Peat I found ye,
A Fool, it may be too ——
Flo. An honeſt Woman,
Good my Lord think me.
Otr. And a baſe I leave ye,
So fare ye well. [*Exit* Otrante.
(40) *Flo.* Bleſſing attend your Lordſhip.

This

(39) Otr. *Nor play*, &c.] Theſe two Speeches I have recover'd from the firſt Folio; and I am from hence farther confirm'd in my Opinion, touching the Octavo Edition of 1711, that it was only a bare Tranſcript of the Folio of 1679.

(40) Flo. *Bleſſing attend*, &c] This whole Speech has been dropt upon us ever ſince the Year 1647. I thought neceſſary to reſtore it to its ancient undoubted Inheritance, as the latter part prepares us for

This is hot Love that vaniſheth like Vapours;
His Ague's off, his burning Fits are well quench'd,
I thank Heav'n for't. His Men — they will not force me.

Enter Geraſto *and Servants.*

Ger. What doſt thou ſtay for? doſt thou not know
Thou baſe unprovident Whore? [the way,

Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 *Ser.* Has my Lord ſmoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken, that you ſtand ſo uſeleſs?

2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean, upon my life ſhe's unwholeſome,
Some baſe diſcarded thing my Lord has found her,
He'd not have turn'd her off o'th' ſudden elſe.

Ger. Now againſt every Sack, my honeſt Sweet-heart,
With every (41) *Smig* and *Smug*.

Flo. I muſt be patient.

Ger. And every greaſie Gueſt, and ſweaty Raſcal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.

1 *Ser.* I fear thou'ſt giv'n my Lord the — thou damn'd [thing.

2 *Ser.* I've ſeen her in the Stews.

Ger. The Knave her Father
Was Bawd t' her there, and kept a Tipling-Houſe;
You muſt e'en to't again: a modeſt Function!

Flo. If ye had Honeſty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye;
But he that knows ———

Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man: A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes ye appear ſo proud.

Flo. This is inhuman. Let theſe Tears perſuade you,
(If ye be Men,) to uſe a poor Girl better;
I wrong not you, I'm ſure, I call you Gentlemen.

for the rude Behaviour of *Geraſto*, and thoſe Servants who are Bullies for their Lord, and deſignedly Promoters of the ruin of *Florimel*'s Chaſtity.

(41) —— *Smig and Smug.*] The Copy of 1679, and the Octavo read ſo, but the oldeſt Folio, *Sim* and *Smug*: Perhaps the Reader might not think the various reading worth a Note.

Enter

Enter Otrante

Otr. What buſineſs is here? away, aren't you gone yet?
Flo. My Lord, this is not well, (altho' you hate me,
For what I know not;) to let your People wrong me,
Wrong me maliciouſly, and call me——
Otr. Peace,
And mark ye what we ſay, adviſedly,
Mark, as you love that, that you call your Credit.
Yield now, or you're undone; your good Name's periſh'd,
(42) Not all the World can buy your Reputation,
'Tis ſunk for ever elſe; theſe Peoples Tongues will poiſon ye,
Though you be white as Innocence, they'll taint ye;
They will ſpeak terrible and hideous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Conſider this, and then be wiſe and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll ſave ye.
Flo. How?
Otr. I'll ſhow ye;
Their Mouths I'll ſeal up, they ſhall ſpeak no more
But what is hon'rable and honeſt of ye,
And Saintlike they ſhall worſhip ye: They're mine,
And what I charge them, *Florimel*——
Flo. I'm ruin'd;
Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous Wretches:
Let me not fall, my Lord.
Otr. You ſhall not, *Florimel:*
Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

(42) *Not all the World can buy your Reputation,*
'Tis ſunk for ever elſe;] It ſeems as if the Poets had a mind to keep up a Contraſt here, and if that really was their Deſign, then the Execution of it is chargeable only upon the Editors, for they muſt have indiſputably expreſs'd themſelves ſo,
——— *can* buoy *your Reputation;*
'Tis ſunk for ever.
Thus the Antitheſis is neatly preſerv'd, and the Confuſion of the Metaphors manifeſtly clear'd up.

Enter

Enter Geraſto *and Servants.*

Ger. Your pleaſure, Sir.
Otr. Who dare ſay this ſweet Beauty is not heav'nly?
This Virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing?
Ger. We know it, my dear Lord,
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares diſparage her, this Sword, my Lord ——
1 *Ser.* They are Raſcals baſe, the Sons of common Women,
That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in Pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.
2 *Ser.* Brand us for Villains.
Flo. Why ſure I dream; theſe are all Saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.
Ger. We're proud to do it. [*Exeunt.*
Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, *Florimel*,
Yet to preſerve ye?
Flo. I'm bound to your Lordſhip,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Until to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free anſwer, perhaps a pleaſing,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisfie ye.
Otr. Take your good time; this Kiſs, till then farewel, Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martino, *and* Buſtopha.

Mar. BY all means diſcharge your Follower.
Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, *Buſtopha*, Thou muſt needs run back.
Buſt. But I muſt not, unleſs you ſend a Bier, or a Lictor at my Back, I do not uſe to run from my Friends.
Ant. Well, go, will ſerve the turn; I have forgot —

Buſt.

Buſt. What, Sir?

Ant. See if I can think on't now.

Buſt. I know what 'tis now.

Ant. A Piſtolet of that.

Buſt. Done; you have forgot a Device to ſend me away, you're going a ſmocking perhaps.

Mar. His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*,
The Piſtolet is his own.

Ant. I confeſs it.
There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it
A reaſonable Excuſe to mine Uncle ———

Buſt. Yes, I can; but an Excuſe will not ſerve your turn: it muſt be a Lye; a full Lye, 'twill do no good elſe; if you'll go to the price of that?

Ant. Is a Lye dearer than an Excuſe?

Buſt. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuſe; but a Lye is two more; look, how many Foils go to a fair Fall, ſo many Excuſes to a full Lye, and leſs cannot ſerve your turn, let any Tailor i'th' Town make it.

Mar. Why 'tis reaſonable, give him his Price:
Let it be large enough now.

Buſt. I'll warrant you, to cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Buſt. What? (43) ſtale my Invention beforehand? you ſhall Pardon me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.

Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.

Buſt. I know that too, you do not know a Lye when you ſee it.

Mar. Remember it muſt ſtretch for all Night.

Buſt. I ſhall want ſtuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Piſtolet*.

(43) ——— Scale *my Invention*] *Scale* is a word, that has by miſtake been put into a wrong place, once in *Shakeſpear's Coriolanus*, and twice in our Authors, *viz.* in *Bonduca*, and this Play; and as what has been ſubſtituted for it there will do full as well here, I make no Scruple to correct the place thus,

What, ſtale *my Invention.*

I muſt add farther, that my anonymous Friend propos'd the ſame Alteration.

Ant.

Ant. Well, lay out, you ſhall be no loſer, Sir.

Buſt. It muſt be faced, you know, there will be a yard of Diſſimulation at leaſt, City-meaſure, and cut upon an Untruth or two: (44) lined with Fables, that muſt needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had a Galloon of Hypocriſie, 'twould do well; and hooked together with a Couple of Conceits, (45) that's neceſſity; well, I'll bring in my Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have done with it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can ſwear to, if he would betray his Lord and Maſter. [*Exit.*

Ant. So, ſo, this neceſſary trouble's over.

Mar. I would you had bought an Excuſe of him
Before he went; you'll want one for *Iſmenia.*

Ant. Tuſh, there needs none, there's no Suſpicion yet,
And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter,
In a faſt tye with my fair *Iſabel'*.

Enter Buſtopha.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.

Buſt. Oh Gentlemen, look to your ſelves, ye are Men of another World elſe; your Enemies are upon you; the old Houſe of the *Bellides* will fall upon your Heads: Signior *Liſauro.*

Ant. Liſauro?

Buſt. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman: Yet he has but a Yeoman's Name. Don *Terzo*, *Terzo*, *Terzo*, and a dozen at their Heels.

Ant. Liſauro, *Terzo*, nor a dozen more
Shall fright me from my Ground, nor ſhun my Path,

(44) *lined with Fables* —— *if it had a Gallon of Hypocriſie,*] Mr. *Theobald* diſlikes the reading of *Fables* here, and propoſes to correct *Sables*, as being the better lining, I ſuppoſe for cold Weather. But this was only correcting an imaginary Corruption in this, at the ſame time that he ſlip'd over a real one in the next Line, and that is meaſuring Hypocriſy *by the Gallon.* I read *Galoon* before I ſaw the oldeſt Edition which has *Galloon*, and ſo have accordingly reform'd the Text.

(45) —— *that's neceſſity;*] The reading of *neceſſary* as ſuggeſted by the anonymous Gentleman, is, I think pretty, and bids fair for being right.

Let

Let 'em come on in all their ableſt fury.

Mar. 'Tis worthily reſolved; I'll ſtand by you, Sir, This way, I am thy true Friend.

Buſt. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell what's become of you. Put up, put up; will you never learn to know a Lye from an *Æſop*'s Fable? There's a Taſte for you now. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Mar. Look, Sir, what time of Day is it?

Ant. I know not,
My Eyes go falſe, I dare not truſt 'em now;
I prethee tell me, *Martin*', if thou can'ſt,
Is that *Iſmenia* or *Iſabella?*

Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Iſabella.*

Ant. If this Face may be borrowed and lent out,
IPt can ſhift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it ——

Iſm. Be ſudden. [*Exit* Aminta.
I cannot hold out long.

Mar. Believe't, ſhe frowns.

Ant. Let it come, ſhe cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer?
(46) How do you, Lady, ſince yeſterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith ——

Iſm. I think you were.

Ant. What, Lady?

Iſm. Weary of your Faith; it is a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it.

Mar. So, this is to the purpoſe.

Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope.

Iſm. From whence, Sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without deſires to ſpeak with you.

(46) *How do you do, Lady,*] The ſecond *do*, which is the reading of the Octavo, and Copy of 1679, I have rejected upon the Authority of the old Folio.

Ant.

Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Pre-
Made them illuſtrious. [ſence

Iſm. My Couſin ſpeaks to you.

Amin. A Gentlewoman, Sir, *Iſabella*
She names her ſelf.

Mar. So, ſo, it hits finely now. [pleaſe,

Ant. Name your ſelf how you pleaſe; ſpeak what you
I'll hear you chearfully.

Iſm. You are not well,
Requeſt her in, ſhe may have more acquaintance
With his Paſſions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, Madam; poor Soul, it ſeems
She's fearful of your Diſpleaſure.

Iſm. I'll quit her
From that preſently, and bring her in my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Mar. How careleſly do you behave your ſelf,
When you ſhould call all your beſt Faculties
To counſel in you? how will you anſwer
The breach you made with fair *Iſmenia?*
Have you forgot th' retrograde Vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your ſhame, you need no more
Enemies of the Houſe, but th' Lady now:
You ſhall have your diſpatch.

Enter Iſmenia *like* Juno.

Ant. Give me that Face,
And I am ſatisfied, upon whoſe Shoulders
So e'er it grows; *Juno*, deliver us
Out of this amazement; Beſeech you Goddeſs
Tell's of our Friends, how does *Iſmenia?*
And how does *Iſabella?* both in good Health
I hope, as you your ſelf are.

Iſm. I'm at fartheſt [*Aſide.*
In my counterfeit; my *Antonio*,
I've matter againſt you may need a Pardon,
As I muſt crave of you.

Ant. Obſerve you, Sir,
What Evidence is come 'gainſt me? What think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will ſay to't?

Mar.

Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomleſs tubs.
'Tis labour for the Houſe of *Bellides*;
I muſt not ſeem ſo yet; but in ſooth, Lady,
Did you imagine your changeable Face
Hid you from me? By this Hand I knew you.
Ant. I went by th' Face: and by theſe Eyes I might
Have been deceiv'd. *Iſm.* You might indeed, *Antonio*,
For this Gentleman did vow to *Iſabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Iſmenia*,
And not *Antonio*.
Mar. (47) Good, and was not that
A manifeſt Confeſſion that I knew you?
I elſe had been unjuſt unto my Friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,
And ſpeak your Conſcience now.
Ant. But did he ſo proteſt?
Iſm. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio* wedded *Iſabella*,
Iſmenia had not been loſt, there had been her Lover.
Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;
I crave but one, here have I my Wiſh full,
I am glad we ſhall be ſo near Neighbours.
Mar. Take both, Sir, *Juno* to boot, three Parts in one;
(48) St. *Hilarie* bleſs you! now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falſhood, if thou canſt
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.
Iſm. Might I not juſtly accuſe *Antonio*
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confeſs Troth now?
Ant. Here was my Guide, where-e'er I find this Face
I am a Lover, marry, I muſt not miſs
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow,
I carry th' full Idea ever with me:

(47) *Good was not that*] So the Octavo and the later Folio: The Text is reſtored from 1647 Copy.

(48) *St.* Hilarie *bleſs you,*] Here I think *Martino*'s Speech ſhou'd end, and *Antonio* ſpeak the Remainder,

My Friend's Faith's turning from him,

Plainly appears to be *Antonio*'s upbraidings to *Martino*.
Mr. *Seward.*

If

If Nature can ſo punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.
Iſm. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love muſt now
Come to our En'mies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Conſent to it.
Ant. Moſt certain:
For which Reaſon it muſt not be put to 'em
Ha'n't we Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, deſire the Fruit,
(49) Yet be ſo nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
O'th' churliſh Gardiner, that will deny me?
Iſm. O *Antonio!*
Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is ſaid.
Iſm. That holy Act's to come.
Mar. You may ope an Oyſter or two before Grace.
Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well ſpoke as any Friar utters?
Heaven has heard all.
Iſm. Yes; but ſtays the Bleſſing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n's not ſerv'd by halfs,
We ſhall have ne'er a Father's Bleſſing here,
Let us not loſe the better from above.
Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It ſhows you cowardly; hark in your Ear.
Amin. Have I loſt all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it with
A reaſonable Penance. *Mar.* Have I paſt
All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll ſtretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; (do but look back
Over thy Shoulder,) and have a pull at thee.
Iſm. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you ſpeak well: You know th' accuſtom'd Place

(49) *Yet be ſo nice to pull till,* &c.] Here ſeems to be an Elipſis to my anonymous Friend, which he fills up thus,
Yet be ſo nice to pull not,
But to make up the Line full, as to the Senſe methinks we ſhou'd read ſo,
Yet be ſo nice as not *to pull.*

Of our Night-parley; if you can aſcend,
The Window ſhall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.
Ant. I'd meet no other Man.
Iſm. Aminta, you hear this.
Amin. With Joy, Madam, becauſe it pleaſes you.
It may be mine own Caſe another time:
Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,
Put it paſt Father, or Friends, to forbid it,
And then you're ſure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you; the Window ſhall ſhow you
The way to *Seſtos*.
Ant. I will venture drowning.
Mar. The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You muſt aſcend your Caſtle by a Ladder;
To the Foot I'll bring you,
Ant. Leave me to climb it.
Mar. If I do turn you off?
Ant. 'Till Night farewel: Then better. *Iſm.* Beſt
'T ſhould be;
But peeviſh Hatred keeps back that Degree. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. I never look'd ſo ſmooth as now I purpoſe:
And then beware: Knave is at worſt of Knave
When he ſmiles beſt, and the moſt ſeems to ſave. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My Mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart's not at home,
Only my Fears ſtay with me; bad Compnay!
But I cannot ſhift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the Houſe of *Bellides* and us?
Is not fair War; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were, of Love as near,
'Till a croſs Miſconſtruction ('twas no more
In conſcience) put us ſo far aſunder:
I would 'twere reconciled; it has laſted
Too many Sun-ſets, if Grace might moderate:

Man

Man ſhould not loſe ſo many Days of Peace,
To ſatisfie the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I ſent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Buſtopha.

Buſt. No, I muſt not ——

Jul. Ha, he's come.

Buſt. I muſt not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it —

Jul. How? there's bad Tidings: I muſt obſcure and hear it; He'll not tell me for breaking of my Heart, [it; It is half ſplit already.

Buſt. I have ſpy'd him: Now to knock down a Don with a Lie, a ſilly harmleſs Lie; 'twill be valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Buſt. O the bloody Days that we live in; the envious, malicious, deadly Days that we draw Breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Buſt. (50) The Children that never ſhall be born may rue it; for Men that are ſlain now, might have liv'd to have got Children, that might have curs'd their Fathers.

Jul. Oh, my Poſterity is ruin'd.

Buſt. Oh ſweet *Antonio!*

Jul. O dear *Antonio!*

Buſt. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When he and *Liſauro* met ——

Jul. Oh, Death has parted 'em!

Buſt. Welcome my mortal Foe, ſays one; Welcome my deadly Enemy, ſays th' other; off go their Doublets, they in their Shirts, and their Swords ſtark naked; here lyes *Antonio*, here lyes *Liſauro*; he comes upon him with

(50) *The Children that ever ſhall be born*] As *Buſtopha* is pouring out his Nonſenſe to the no ſmall Laughter of his Auditors, I cou'd not help thinking that in this place he was deſign'd to be all of a Piece, and therefore read in my Margin,

—— *that never ſhall be*, &c.

And found my Conjecture turn'd to a Certainty by the Folio of 1647.

an *Embroccado*, that he puts by with a *punêta reverſa*; *Liſauro* recoils me two Paces, and ſome ſix Inches back, takes his Career, and then oh———

Jul. Oh.

Buſt. Runs *Antonio* quite through ———

Jul. Oh Villain!

Buſt. Quite through between the Arm and the Body ſo; yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Jul. Goodneſs be prais'd.

Buſt. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up *Liſauro*; *Liſauro* makes out a Long at him, which he thinking to be a *Paſſado*, *Antonio*'s Foot ſlipping, down, oh down ———

Jul. O now thou art loſt!

Buſt. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both *Spaniſh* Chriſtians, yet one Man to ſhed ——

Jul. Say his Enemies Blood.

Buſt. His Hair, may come by divers Caſualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to loſe nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scruple at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood — yet the Suegeon, that cur'd him, ſaid if *Pia mater* had not been periſh'd, he had been a lives Man 'till this Day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Fra. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the Point ———

Jul. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half ſo deep.

Buſt. Yet Pity bids me keep in my Charity; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be ſilent Tale — Farthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the leaſt Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-Plums and Sweet-Breads; yet I ſay, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Jul. What motly Stuff is this? Sirrah, ſpeak truth, What

What hath befal'n my dear *Antonio?*
Reſtrain your Pity in concealing it:
Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'ſt back from Truth
Thou ſhalt ſpeak in Pain; do not look to find
A Limb in his right Place, a Bone unbroke,
Nor ſo much Fleſh unbroil'd of all that Mountain,
As a Worm might ſup on; diſpatch, or be diſpatch'd.

Buſt. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two ſince I left him ſo.

Jul. Where didſt thou leave him? [from you.

Buſt. In the ſame Cloaths he had on when he went

Jul. Does he live?

Buſt. I ſaw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Buſt. He may have a Cut i'th' Leg by this time; for Don *Martino* and he were at whole ſlaſhes.

Jul. Met he not with *Liſauro?*

Buſt. I do not know her.

Jul. Her? *Liſauro* is a Man, as he is.

Buſt. I ſaw ne'er a Man like him.

Jul. Didſt thou not diſcourſe a Fight (51) betwixt *Antonio* and *Liſauro?*

Buſt. Ay, to my ſelf; I hope a Man may give himſelf the Lie if it pleaſe him.

Jul. Didſt thou lye then?

Buſt. As ſure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it: When will he return?

Buſt. That he ſent me to tell you, within theſe ten Days at fartheſt.

Jul. Ten Days? he's not wont to be abſent two.

Buſt. Nor I think he will not, he ſaid he would be at home to Morrow, but I love to ſpeak within my Compaſs.

(51) *Betwixt* Antonio *and* Liſander?] Mr. *Theobald* and my Correſpondent read with me *Liſauro*; 'tis odd to miſtake ſo ſoon, where but a Line or ſo above, *Liſauro*'s Name is wrote at length.

Jul. You ſhall ſpeak within mine, Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Cuſtody, keep him ſafe, I charge you.

Buſt. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Steak o'me look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in Health to Morrow, thou goeſt to the Rack.

Buſt. Let me go to th' Manger firſt; I had rather eat Oats than Hay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellides *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your Leave, Sir. *Jul.* For ought I know yet, you
Are welcome, Sir. *Bel.* Read that, and tell me ſo;
Or if thy Spectacles be not eaſie,
Keep thy Noſe unſadled, and ope thine Ears;
I can ſpeak thee the Contents, I made 'em;
'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I ſcorn to hire my Second to deliver't,
I bring't my ſelf: Doſt know me, *Julio?*
Jul. Bellides?
Bel. Yes, is not thy Hair on end now?
Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy raſh Hardineſs;
How durſt thou come ſo near thine Enemy?
Bel. Durſt?
I dare come nearer; thou art a Fool, *Julio.*
Jul. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.
Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit;
Give me not a Fool more than I give thee,
Or if thou doſt, look to hear on't again.
Jul. What an Encounter's this?
Bel. A noble one:
My Hand is to my Words, thou haſt it there,
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'ſt be
Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul.

Jul. Be Friends with thee?
Bel. I'll ſhew thee reaſons for't:
A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as ſhould ſtand examples of Diſcretion,
The Rules of Grammar to unwilling Youth
To take out Leſſons by: we that ſhould check
And quench the raging fire in others Bloods,
We ſtrike the Battel to Deſtruction?
Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy Conſcience, how haſt thou ſlept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?
Jul. Sure ſome good Angel
Was with us both laſt Night: ſpeak thou Truth now,
Was it not laſt Night's motion?
Bel. 'Doſt not think
I would not lay hold of it at firſt proffer?
Should I ne'er ſleep again?
Jul. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the Doctrine of my Viſion.
Say that *Liſauro*, beſt of all thy Blood,
Or any one, the leaſt allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Antonio*'s Sword,
Or any of the Houſe of *Bellides?*
Bel. Mine was the juſt inverſion; on, on, on. [row,
Jul. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sor-
And left the Conduit of Nature dry?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls,
And broke the Glaſſes? with thine own curſes
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Poſterity?
Bel. Yes, and thou cauſer: ſo it ſaid to me, [Friends,
They fight but your miſchiefs; th' young Men were
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And curded in one Body; but this is yours,
(52) An 'Heritance that you have gather'd for 'em,

A

(52) *An Inheritance which*, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* has put a pompous *L. T.* in his Margin to '*Heritance* for *Inheritance*, as thinking perhaps the Meaſure mended (for that only can be ſo) by it; but

A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not ſo?
Jul. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.
Jul. 'Tis far enough; let us atone it here;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendſhip new again.
Bel. The Sign's in *Gemini*,
An auſpicious Houſe, 'thas join'd both ours again.
Jul. You can't proclaim me Coward now, Don *Bellides*,
Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, ſo am I:
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the laſt Leg
I have to ſtand on, or Breath or Life left.
Jul. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it ſweet.
Bel. Love! oh Life ſtinks without it.
I can tell you News.
Jul. Good has long been wanting.
Bel. I do ſuſpect, and I have ſome Proof on't.
(So far as a Love-Epiſtle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Iſmenia are very good Friends before us.
Jul. That were a double Wall about our Houſes,
Which I could wiſh were builded. *Bel.* I'd it from
Antonio's Intimate, Don *Martino*:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To ſhow it me.
Jul. Perhaps 'twas his Conſent:
Lovers have Policies as well as Stateſmen:
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.
Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one bout with 'em,
They ſhall know nothing of this Union,
And 'till they find themſelves moſt deſperate,
Succour ſhall never ſee 'm.
Jul. I'll take your part, Sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy Day paſt us.
Jul. The Example I hope to all behind it. [*Exeunt.*

the Reader knows this is a Change which is quite unneceſſary, 'tis but ſlurring the two firſt Syllables in the Pronunciaion, and the Buſineſs is over.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Aminta *above, with a Taper.*

Amin. (53) Stand fair, light of Love, which Epithet and Place
Adds to thee Honour, to me 'twould be Shame,
We muſt be weight in Love, no Grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can ſee have ſo reported)
What benefit canſt thou be to his Darkneſs?
(54) Love's a Jewel (ſome ſay) ineſtimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own ſight,
And ſo it ſhines to others, not our ſelves.
I ſpeak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wiſh a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant deſire to know:
Some ſay, Love's but a Toy, and with a but ——
Now methinks I ſhould love it ne'er the worſe;
A Toy is harmleſs ſure, and may be plaid with,
It ſeldome goes without his adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we ſay, 'tis metre to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet, for all this,
Here's a Prieſt ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready;
'Tis then but making unready, and that's ſoon done:
My Lady is my Couſin; I my ſelf;
Which is neareſt then? My Deſires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worſer cauſe ——

(53) *Stand fair, light of Love,*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays in his Margin, *Light Love.* The Reader is left to his Choice.

(54) *Love is a Jewel, (ſome ſay) ineſtimable,*
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own ſight,] What the Poets deſign'd to ſay ſeems to be this, *viz. That the Jewel of Love being hung at the Ear, is unſeen by them that affix'd it there*; but as this is not poſſible to be made of the words as they ſtand, I imagine the Line might originally run thus,

Love is a Jewel ——
But hung at th' Ear is depriv'd our own ſight.

I muſt go queſtion with my Conſcience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou ſtand.
Thou ſhalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [*Exit.*

Enter Antonio *and* Martino.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'ſt thou, Friend?
Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not, Man; methought I ſpy'd two Fellows
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their Eyes ſuſpitiouſly upon us.
Mar. Your Jealouſie, nothing elſe; or ſuch perhaps
As are afraid as much of us; who knows
But about the like buſineſs? but for your fears ſake,
I'll adviſe and intreat one courteſie.
Ant. What is that, Friend?
Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.
Ant. It needs not.
Mar. I think ſo too; but I will have it ſo,
If you dare truſt me with the better, Sir.
Ant. Nay then.
Mar. If there ſhould be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm ſure.
Ant. Here thou tak'ſt from me ——
Mar. Tuſh, the General
Muſt be ſafe, howſoe'er the Battel goes
See you the Beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes, we're near ſhore.

Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they ſet upon Martino: Antonio *purſues them out, in reſcue of* Martino.

Mar. Come, land, land, you muſt clamber by the Cliff,
Here are no Stairs to riſe by.
Ant. Ay, are you there. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

Enter Aminta *above, and* Martino *return'd again aſcends.*

Amin. Antonio?
Mar. Yes, *Iſmenia.* *Amin.*

Amin. Thine own.
Mar. Quench th' light, thine Eyes are guides illuſtrious.
Amin. 'Tis neceſſary. [*Exeunt.*

(55) *Enter* Antonio.

Ant. Your Legs have ſav'd your lives, whoe'er you are.
Friend? *Martin'?* where art thou? not hurt I hope;
Sure I was fartheſt i'th' purſuit of 'em:
My Pleaſures are forgotten through my Fears.
The Light's extinct, it was diſcreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the Broil,
And fearing that might call up Company,
Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my Friend,
I fear he's hurt: Friend? Friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I ſhould loſe thee quite, Friend?
A groan, or any thing that may diſcover thee:
Thou art not ſunk ſo far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canſt fall:
Friend, Don *Martino*, I muſt anſwer for thee,
'Twas in my cauſe thou fell'ſt, if thou be'ſt down—
Such Dangers ſtand betwixt us and our Joys,
That ſhould we forethink e'er we undertake,
We'd ſit at home, and ſave—What a Night's here?
Purpos'd for ſo much Joy, and now diſpos'd
To ſo much Wretchedneſs? I ſhall not reſt in't:
If I had all my Pleaſures there within,
I ſhould not entertain 'em with a Smile.
Good-night to you: Mine will be black and ſad,
A Friend cannot, a Woman may be had. [*Exit.*

(55) *Enter* Antonio.
Mar. *Your Legs have ſav'd your*, &c.] What a glaring Contradiction is here, *Enter Antonio*, and yet not he, but *Martino*, who was ſafe within, and deceiving his Friend as he thought, begins the Soliloquy. I have therefore without any Scruple given the true Speaker his own Part, and turn'd *Martino* out of Poſſeſſion, tho' he has kept it ſince the Year 1647, and I muſt add with Pleaſure that my kind Correſpondent concurr'd in the ſame Change.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Iſm. O Thou falſe ——

Amin. Do your daring'ſt, he's mine own,
Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
Totally mine.

Iſm. Dareſt thou face thy Falſhood?

Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my Wiſhes
Come home ſo ſweetly? Farewel, your Company
'Till you be calmer, Woman —— [*Exit.*

Iſm. Oh what a heap
Of Miſery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your ſhame from me?
You're a blind Adultereſs, you know you are.

Iſm. How's that, *Antonio?*

Ant. 'Till I have Vengeance,
Your Sin's not pardonable: I will have him,
If Hell hide him not; you've had your laſt of him. [*Ex.*

Iſm. What did he ſpeak? I underſtood him not,
He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
He took me for another ſure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha? are
You there? Where is your Sweetheart? I have found you,
Traytor to my Houſe: wilt league with mine Enemy?
You'll ſhed his Blood, you'll ſay: hah! will you ſo?
And fight with your Heels upwards? No, Minion,
I have a Husband for you, ſince you're ſo rank,
And ſuch a Husband as thou ſhalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio?*

Iſm. It Thunders with the Storm now.

Bel.

Bel. And to Night
I'll have it diſpatch'd; I'll make it ſure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
(56) Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry: Go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, ſhough, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.
Iſm. Then I'll try my Wings. [*Exit.*
Bel. Ay, are you good at that? ſtop, ſtop Thief, ſtop there. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante, *and* Florimel *ſinging.*

Firſt SONG.

Flo. *Now having Leiſure, and a happy Wind,*
Thou mayſt at Pleaſure cauſe the Stones to grind,
Sails ſpread, and Griſt here ready to be ground,
Fie, ſtand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why doſt thou ſing and dance thus? why ſo merry?
Why doſt thou look ſo wantonly upon me?
And kiſs my Hands?
Flo. If I were high enough,
I'd kiſs your Lips too.
Otr. Do, this is ſome kindneſs,
This taſtes of willingneſs; nay, you may kiſs ſtill,
But why o'th' ſudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompel'd? why theſe ſweet Curt'ſies?
E'en now you would have bluſh'd to death to kiſs thus:
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindneſs,

(56) *Shall not be worth a* Chicken,] In this place the unknown Gentleman reads thus,

——— *worth a* Chequin,

And adds that Sir *Iſaac Newton* in his Tables of Gold and Silver Coins ſays, *Sequin, Chequin,* or *Zacheen* is a Gold *Venetian* Coin, worth Nine and Sixpence. It may be ſo, but yet my Friend will I hope pardon me if I have not alter'd the Line according to his Direction, for I am not ſure, that there is not a double Entendre couch'd under this Word, which will be loſt by his propos'd Correction of the Text.

I ſhall be unfurniſh'd elſe to hold thee play, Wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your Bleſſings;
If this be Love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your Strictneſs to me,
It is ſo ſudden, it wants Circumſtance.
Flo. Fie, how dull?

Second SONG.

How long ſhall I pine for Love?
How long ſhall I ſue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love ſtand ſtill?
Shall the Grifts of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Otr. Prithee be calm a little,
Thou mak'ſt me wonder; thou that wert ſo ſtrange,
And read ſuch pious Rules to my Behaviour
But yeſternight; thou that wert made of Modeſty,
Shouldſt in a few ſhort Minutes turn thus deſp'rate.
Flo. You are too cold.
Otr. I do confeſs I freeze now,
I am another thing, all over me:
It is my part to woo, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o'th' inſtant e'er I can expect,
E'er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A ſeparation of your honeſt Carriage
From the deſires of Youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——
Flo. I will tell ye,
And tell ye ſeriouſly, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
I have no Modeſty, I'm truly wanton:
I'm that you look for, Sir; now come up roundly:
If my ſtrict Face and counterfeited Statelineſs
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way,

And

And you ſhould ne'er have come t'have known who hurt ye.
Prithee, ſweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more deſires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloſs of good on't:
I ſaw you touch not at the bait of Chaſtity,
And that it grew diſtaſteful to your Palate
T'appear ſo holy, therefore I take my true ſhape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you ſhall quickly find me.

Third S O N G.

On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid
To try the Rights that belong to Love?
No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
Crown our Deſires,
Kindle the fires,
When Love requires we ſhould wanton prove,
We'll kiſs, we'll ſport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'ſt ſhort, for thee I'll ſtay;
If thou unskilful art, (57) *the Ground,*
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.

Otr. Are ye no Maid?
Flo. Alas, my Lord, no certain;
I'm ſorry you're ſo innocent to think ſo.
Is this an Age for ſilly Maids to thrive in?
It is ſo long too ſince I loſt it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What ſhould you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They're (58) peevish, pettish things, that hold no Game up,
No Pleaſure neither, they are ſport for Surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:

(57) ——— *on the Ground,*] The omiſſion of *on* is upon the credit of the firſt Folio.
(58) ——— *peevish, pettish things,*] So reads 1647 Edition, Others, *prevish, petty,* &c.

A fair and eaſie way Men travel right in,
And with Delight, diſcourſe, and twenty Pleaſures,
Th' enjoy their Journey, mad Men creep thro' Hedges.
Otr. I'm metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?
Flo. Becauſe I would give ye Pleaſure beyond belief.

Fourth SONG.

Think me ſtill in my Father's Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my Back,
On a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has ſtill gone round-a:
Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.

Otr. Then you have Traded?
Flo. Traded? how ſhould I know elſe how to live, Sir,
And how to ſatisfie ſuch Lords as you are,
Our beſt Gueſts and our richeſt? *Otr.* How I ſhake now?
You take no baſe Men? *Flo.* Any that will offer,
All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

Fifth SONG.

The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turk,
Have leave for to work,
The whilſt that the Mill goes around.

Otr. You are a common thing then?
Flo. No matter, ſince you have your private Pleaſure,
And have it by an Artiſt excellent;
Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.
Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,

And

And am on Iee: do I bite at ſuch an Orange?
After my Men? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why ſtay ye?
Why do we talk, my Lord, and loſe our time?
Pleaſure was made for Lips, and ſweet Embraces,
Let Lawyers uſe their Tongues. (59) (Pardon me,
Modeſty,) [*Aſide.*
This deſp'rate way muſt help; or I am miſerable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her Face, ſhe weeps for certain,
Some new way now, ſhe cannot be thus beaſtly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the Elements of common looſeneſs, [Sir.
(60) The art of lewdneſs: That, that, that — how now,

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The King, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is alighted
Cloſe at the Gate. *Otr.* The King?
Ser. And calls for ye, Sir,
Means to breakfaſt here too. *Flo.* Then I'm happy.
Otr. Stollen ſo ſuddenly? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not ſee her,
Lock her up cloſely, Sirrah, in my Cloſet.
Ser. I will, my Lord, what, does ſhe yield yet? [*Ex.*
Otr. Peace:
She's either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noiſe, upon your Life, Dame, but all ſilence.

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Liſauro, *and* Terzo.

Otr. Your Majeſty heaps too much Honour on me,
With ſuch delight to view each ſeveral corner

(59) —— *Pardon my Modeſty,*] How much finer is the Text which is from the Folio of the oldeſt date.

(60) *The art of lewdneſs:*---] However *Florimel*'s Language ſhews that ſhe had heard of the Elements at leaſt of Looſeneſs, yet I think *Otrante* ſhou'd ſay, that he did not believe ſhe knew the practical part of it, and ſo I wou'd read,

Not th' Art of Lewdneſs ——

Or rather thus,

Not th' Act of Lewdneſs. Art and *Act* being often confounded both in *Shakeſpear* and our Authors. Mr. *Seward.*

Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.
Phil. Methinks 'tis handſome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd: the Gallery
Stands pleaſantly and ſweet: What Rooms are theſe?
Otr. They're ſluttiſh ones.
Phil. Nay, I muſt ſee.
Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,
They're Lodging-chambers o'er a homely Garden.
Phil. Fit ſtill, and handſome; very well: and thoſe?
Otr. Thoſe lead to th' other ſide o'th' Houſe, and't like ye.
Phil. Let me ſee thoſe. [ye.
Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.
(61) What ſhou'd this View mean? I am half ſuſpitious.
[*Aſide.*
Phil. This little Room?
Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for traſh, Sir,
For rubbiſh of the Houſe.
Phil. I would ſee this too?
I will ſee all.
Otr. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
The Savour of it, and the coarſe Appearance —
Phil. 'Tis not ſo bad, you'd not offend your Houſe
Come, let me ſee. [with't;
Otr. Faith, Sir.
Phil. I'faith I will ſee.
Otr. My Groom has th' Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one—
Phil. But I will ſee it: Force the Lock, my Lords,
There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep ſome rare things here, you would not ſhow, Sir.

Florimel *diſcover'd.*

Otr. Here's a fair Maid indeed.
Phil. By my Faith is ſhe;
A handſome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.
Ay marry, here's a Treaſure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.
Otr. Then I am diſcover'd.

(61) *What* would *this View*, &c.] *Would* I have chang'd for *ſhou'd*, from the Authority of Folio 1647.

I'll confeſs all before the Miller comes, Sir,
'Twas but Intention, from all Act I'm clear yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?
Fra. Yes, and't pleaſe your Highneſs,
This is th' Shape of her; for her Subſtance, Sir,
Whether ſhe be now honourable or
Diſhonourable, whether ſhe be now
A white Roſe, or a Canker, is the Queſtion.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If ſhe be for your Pace, y'had beſt preſerve her, Sir,
She's tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handſomely.
Phil. Maid, were you ſtoll'n?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And't pleaſe your Grace, I was ne'er bred ſo boldly.
Phil. How has he us'd ye?
Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be ſure ye tell Truth; and be ſure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell ye
You've loſt me, and your ſelf too; ſpeak again, Wench.
Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I'm yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I ſuffer'd under ſtrong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd elſe,
I had been miſerable, but I forgive ye.
Phil. What Recompence for this?
Otr. A great one, Sir,
Firſt a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.
Flo. I do, my Lord.
Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and theſe; all I have, *Florimel.*
Flo. No, good my Lord, theſe often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at theſe, they're Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me———
Otr. Any thing in my Power,

Or in my Purchaſe.
Flo. Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.
Otr. Ask me freely.
Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deſerve ye,
I've kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preſerv'd your Credit,
That would have dy'd to all Poſterity:
Curſes of Maids ſhall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
If he deſerves well that redeems his Country,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, ſet the higheſt; may not I be worthy
To be your Friend, that have preſerv'd your Honour?
Otr. You are, and thus I take ye; thus I ſeal ye
Mine own, and only mine.
Phil. Count, ſhe deſerves ye,
And let it be my Hapipneſs to give ye ——— [*Gives her to* Otrante.
I've giv'n a virtuous Maid now, I dare ſay it,
'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
And't ſhall be worthy you.
Fra. I'll ſell my Mill,
I'll pay ſome too: I'll pay the Fidlers,
And we'll have all i'th' Country at this Wedding,
Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my Heart, and kiſs her freely;
Would I could give you all this Hand has ſtoll'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.
Ver. She muſt have new Cloaths.
Ter. Yes.
Ver. Yes marry muſt ſhe.
If't pleaſe ye, Madam, let me ſee the State of your Body,
I'll fit you inſtantly.
Phil. Art not thou gone yet? [now,
Ver. And't pleaſe your Grace, a Gown, a handſome Gown
An orient Gown.
Phil. Nay, take thy Pleaſure of her.
Ver. Of Cloth of Tiſſew I can fit ye, Madam:

(My

(My Lords, ſtand out o'th' Light, a curious Body,—
The neateſt Body in *Spain* this Day;) with embroider'd Flowers,
A clinquant Petticoat of ſome rich Stuff,
To catch the Eye: I have a thouſand Faſhions.
O Sleeve, O Sleeve: I'll ſtudy all Night, Madam,
To magnifie your Sleeve.

Otr. Do, ſuperſtitious Tailor,
When ye've more time.

Flo. Make me no more than Woman, and I'm thine.

Otr. Sir, happily my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her inſtantly; will you try her?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot,
But if the Faſhion be not there, you marr her.

Enter Antonio, *Conſtable and Officers.*

Ant. Is my Offence ſo great, e'er I be convict,
To be torn with Raſcals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild Horſes rather than theſe.

Phil. What's that? [Grace.

Con. This is a Man ſuſpected of Murther, if it pleaſe your

Phil. It pleaſes me not, Friend; but who ſuſpects him?

Con. We that are your Highneſs' extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great Charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our Neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that's more than I am able to ſay, for I heard no Words between 'em, but what their Weapons ſpoke, claſh, and clatter) which we ſeeing, came with our Bills of Government, and firſt knock'd down their Weapons, and then the Men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?

Con. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down to keep the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other we ſet in the Stocks. That I could do by mine own Power, without your Majeſty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How ſo, Sir?

Con I am a Shoemaker by my Trade.

Amin. (62) Oh my Husband!
Why ſtands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
Reſtore him me, as you are merciful.
I'll anſwer for him. [bawling,
Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy
I know thee for no Wife. *Amin.* You married
Me laſt Night. *Ant.* Thou ly'ſt: I neither was in Church
Nor Houſe laſt Night, nor ſaw I thee; a thing
That was my Friend, I ſcorn to name now, was with
Iſmenia, like a Thief, and there he violated
A ſacred Truſt. This thou may'ſt know, *Aminta.*
Amin. Are not you he?
Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
Would I had killed him; I hope I have.
Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
That excellent Man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.
Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
This is mine Enemy: Pardon, my Sovereign.
Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.
Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeneſs.
In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
And both of us ſo well provided too?
He with ſome black blood-thirſty Crime upon him,
That (e'er the Horſe-Leech burſt) will ſuck him dry:
I with a ſecond Accuſation,
Enough to break his Neck, if need ſhould be,
And then to have e'en (63) Juſtice ſelf to right us;
How ſhould I make my Joys a little civil,

(62) Ant. *Oh my Husband!*] Mr. *Theobald* has here reſtor'd the true Speaker, and 'tis confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(63) —— *Juſtice ſelf to right us:*] Is from the moſt ancient Edition; the Octavo has it

Juſtice it ſelf, &c.

The reading in the Text completes the Meaſure here, and I wiſh I cou'd have done the ſame by the aſſiſtance of all the Copies through the reſt of the Play, for great part of it is ſo far from being Verſe, that it has no pretence to any ſuch thing, and indeed in a multitude of places is neither better nor worſe than *Proſe run mad.*

They

They might not keep this Noiſe?

Ant. Here is ſome Hope.
Should th' Ax be dull, the Halter is preparing.

Phil. What is your Accuſation, Sir? We've heard the former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my Lord? A ſtrong one.

Jul. A falſe one, Sir,
At leaſt malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and deſpight: He would accuſe
My poor Kinſman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking ſaw, the ſtealing of his Daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Antenio, ſpeak, didſt thou e'er ſee her? *Ant.* Yes, Sir,
I have ſeen her. *Bel.* Ah, ha, Friend *Julio*.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men ſee Multitudes,
That the next Day dare not preciſely ſay
They ſaw that Face, or that, amongſt 'em all.
(64) Didſt thou ſo look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His Looks hang themſelves.

Phil. Your Patience, Gentlemen.
I pray you tell me if I be in Error,
I may ſpeak often when I ſhould but hear:
This is ſome Show you would preſent us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you ſpeak,
(It ſeems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can ſhow you all,
So could my Daughter too, if ſhe were here:
By this time they are both immodeſt enough:
She is fled me, and I accuſe this Thief for't.
Don *Martin*' his own Friend, 's my Teſtimony;
A practis'd Night-Work.

Phil. That *Martin*'s the other

(64) *Didſt thou ſo look on her?*] Here I wou'd inſert a negative Particle, and read

Didſt not thou ſo look on her?

The Senſe and the Meaſure I think will thus be equal gainers.

In your Cuſtody; he was forgotten;
Fetch him hither.

Con. We'll bring the Stocks and all elſe, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Enter Buſtopha *and* Iſmenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, 'ſtead of this: (65) Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Buſt. So ho, Miller, Miller, look out Miller; is there ne'er a Miller amongſt you here, Gentlemen?

Ter. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongſt Gentlemen, A Gentleman Miller.

Buſt. I ſhould not be far off then; there went but a Pair of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to work, Miller? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for you: Shall your Stones walk? Will you grind, Miller?

Phil. S'this your Son, *Franio?*

Fra. My ungracious, my diſobedient,
My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord.

Buſt. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This Villain (of my own Fleſh and Blood) was acceſſary to the ſtealing of my Daughter.

Buſt. Oh Mountain, ſhalt thou call a Molehil a Scab upon the Face of the Earth? Though a Man be a Thief, ſhall a Miller call him ſo? Oh egregious!

Jul. Remember, Sirrah, who you ſpeak before.

Buſt. I ſpeak before a Miller, a Thief in Grain; for he ſteals Corn: He that ſteals a Wench, is a true Man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another Cauſe that was in pleading.

Buſt. I'll prove it ſtrongly. He that ſteals Corn, ſteals the Bread of the Commonwealth; he that ſteals a Wench, ſteals but the Fleſh.

(65) *Both wou'd have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.*] What *deceiv'd* and *beguil'd* too? *Aminta* purpos'd no ſuch Tautology, but only that ſhe and *Martino* were two deſigning Cheats, and had been as well fitted for their purpos'd Knavery. But as the old reading does not, nay cannot make out this Senſe, I ſuſpect we ſhou'd write thus, *Both* (i. e. *of us*) *would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.*

Phil.

Phil. And how is the Bread ſtealing more criminal than the Fleſh?

Buſt. He that ſteals Bread, ſteals that which is lawful every Day: He that ſteals Fleſh, ſteals nothing from the faſting Day: *Ergo*, to ſteal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Phil. This is to ſome purpoſe.

Buſt. Again, he that ſteals Fleſh ſteals for his own Belly full: He that ſteals Bread, robs the Guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter Thief, the Bread ſtealer.

Again, he that ſteals Fleſh, ſteals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other ſteals every Day, without Satisfaction: To conclude, Bread-ſtealing is the more capital Crime, for what he ſteals he puts in at the Head: he that ſteals Fleſh (as the *Dutch* Author ſays) puts it in at the Foot (the lower Member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this ſatisfied you, Don *Bellides?*

Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cauſe is ſerious.
I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ha, ha, *Julio.* [Daughter?

Jul. How ſaid you, *Antonio?* Wiſh you, you had his

Ant. With all my Soul I wiſh her; and my Body
Shall periſh, but I will enjoy my Soul's Wiſh.
I would have ſlain my Friend for his Deceit,
But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.

Jul. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice
But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl,
Whoſe pretty Maid art thou?

Iſm. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.

Jul. The better for it. With my Sovereign's Leave,
I will wed thee to this Man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer,
I uſe no Power of mine unto thoſe Ends.

Jul. Wilt thou have him?

Iſm. Not unleſs he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties,
I ſettle here: You are *Iſmenia.* [*Aſide to* Iſmenia.

Iſm. The ſame I was; better, nor worſe, *Antonio.*

Ant.

Ant. I ſhall have your Conſent here, I am ſure, Sir.

Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindneſs to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a Daughter,
Will you not, *Iſmenia?*

Bel. How? *Iſmenia?*

Iſm. Your Daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is't poſſible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you'd caught th' old ones; you wade, you
In ſhallow Fords, we can ſwim, we; look here, [wade
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends;
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.

Buſt. Keep that to your ſelf, Sir; what I knew I knew. This Sack is a Witneſs. Miller, this is not for your thumming. Here's gold Lace; you may ſee her in her Holiday Cloaths if you will; I was her Wardrobe Man.

Enter Martino, Aminta, *Conſtable and Officers.*

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mar. Did you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might ſeem to you, *Martino*, your Conſcience has quick Ears.

Mar. My Sight was a little dim i'th' Dark indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better Underſtander now,
I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman?
There you're my *Junior.*

Ant. You are not hurt? [ſee,

Mar. Not ſhrewdly hurt; I have good Fleſh to heal you
Good round Fleſh: theſe Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack-Stones and all; I ſhould not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You miſtake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mar. A little ſcratch; but I ſhall claw't off well enough.

Enter

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conſcience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I beſt, my Lord, I've been acquainted with her theſe forty Summers, and as many Winters, were it Spring again; ſhe's like the Gout, I can get no cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio?*

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord, a painful ſtitch to my ſide; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your ſilence.

Buſt. Will you be older and older every day than other? the longer you live the older ſtill? Muſt his Majeſty command your Silence, e'er you'll hold your Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehenſion runs into the ſame fault:
Pray Sir, will you be ſilent?

Buſt. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but Age will have his courſe, and his weakneſſes ——

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Buſt. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may ſay, that cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden ——

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Buſt. But I believe your Majeſty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that Woman has ſomething to confeſs will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Deſtiny upon you,
If you ceaſe not, the ſooner.

Buſt. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that I ſhould call that Man Father, that ſhould be ſo ſhameleſs, that being commanded to hold his Tongue ——

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.

Buſt. I thank your Grace, I have a Friend there.

Phil. Speak, Woman,
If any interruption meet thee more, it ſhall
Be puniſh'd ſharply. *Gill.* Good my Liege, I dare not
Ask you the queſtion why that old Man weeps.

Phil.

Phil. Who? Count *Julio?* I obſerved it not.
You hear the queſtion, Sir, will you give the cauſe?
Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get paſſage,
(It is a Sorrow of that greatneſs grown,)
'Leſs it diſſolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.
Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You loſt a Daughter.
Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth theſe Sorrows.
Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?
Jul. Hah?
Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you
This did enwrap your Child, whom ever ſince
I have call'd mine, when Nurſe *Amaranta*,
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*,
Was ſeiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravin's Prey, as Heav'n ſo would,
He with his booty fill'd, forſook the Babe;
All this was in my ſight; and ſo long I ſaw,
Until the cruel Creature left my ſight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To reſcue the ſweet Lamb: I did it, Sir,
And ever ſince I have kept back your Joy,
And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me,
And bids me back reſtore unto the Owner
What I unjuſtly kept theſe fourteen Years.
Jul. Oh, thou haſt ta'en ſo many Years from me,
And made me young as 'twas her Birth-day to me.
Oh, good my Liege, give to my Joys a pardon,
I muſt go pour a bleſſing on my Child,
Which here would be too rude and troubleſome. [*Ex.*
Phil. Franio, you knew this before.
Buſt. Oh, oh; *Item* for you, Miller.
Fra. I did, my Liege, I muſt confeſs I did,
And I confeſs, I ne'er would have confeſs'd,
Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have Comforts, Sir,
As well as great; this is no ſtrange fault, Sir,
There's many Men keep other Men's Children,

As

As though they were their own.

Buſt. It may ſtretch farther yet; I beſeech you, my Liege, let this Woman be a little farther examin'd; (66) let the wounds of her Conſcience be ſearch'd, I would know how ſhe came by me: I am a loſt Child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater Man.

Phil. She will reſolve you ſure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy; thou art mine own Fleſh and Blood, born of mine own Body.

Buſt. 'Tis very unlikely that ſuch a Body ſhould bear me; There's no truſt in theſe Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father ſhall forgive thee, whatſoever he was, were he a Knight, Squire, or Captain; leſs he ſhould not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Buſt. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldſt thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave?

Buſt. Ay, if ſhe make me a Baſtard. The Rack muſt make her confeſs, my Lord, I ſhall never come to know who I am elſe. I have a worſhipful Mind in me ſure; methinks I do ſcorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brighteſt glory of the day:
Love yoak'd with Love, the beſt Equality,

(66) *Let the* words *of her Conſcience be ſearch'd,*] This wou'd be as odd a ſearch as a Man cou'd well be put upon, and as little to any good Purpoſe? *Gillian,* (the words of whoſe Conſcience are here propos'd to be ſearch'd,) had a little above made a grand Diſcovery, the Secret of which had laid ſo hard, and ſo long upon her Mind, that ſhe cou'd not poſſibly contain it longer; in alluſion to this therefore, *Buſtopha,* to ſpeak Senſe, was probably made to ſay thus,

Let the wounds *of her Conſcience,* &c.

Thus we get rid of a moſt nonſenſical Paſſage, and the Poets are clear'd from the Error of the Preſs.

Without

Without the (67) level of Eſtate or Perſon.

Jul. You both ſhall be rewarded bountifully, We'll be a-kin too; Brother and Siſter Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Buſt. Thank you, Uncle, my Siſter is my Couſin yet at the laſt caſt: Farewel, Siſter-foſter. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadſt had another manner of Husband than thou haſt, but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiſs the Bride, and ſo.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah?

Buſt. 'Tis lawful now, ſhe's none of my Siſter.

It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,
The Miller and his Daughter.
She has a Face, and ſhe can ſing,
She has a Grace; and ſhe can ſpring,
She has a Place with another thing,
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knaviſh Brother of yours, my Lord.

Buſt. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor, noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir, I fitted the Lady.

Buſt. My Siſter, Tailor? what fits her will hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do both.

(67) ——— *level of Eſtate or* Perſon.] In the Buſineſs of Match-making, generally the chief Conſideration turns not on the Quality of the Perſons, but the Quantity of their Means. If ſo, then poſſibly the Poets made the King expreſs himſelf thus,

Without the level of Eſtate or Portion.

So in this very Play, Act II. Scene 2. *Martino* ſays to *Antonio*,

——— *You not conſider, Sir,*
The great Diſparity is in their Bloods,
Eſtates, and Fortunes.

Unleſs the Reader will ſay that *Perſon* above may mean the Quality of Blood. On that Suppoſition indeed the Line may ſtand without any Alteration,

Buſt.

Buſt. You have a true Yard, Tailor.
Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.
Buſt. Then, Tailor, march with me away,
I ſcorn theſe Robes, I muſt be gay,
My noble Brother he ſhall pay
Tom Tailor. [*Exeunt*
Phil. Your recovered Friendſhips are ſound, Gentlemen?
Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm ſhall not
Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.
Phil. Theſe Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progreſs then,
To be the witneſs of ſuch fair Accords?
Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord *Otrante,*
'Tis a Charge ſav'd; you muſt not grudge your Gueſt,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feaſt.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE ASTOR LIBRARY NY

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VALETTA, *the grand Maſter of* Malta.
Miranda, *an* Italian *Gentleman, Candidate for the Order of* Malta.
Aſtorius, } *Two Knights of the Order.*
Caſtriot, }
Mountferrat, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*
Gomera, *a deſerving* Spaniſh *Gentleman.*
Norandine, *a valiant merry* Dane, *Commander in chief of the Gallies of* Malta.
Celonna, *alias* Angelo, *a Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beleved of* Miranda.
Rocca, *Servant and Inſtrument to* Mountferrat.
Two Biſhops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Priſoners.
Two Marſhals.
Doctor.
One of the Eſguard.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Oriana, *Siſter to* Valetta, *and Wife of* Gomera.
Velleda, *Attendant on* Oriana.
Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *a* Moor *Servant to* Oriana.
Lucinda, *a beautiful* Turkiſh *Woman, contracted to* Angelo, *Priſoner to* Miranda.
Two Gentlewomen.

S C E N E *M A L T A.*

THE

THE KNIGHT of *MALTA*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

MOUNTFERRAT.

DARES ſhe deſpiſe me thus? me that with Spoil
And hazardous Exploits, full ſixteen Years
Have led (as Hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the *Maltezi* call my Servitors?
Tempeſts I have ſubdued, and fought them
Out-lighten'd Light'ning in my Chivalry; [calm,
Rid (tame as Patience) Billows that kick'd Heav'n,
Whiſtled enraged *Boreas* 'till his Guſts
Were grown ſo gentle, that he ſeem'd to ſigh,
Becauſe he could not ſhow the Air my Keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
(Which though they blaze, both comfort, and invite)
Neither by Force, nor Fraud, paſs through her Ear
(Whoſe Guard is only bluſhing Innocence)
To take the leaſt Poſſeſſion of her Heart:
(1) Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name,
Un-napt

(1) *Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name, Unapt with,* &c.] The Metaphor in this Paſſage, coarſe as it is, will be ſtrangely confus'd, if we don't read as I have reform'd

Un-napt with meritorious Actions,
She might with Colour diſallow my Suit:
But by the Honour of this Chriſtian Croſs
(In Blood of Infidels ſo often dy'd)
Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here,
And neither Favour, nor Birth's Privilege,
Oriana ſhall confeſs, (although ſhe be
Valetta's Siſter, our Grand-maſter here,)
The Wages of ſcorn'd Love is baneful Hate,
And if I rule not her, I'll rule her Fate.
Rocca, my truſty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Roc. Sir,
I wiſh my News deſerv'd it: hapleſs I
That being lov'd, and truſted, fail to bring
The loving Anſwer that you do expect. [ſend forth
Mount. Why ſpeak'ſt thou from me? thy pleas'd Eyes
Beams brighter than the Star that uſhers day,
Thy Smiles reſtore ſick expectation.
Roc. I bring you, Sir, her Smiles, not mine.
Mount. Her Smiles?
Why they are Preſents for Kings eldeſt Sons;
Great *Solyman*, that wearies his hot Eyes
But to peruſe his deck'd *Seraglio*,
When from the number of his Concubines,
He chuſeth one for that Night, in his Pride
Of them, Wives, Wealth, is not ſo rich as I
In this one Smile, from *Oriana* ſent.
Roc. Sir, fare ye well.
Mount. Oh *Rocca!* thou art wiſe,
And wou'dſt not have the torrent of my Joy

the Text from Mr. *Seward*'s and my own Conjecture, confirm'd by the Folio of 1647. The Reſtoration of Senſe, by the connecting of the old pointing, is owing to Mr. *Seward*. The other Copies point thus,

And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
Which though they blaze bothComfort, and invite,
Neither by Force, nor Fraud paſs through her Ear
(Whoſe Guard is only bluſhing Innocence)
To take the leaſt Poſſeſſion of her Heart:

Ruin

Ruin me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'ſt
If one reviving ſmile can raiſe me thus,
What trances will the ſweet words which thou bring'ſt
Caſt me into? I felt, my deareſt Friend,
(No more my Servant,) when I imploy'd thee
That knew'ſt to look, and ſpeak as Lovers ſhould,
And carry faithfully thy Maſter's ſighs,
That it muſt work ſome heat in her cold Heart;
And all my Labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold Prize.

Roc. Will you yet hear me?

Mount. Yes;
But take heed, gentle *Rocca*, that thou doſt
Tenderly by degrees aſſault mine Ears
With her conſent, now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'ſt I've been ſo plung'd, ſo torn
With her reſolved Reject, and Neglect:
That to report her ſoft Acceptance now,
Will ſtupifie Senſe in me, if not kill:
Why ſhew'ſt thou this Diſtemper?

Roc. Draw your Sword,
And when I with my Breath have blaſted you,
Kill me with it;
I bring you Smiles of Pity, not Affection,
For ſuch ſhe ſent.

Mount. Oh! can ſhe pity me?
Of all the Paths lead to a Woman's Love,
Pity's the ſtraighteſt.

Roc. Waken Sir, and know
That her Contempt (if you can name it ſo)
Continues ſtill; ſhe bids you throw your Pearl
Into ſtrong Streams, and hope to turn them ſo,
E'er her to foul Diſhonour; (2) write your Plaints
In Rocks of Coral grown above the Sea,
Them hope to ſoften to Compaſſion,
Or change her modeſt Bluſh to love-ſick Pale,

(2) ——— *write your Plaints*
In Rocks of Coral ———
Than hope] *Them* which I have ſubſtituted, for this nonſenſical *Than*, from the firſt Folio, is undoubtedly the original reading.

E'er work her to your impious Requeſts;
All your looſe Thoughts ſhe chides you home again,
But with ſuch calm Behaviour, and mild Looks ——
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For juſt as others love, ſo doth ſhe hate:
She ſays, that by your Order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own Faith,
That being the Virgin you ſhould now protect;
Hitherto ſhe profeſſes ſh'as conceal'd
Your luſtful Batt'ries, but the next ſhe vows,
(In open Hall, before the honour'd Croſs,
And her great Brother,) ſhe will quite diſcloſe,
Calling for Juſtice, to your utter Shame,
Mount. Hence, find the *Blackamoor* that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me, ſhe doth love me yet,
And I muſt her now, at leaſt ſeem to do:
Cupid, thy Brands that glow thus in my Veins,
I will with Blood extinguiſh —— Art not gone?
[*Exit* Rocca.
Shall my Deſires, like Beggars, wait at Door,
Whilſt any others revel in her Breaſt?
Sweat on my Spirits; know, thou trick'd-up Toy,
My Love's a violent Flood, where thou art fall'n,
Playing with which Tide thoud'ſt been gently toſs'd,
But croſſing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd, and loſt.

Enter Aſtorius *and* Caſtriot.

Caſt. Monſieur, good Day.
Aſto. Good morrow, valiant Knight,
What, are you for this great Solemnity
This Morn intended?
Mount. What Solemnity?
Aſto. Th' inveſting of the Martial *Spaniard*,
Peter Gomera, with our Chriſtian Badge.
Caſt. And young *Miranda* the *Italian*,
Both which with wondrous Proweſs, and great Luck,
Have dar'd and done for *Malta* ſuch high Feats,
That not one Fort in it, but rings their Names
As loud as any Man's.

Mount.

Mount. As any Man's?
Why, we have fought for *Malta*.
Aſto. Yes, *Mountferrat*,
No bold Knight ever paſt you, but we wear
The Dignity of Chriſtians on our Breaſts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our Conqueſts;
Theſe conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
Mount. Aſtorius, you're a moſt indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your ſelf, to add to others,
You know this Title is the Period
To all our Labours, the Extremity
Of that tall Pyramid, where Honour hangs.
Which we with Sweat and Agony have reach'd,
And ſhould not then ſo eaſily impart
So bright a Wreath to every cheap Deſert.
Caſt. How is this *Frenchman* chang'd, *Aſtorius*?
Some ſullen Diſcontent poſſeſſes him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did moſt ingenuouſly but emulate.
Mount. O furious Deſire, how like a Whirlwind
Thou hurrieſt me beyond mine Honour's Point? [*Aſide.*
Out of my Heart, baſe Luſt, or Heart, I vow
Thoſe Flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.
Aſto. Do ye obſerve him?
Mount. What News of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?
Caſt. He fights ſtill,
In View o'th' Town; he plays the Devil with 'em,
And they, the *Turk* with him. *Mount.* They're well met then,
'Twere Sin to ſever 'em, Piſh—Woman—Memory—]
Would one of ye would leave me.
Aſto. Six freſh Gallies
I in St. *Angelo* from th' Promontory
This Morn deſcry'd, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Maſter doth intend Relief
This preſent Meeting; will you walk along?
Mount. Hum—I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The Gulphs of worthieſt Men, buried their Names,
Their former Valour, Bounty, Beauty, Virtue,

And ſent 'em ſtinking to untimely Graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her Diſdain,
Am like to prove as wretched; Woman then
Checking, or granting, is the Grave of Men.
Aſto. He's ſaying of his Prayers ſure.
Caſt. Will you go, Sir?
Mount. I cry you Mercy: I am ſo tranſported
(Your Pardon, noble Brothers) with a Buſineſs
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almoſt blind and deaf.
Luſt neither ſees nor hears ought but it ſelf,
But I will follow inſtantly: your Croſs.
Aſto. Not mine. [*Croſs Dropt.*
Caſt. Nor mine, 'tis yours.
Aſto. Caſt. Good morrow, Brother. [*Exeunt.*
Mount. White innocent Sign, thou doſt abhor to dwell
So near the dim Thoughts of this troubled Breaſt,
(3) And grace thoſe graceleſs Projects of my Heart.

Enter Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *with two Letters.*

Yet I muſt wear thee to protect my Crimes,
If not for Conſcience, for Hypocriſie;
Some Churchmen ſo wear Caſſocks: Oh my *Zanthia.*
My Pearl, that ſcorns a Stain! I muſt repent
All my Neglect; let me, *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black Cloud, ſince my *Juno* is
So wrathful, and averſe; thou art more ſoft
And full of Dalliance than the faireſt Fleſh,
And far more loving.
Zan. Ay, you ſay ſo now;
But like a Property, when I have ſerv'd
Your Turns, you'll caſt me off, or hang me up
For a ſign ſomewhere.
Mount. May my Life then forſake me,
Or from my expected Bliſs, be caſt to Hell.
Zan. My Tongue, Sir, cannot liſp to meet you ſo,

(3) *And grace thoſe graceleſs*] For what reaſon this Line which I have reſtor'd from the Copy of 1647, was omitted in the Edition of 1679, and ſo on to the Octavo of 1711, muſt be left to the Judgment of the learned Reader.

Nor

Nor my black Cheek put on a feigned Bluſh,
To make me ſeem more modeſt than I am.
This Ground-Work will not bear adult'rate Red,
Nor artificial White, to cozen Love.
Theſe dark Locks are not purchas'd, nor theſe Teeth,
For ev'ry Night, they are my Bedfellows;
No Bath, no blanching Water, ſmoothing Oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of Pleaſure in the Touch
As e'er a white-fac'd Puppet of 'em all.
Juicy, and firm; unfledge 'em of their Tires,
Their Wires, their Partlets, Pins, and Periwigs,
And they appear like bald Cootes, in the Neſt;
I can as blithly work in my Love's Bed,
And deck thy fair Neck, with theſe jetty Chains,
Sing thee aſleep, being weary'd; and refreſh'd,
With the ſame Organ, ſteel Sleep off again. [Pluſh.

Mount. Oh (4) my black Swan, ſleeker than Cygnets
Sweeter than is the Sweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling Lymon-Trees,
Strait as young Pines, or Cedars in the Grove!
Quickly deſcend Lover's beſt Canopy,
Still Night, for *Zanthia* doth enamour me
Beyond all Continence; perpetrate, dear Wench,
What thou haſt promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in it my Honours here,
And in ſome other Country, *Zanthia* make
My Wife, and my beſt Fortune.

Zan. From this Hope,
Here is an Anſwer to that Letter, which
I lately ſhew'd you ſent from *Tripoly*,
By the great *Baſha*, which importunes her
Love unto him, and Treachery to th' Iſland;
Which will ſhe undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vows, on his bleſt *Alcoran*,
Marriage unto her: This the Maſter knows,
But is reſolv'd of her Integrity,

(4) ——— *my black Swan, ſleeker than Cygnets Pluſh.*] The 1647 Folio differs here, but whether that reading be better than the other, the Reader is to determine,
——— Silkner *than Cygnets pluſh.*

As

(5) As well he may, ſweet Lady; yet for Love,
For Love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chains
Of Deity, or Duty can hold Love?)
I have this Anſwer fram'd, ſo like her Hand
As if it had been moulded off; returning
The *Baſha*'s Letter ſafe into her Pocket;
What you will do with it, your ſelf beſt knows;
Farewel, keep my true Heart, keep true your Vows. [*Exit.*

Mount. 'Till I be Duſt, my *Zanthia*, be confirm'd.
Sparrows, and Doves, ſit coupling 'twixt thy Lips.
It is not Love, but ſtrong Libidinous Will
That triumphs o'er me, and to ſatiate that,
What Diff'rence 'twixt this *Moor*, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their Hues alike, their Uſe is ſo;
Whoſe Hand's ſo ſubtle, he can Colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Luſt being blind,
Never in Women did diſtinction find. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But i'faith doſt thou think my Lady was never in Love?

(6) 2 *Gent.* I rather think ſhe was ever in Love, in perfect Charity. I mean with all the World.

1 *Gent.* A moſt Chriſtian Anſwer, I promiſe you. But I mean in Love with a Man.

2 *Gent.* With a Man? What elſe? would'ſt have her in Love with a Beaſt?

1 *Gent.* You are ſomewhat quick; but if ſhe were, it were no Preſident; did you never read of *Europa*, the fair, that leapt a Bull, that leapt the Sea, that ſwum to Land, and then leapt her?

(5) So the oldeſt Edition. The others thus,
As well as he may,
Which both ſpoils the Senſe and hurts the Meaſure.

(6) 2 Gent. *I rather think ſhe was ever in Love, in perfect*
1 Gent. *I mean, with all the World.* (*Charity.*
2 Gent. *A moſt chriſtian Anſwer, I promiſe you.*
2 Gent. *But I mean in Love with a Man:*] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me the Confuſion of the Speakers in this part of the Dialogue, and read the whole as I have given it in the Text.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Oh Heav'ns, a Bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white Bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord, how could ſhe ſit him? Where did ſhe hold?

1 *Gent.* Why, by the Horn, ſince which time, no Woman, almoſt, is contented, 'till ſhe have a Horn of her own, to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knaviſh.

1 *Gent.* And thou very fooliſh; but Sirrah, why doſt not thou marry?

2 *Gent.* Becauſe I would be no Man's Looking-Glaſs?

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus, there is no Wife, if ſhe be good and true, will honour, and obey, but muſt reflect the true Countenance of her Husband upon him; if he look ſad upon her, ſhe muſt not look merrily upon him: If he look merrily, ſhe muſt not ſorrowfully, elſe ſhe is a falſe Glaſs and fit for nothing but breaking: (7) His Anger muſt be her Diſcontent; his Pleaſure her Delight: If he weep, ſhe muſt cry: If he laugh, ſhe muſt ſhow her Teeth; if he be ſick, ſhe muſt not be in Health; if he eat Caudles, ſhe muſt eat Pottage, ſhe muſt have no proper Paſſion of her own; and is not this a Tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith, Marriage may well be called a Yoak; Wives then are but like ſuperficial Lines in Geometry, that have no proper Motion of their own, but as their Bodies their Husbands move; yet I know ſome Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleaſed, but when they are fartheſt off their Husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's becauſe the Moon governs 'em, which hath more Light and ſhines brighteſt, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary, is more ſullen, dim, and ſhows leaſt Splendor, when it is neareſt.

(7) *His Anger muſt* not *be her Diſcontent*;] But if that is the Caſe, I am ſure this Paſſage is a glaring Contradiction to the Speech throughout; only ſtrike out the negative Particle *not*, as I read before I ſaw the firſt Folio Edition, and then the Deſcription of the good Wife will be like that of the true Friend, in whom the ſame Sympathies and Antipathies are, or ought always to be found. Mr. *Seward* too propos'd the ſame Emendation.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate Fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Becauſe I would lead the blind whither I liſt.

2 *Gent.* And I the wiſeſt Man I could get for Mony, becauſe I had rather follow the clear-ſighted; bleſs me from a Husband that ſails by his Wife's Compaſs.

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but ſhe breaks his Head in her Youth, and when ſhe is old ſhe'll never leave (8) 'till ſhe has broke his Back too ——
But what ſcurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hiſt, Wenches, my Lady calls, ſhe's entring the Terraſs, to ſee the Show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black Pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little Labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what ſcurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, that when they are dub'd take their Oath of Allegiance to live poor, and chaſtly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours; marry where one of 'em has

(8) 2 Gent. —— *'till ſhe has broke his Back too. But what ſcurvy*, &c.
Enter Zanthia.
Zan. *Hiſt, Wenches*, &c.
1 Gent. *Oh black* Pudding!
2 Gent. *My little Labour in vain.*
1 Gent. *But what ſcurvy Knights*, &c.
2 Gent. '*Faith many*] In this Scene, till *Zanthia* enters, we have but two Ladies upon the Stage, and yet by ſome ſtrange Miſtake they ask each other the ſelf-ſame Queſtion,
But what ſcurvy, &c.
in leſs than a Minute's Time. To remedy this I imagine the Text run thus,
2 Gent. —— *'till ſhe has broke his Back too* ——
1 Gent. *But what ſcurvy*, &c.] Here *Zanthia* appears, and interrupts her Queſtion, which is reſum'd four or five Specches lower with great Propriety, and takes away that Confuſion or Tautology with which the old Text was juſtly chargeable.

taken

taken the Oath of Chaſtity, we want a new *Columbus* to find out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, *and two Gentlewomen*; *beneath*, Valetta, Mountferrat, Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Gomera, Miranda, *Attendants of Knights*, &c.

Mount. Are you there, Lady?
Ori. Thou'rt a naughty Man,
Heav'n mend thee.
Val. Our great Meeting, princely Brothers,
Ye holy Soldiers of the *Chriſtian-Croſs*,
(9) Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting 'fore *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valiant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As e'er the Country bred, endanger'd now
By freſh Supply of • head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much Blood this warlike *Dane* hath ſpent
T' advance our Flag, above their horned Moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable Conqueſt:
We muſt not ſee him periſh in our View,
How far off fight they?
Mir. Sir, within a League.
Val. 'Tis well; our next Occaſion of conventing

(9) *Is to relieve our Captain* Norandine,
Now fighting for Valetta *with the* Turk,] But was *Norandine* then fighting only for the Grand Maſter? Had he no Cauſe to defend but his? Surely the Poets cou'd not be ſo inconſiſtent with themſelves: Read as I have corrected the Text, and as our Poets give us Authority to do.
Now fighting 'fore Valetta *with the* Turk.
So *Colonna*, toward the cloſe of the fifth Act ſays,
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By the ſame Gallies, 'fore Valetta *fought*.
Valetta is not only the Grand Maſter's Name, but that of a Town in the Iſland of *Malta*: Thus Act I. Sc. 1.
Mount. *What News of the* Dane,
The valiant Captain Norandine?
Caſt. *He fights ſtill*
In view o'th' Town Valetta.
• i. e. *Turban'd, as in* Othello. *Mr.* Theobald.

Are

Are theſe two Gentlemen, ſtanding in your Sights
(Ye noble Props of *Malta*,) royally
(10) Deſcended are they both, valiant as War,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten Years
They've ſerv'd this Iſland, perfected Exploits
Matchleſs, and infinite, they're honeſt, wiſe,
Not empty of one Ornament of Man:
Moſt eminent Agents were they in that ſlaughter,
That marvellous great ſlaughter of the *Turks*,
Before St. *Elme*, where five and twenty thouſand
Fell, for five thouſand of our Chriſtians:
Theſe ripe Conſiderations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their Worths,
Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood;
If any therefore can their Manners tax,
Their Faith, their Chaſtity, any part of Life,
Let 'em ſpeak now.

Aſto. None does.

All. None can, great Maſter.

Val. (11) The Dignity then dignifie, by them,
As their Reward: Tender *Miranda* firſt
Becauſe he is to ſuccour *Norandine*,
Our ſacred Robe of Knighthood, our white Croſs.

(10) ——— *royally*
Deſcended are they both valiant as War,] *Valiant as War* is an unuſual Expreſſion, at leaſt to me; I ſuſpect there has been a Change of one Letter, and a Mutilation of another in this Word, and to ſet it right we muſt turn the *W* upſide down, and add an *s*, and then the Senſe will turn out thus,

Valiant as Mars,

Or if the Reader thinks this Alteration violates Decorum in comparing a Chriſtian Knight to a Heathen God, he may read thus,

Valiant in War,

Or if ſuch a Liberty may be allow'd, *a valiant Pair*, and then their Names will follow naturally.

(11) *The Dignity then dignifie, by them,*
As their Reward.] The 1647 Copy thus,
——— *then dignifie by them,*
Is their Reward.

Which I think by a ſmall addition without any Change (as in the Octavo) may come nearer to the old Text,

——— *then dignify'd by them,*
Is their Reward.

Tho' 'tis no great matter, either way may do.

The

(The holy Cognizance of him we ſerve,)
The Sword, the Spurs.
Mir. Grave, and moſt honour'd Maſter,
With humble Duty, and my Soul's beſt Thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me with Modeſty refuſe acceptance
Of this high Order: I, alas, am yet
Unworthy, and uncapable of ſuch Honour;
That Merit, which with favour you enlarge
Is far, far ſhort, of this propos'd Reward.
Who takes upon him ſuch a charge as this,
Muſt come with pure Thoughts, and a gathered Mind,
That time nor all occaſions ever may
After diſperſe, or ſtain; did this Title here
Of Knighthood, ask no other Ornaments
Than other Countries glitt'ring ſhow, poor Pride,
A gingling Spur, a Feather, a white Hand,
(12) A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, and Luſt,
Drinking ſweet Wines, Surfeits, and Ignorance,
Raſhly and eas'ly ſhould I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of Man.
Mount. A ſtaid and mature Judgment, ſpeak on, Sir.
Mir. May't pleaſe you then t' allow me ſome ſmall time
To rectifie my ſelf for that high Seat,

(12) *A frizled Hair, powder'd perfumes,* &c.] Mr. *Seward* reads with me thus,

A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, &c.

The Reader may perhaps be no whit diſpleas'd with his Note upon this Paſſage, which I ſhall here tranſcribe. —— There are two ways of rendring this Verſe Senſe, either by ſtriking out the firſt Comma, and making it,

A frizled Hair powder'd,

Or by retaining the Comma, and making the Adjective a Subſtantive.

A frizled Hair, Powder, Perfumes, and Luſt.

I make no doubt of preferring the latter, becauſe without a Pauſe after *Hair*, it is really no Verſe, and with a Pauſe after it, it is one, which every Reader who has any Ear may perceive,

A frizled Hair powder'd, Perfumes, and Luſt.

This is a Particularity that I believe eſcaped the Obſervation of all the Writers on the *Engliſh* Meaſure. I have already given the reaſon of it, in the fifth Note on *Wit without Money*, to which I refer the Reader, if he thinks it worth his Enquiry.

Or

Or give my Reaſons to the contrary.
I'th' mean ſpace, to diſmiſs me to the aid
Of *Norandine:* My Ships ride in the Bay
Ready to diſembogue, tackled, and mann'd
Even unto my wiſhes.
Mount. His Requeſt
Is fair and honeſt.
Val. At your pleaſure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you
My noble Friend *Mountferrat*; Gracious Miſtreſs,
Oh that auſpicious Smile doth arm your Soldier!
Who fights for thoſe Eyes, and this ſacred Croſs,
Can neither meet ſad accident, nor loſs. [*Exit.*
Ori. The mighty Maſter of that Livery,
Conduct thee ſafely to theſe Eyes again.
Mount. Blows the Wind that way?
Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without Excuſe receive that Dignity,
Which our Provincial Chapter hath decreed you.
Gom. Great Maſter of *Jerus'lem*'s Hoſpital,
From whence to *Rhodes* this bleſt Fraternity
Was driven, but now among the *Malteſe* ſtands,
Long may it flouriſh, whilſt *Gomera* ſerves it,
But dares not enter farther.
All. This is ſtrange.
Val. What do ye object?
Gom. Nothing againſt it, but my ſelf, fair Knights;
I may not wear this Robe.
Val. Expreſs your Reaſons;
Doth any hid Sin goar your Conſcience?
Aſto. Are you unſtedfaſt in Religion?
Caſt. Or do y' intend to forſake *Malta* now,
And viſit your own Country, fruitful *Spain?*
(13) *Gom.* Never, good Sir.

Val.

(13) Gom. *Never, good Sir.*] *Gomera*'s Anſwer ſeems by what follows to have referred to the three Queſtions, nor do I know any reaſon why he ſhou'd declare never to ſee *Spain* again, whether he was Knighted or not; the Knights of *Malta* are not confin'd to the Iſland,

Val. Then explicate your Thoughts.
Gom. Thus then: I ſhould be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in *Malita*, your next City here,
When I was younger, read I the Decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
T' approach it once; None but a Gentleman
Can be admitted ——
Val. That's no Obſtacle
In you.
Gom. I ſhould be ſorry that were it;
No married Man ——
Mount. You never felt that Yoak.
Gom. None, that hath been contracted ——
Caſt. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted—None that ever
Hath vowed his Love to any Womankind,
Or finds that ſecret fire within his Thoughts:
Here I am caſt, this Article my Heart
Objects againſt the Title of my Fame,
I am in Love; laugh not, though time hath ſet
Some wrinkles in this Face, and theſe curl'd Locks
Will ſhortly dye into another hew,
Yet, yet I am in Love: (i'faith you ſmile)
What Age, what Sex, or what Profeſſion
Divine, or Human, from the Man that cries
(14) For Alms in the high way, to him that ſings
At the high Altar, and doth Sacrifice,
Can truly ſay he knows not what is Love?
Val. 'Tis honeſtly profeſs'd; with whom, *Gomera?*
Name the Lady, (15) that with all advantage
We may advance your ſuit.
Gom. But will you, Sir?
Val. Now by our holy Rock, were it our Sifter:

Iſland, or its Neighbourhood, but are permitted at times to viſit what Countries they pleaſe. I read therefore,
Neither, *good Sir.* Mr. *Seward.*

(14) *For Alms in the high way,*] So the oldeſt Copy: The reſt, *From Alms the high-way.*

(15) —— *that with all advantage*] The 1647 Edition ſo. The later Copies,
—— *that with all* the *advantage.*

Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.
Gom. Be Maſter of your word; it is ſhe, Sir,
The matchleſs *Oriana*.
Val. Come down, Lady.
You've made her bluſh, let her conſent, I will
Make good my Oath.
Mount. Is't ſo? ſtay; I do love
So tenderly, (16) *Gomera*, your bright Fame,
As not to ſuffer your Perdition.
Gom. What means *Mountferrat?*

Enter Guard.

Mount. This whole *Auberge* hath,
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
Ta'en publick notice of the *Baſha*'s Love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and conſented
She ſhould return this anſwer, as he writ
For her Converſion, and betraying *Malta*,
She ſhould adviſe him betray *Tripoly*,
And turning Chriſtian, he ſhould marry her.
All. All this was ſo.
Mount. How weakly does this Court then
Send Veſſels forth to Sea, to guard the Land,
Taking ſuch ſpecial care to ſave one Bark,
Or ſtrive to add fam'd Men unto our Cloak,
When they lurk in our Boſoms would ſubvert
This State and us, preſuming on their Blood,
And partial Indulgence to their Sex?
Val. Who can this be?
Mount. Your Siſter, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the *Baſha*'s Letter.
Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this Pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor anſwer'd, nor perus'd, by ——
Mount. Do not ſwear,
Caſt not away your fair Soul, to your Treaſon

(16) —— Gomera, *your bright Flame.*] Thus run all the Copies from top to bottom, but I imagine the judicious Reader will wiſh with Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward*, and myſelf, that they had daſh'd out a Letter and read thus,
Your bright Fame.

Add

Add not foul Perjury: Is this your Hand?
Ori. 'Tis very like it.
Mount. May it pleaſe the Maſter,
Confer theſe Letters, and then read her Anſwer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me,
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To puniſh this moſt beauteous Treachery,
E'en in your Siſter, ſince in it I ſave
Malta from Ruin: I am bolder in't,
Becauſe it is ſo palpable, and withal
Know our great Maſter to this Country firm,
As was to th' *Roman Marcus*, who ſpar'd not
As dear a Siſter in the publick cauſe.
Val. I am amaz'd, attend me.

Reads the Letter.

Let your Forces by the next Even be ready, my Brother feaſts then; put in at St. Michaels, *the Aſcent at that Port is eaſieſt; the Keys of the Caſtle you ſhall receive at my Hands. That poſſeſs'd, you are Lord of* Malta, *and may ſoon deſtroy all by fire, than which I am hotter, 'till I embrace you. Farewel.* Your Wife

ORIANA.

From this time let me never read again.
Gentlew. 'Tis certainly, her Hand.
Val. This Letter too,
So cloſe kept by her ſelf, could not be anſwer'd
To every Period thus, but by her ſelf.
Ori. Sir, hear me.
Val. Peace, thou fair ſweet bank of Flowers,
Under whoſe Beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou akin to me, in ſome new Name
Dearer than Siſter, Mother, or all Blood,
I would not hear thee ſpeak: Bear her to Priſon,
So groſs is this, it needs no formal courſe,
Prepare thy ſelf, to Morrow thou ſhalt dye.
Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor Maid,
Almoſt i'faith as innocent as born, [thee. [*Ex.*
Thou know'ſt thou'rt wicked, *Frenchman*, Heav'n forgive

All. This Scene's turn'd ſtrangely.
Val. Yet can Nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat ſhould perceive my Siſter had
A Brother, would not live to ſee her dye
Unfought for, ſince the Statutes of our State
Allow, in caſe of Accuſations,
A Champion to defend a Lady's Truth.
Peter Gomera, thou haſt loſt thy Wife,
Death pleads a Precontract.
Gom. I've loſt my Tongue,
My Senſe, my Heart, and every Faculty:
Mountferrat, go not up; with Reverence
To our great Maſter, and this Conſiſtory
(I have conſidered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a Villain, and a Forger,
A Blood-ſucker of Innocence, an Hypocrite,
A moſt unworthy Wearer of our Croſs;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'ſt, that Gage,
And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman,
Meet me to Morrow Morning, where the Maſter
(17) And this Fraternity ſhall deſign, where I
Will cram this Slander back into thy Throat,
And with my Sword's point thruſt it to thy Heart,
The very Neſt where Luſt and Slander breeds.
Pardon my Paſſion; I will tear thoſe Spurs
Off from thy Heels, and ſtick 'em in thy Front,
As a mark'd Villain.
Mount. This I look'd not for:
Ten times more Villain, I return my Gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.
Gom. 'Tis that I crave.
All. It cannot be deny'd.
Gom. Do not I know,
With thouſand Gifts and Importunacies,
Thou often haſt ſollicited this Lady,
(Contrary to thy Oath of Chaſtity,)

(17) *And this Fraternity ſhall deſign,*] This word has its original Signification to *Appoint or Decree*, in Latin, *Deſignare*, from whence *Deſignator*, an Herald. Mr. *Seward.*

Who

Who ne'er (18) diſcloſing this thy hot-reign'd Luſt,
Yet tender to prevent a publick Scandal,
That Chriſtendom might juſtly have impos'd
Upon this holy Inſtitution,
Thou now haſt drawn this Practice 'gainſt her Life,
To quit her Charity.

Mount. Spaniard, thou lieſt.

Aſto. No more, *Gomera*, thou art granted Combat,
And you *Mountferrat* muſt prepare againſt
To Morrow Morning in the Valley here
Adjoining to *St. George*'s Port: A Lady
In caſe of Life, 'gainſt whom one Witneſs comes,
May have her Champion.

Val. And who hath moſt right
With, or againſt our Siſter, ſpeed in fight. [*Flouriſh. Ex.*

Enter Rocca.

Mount. Rocca, the firſt News of *Miranda*'s Service
Let me have notice of.

Roc. You ſhall: The *Moor*
Waits you without.

Mount. (19) Admit her; ha, ha, ha.
Oh, how my Fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*

(18 ——— *diſcloſing this thy* hot-reign'd *Luſt*,] *Hot-reign'd* as a Compound may ſignify that has *reign'd hotly*, nor do I therefore diſcard it, tho' there is a more natural reading extremely near the trace of the Letters, and 'tis this,

Who ne'er diſcloſing this thy not rein'd *Luſt*. Mr. *Seward.*

Since the Communication of my Friend's Correction, a Suſpicion has occur'd to me, that the Text ought to be reform'd thus,

Who no'er diſcloſing this thy hot-rein'd *Luſt*.

i. e. Having hot Reins, Kidneys.

(19) *Admit her; ha, ha, ha.*] Laughter which is always thus expreſs'd, ſeems by no means ſuited to *Mountferrat*'s preſent Circumſtances. The Whirls of his Brain between his Fears and Plots of Prevention, are what *Shakeſpear* has finely deſcribed in *Julius Cæſar*.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt Motion, all the interim is
Like a Phantaſma, or an hideous Dream.

Troubled Geſture and ſudden Starts wou'd expreſs this, but not Laughter. The Poets therefore moſt probably wrote it,

Admit her —— Ha? — ha? — ha? —— Mr. *Seward*,

Loves *Oriana*; ſhe, as I ſhould gueſs,
Affects *Miranda*; theſe are two dear Friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as Steel and Flint.
To make 'em ſo now, one againſt the other——

Enter Zanthia.

Stay, let me lick it better — *Zanthia*,
Firſt tell me this, did *Don Gomera* uſe
To give his Viſits to your Miſtreſs?
Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too, but ſev'rally.
Mount. Which did ſhe moſt apply to?
Zan. Faith to neither:
Yet infinitely I've heard her praiſe 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one Man,
I think ſhe was in love with't.
Mount. Zanthia,
Another Letter you muſt frame for me
Inſtantly, in your Lady's Character,
To ſuch a purpoſe as I'll tell thee ſtrait;
Go in, and ſtay me: Go my Tinder-box,
Croſs lines I'll croſs; ſo, ſo, my after-game
I muſt play better: Woman, I will ſpread
My Vengeance over *Malta*, for thy ſake:
Spaniard, *Italian*, like my Steel and Stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilſt I ſeem preciſe,
And wink, to ſave the ſparkles from mine Eyes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, *Soldiers, and Gentlemen.*

Mir. HOW is it, Sir?
Nor. Pray ſet me down; I cool,
And my Wounds ſmart.
Mir. I hope yet,

Though

Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward Fool; but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I ſhan't leave 'em ſo;
I make the Rogues more work than all the Iſland,
And yet they give me th' hardeſt words for my Mony.
Mir. I'm glad ye are ſo ſprightly; ye fought bravely.
(Go call the Surgeons, Soldiers;) wondrous nobly,
Upon my Life, I have not ſeen ſuch Valour,
Maintained ſo long, and to ſo large a ruin,
The odds ſo ſtrong againſt ye too.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely Succour:
By th' Meſs it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and ſtrongly handled; we had duck'd elſe,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me elſe; but he's well paid for't.
Why what a ſign for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Aſtorius.

Aſto. I'm glad to find ye here, Sir, of neceſſity
I muſt have come Aboard elſe; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair Victory,
And all the Iſland ſpeaks your Valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in that ye took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the Dev'l ſhould bring him.
H'as truly Circumcis'd me.
Aſto. I've a buſineſs
Which much concerns ye, preſently concerns ye;
But not this Place nor People: Pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye ——
Mir. I'll wait on ye.
I muſt crave leave a while; my Care dwells with ye,
And I muſt wait my ſelf ——
Nor. Your Servant, Sir.
Mir. Believe I ſhall, and what my Love can miniſter;
Keep your ſtout Heart ſtill.
Nor. That's my beſt Phyſician.
Mir. And I ſhall keep your Fame fair. [*Exit.*
Nor. Y'are too noble.

A brave young Fellow of a matchleſs Spirit;
He brought me off like Thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been ſhot to ſave mine Honour:
And when my fainting Men, tyr'd with their labour,
And lack of Blood, gave to the *Turk* aſſurance
The Day was his; when I was cut in ſhreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bleſs us;
Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
And let fly (20) Blood, and Death, in Storms amongſt 'em.
Then might I hear their ſleepy Prophet howl too,
And all their ſilver Creſcents then I ſaw
Like falling Meteors ſpent, and ſet for ever
Under the Croſs of *Malta*; Death ſo wanton
I never look'd upon, ſo full of revel.

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be dreſs'd yet: Methought that Fellow
Was fit for no Converſation, nor no Chriſtian
That had not half his Brains knockt out, no Soldier.
Oh valiant young Man, how I love thy Virtue.

1 *Sold.* Pray ye Sir be dreſs'd, alas ye bleed apace yet.

Nor. 'Tis but the ſweat of Honour, alas! thou Milkſop,
Thou Man of *March*-pane, canſt thou fear to ſee
A few light Hurts, that bluſh they are no bigger,
A few ſmall Scratches? Get y' a Cawdle, Sirrah,
Your Finger akes, and let the old Wives watch thee:
Bring in the Booty, and the Priſoners;
By Heav'n I'll ſee 'em, and diſpoſe 'em firſt,
Before I have a drop of Blood wip'd from me; go.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Surg. You'll faint, Sir.

Nor. No, ye lye, Sir, like an Aſs, Sir;
(21) I have no ſuch Pigs hurt in my Belly.

(20) The firſt Folio thus; the other Editions,
——— *Blood, and Death,* and *Storms.*

(21) *I have no ſuch Pigs hurt in my Belly.*] The Captain wou'd ſeemingly ſay that he has more Courage than to faint at ſuch ſlight Wounds as he had receiv'd, but as the Words are incapable in appearance of conveying any ſuch Senſe, may we not ſuppoſe the Poets made him ſay,

I have no ſuch Pigs heart *in my Belly.*

Surg.

Surg. By my Life, Captain,
Theſe Hurts are n't to be jeſted with.
Nor. If thou hadſt 'em;
They're my Companions, Fool, my Family:
I cannot eat nor ſleep without their Company.
Doſt take me for St. *Davy*, that fell dead
With ſeeing of his Noſe bleed?

Enter Soldiers with Booty.

Surg. Here they come, Sir;
But would you would be dreſs'd.
Nor. Pox, dreſs thy ſelf firſt,
Thou faint'ſt a great deal faſter: What's all this?
1 *Sol.* The Mony and the Merchandize ye took, Sir.
Nor. A goodly Purchaſe; is't for this we venture
Our Liberties and Lives? What can all this do?
(22) Get me ſome dozen Surfeits, ſome ſeven freſh Whores,
And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I'm virtuous.
Lay th' Knight's Part by, and that to pay the Soldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deſerv'd it: [maid,
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chamber-
I'll neither ſtart nor ſqueak? What's that i'th' Truſs there?
2 *Sol.* 'Tis Cloth of Tiſſue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.
Nor. I ſhall look redder ſhortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that Crack, Surgeon?
Surg. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.
Nor. There's for your Plaiſter.
A very learned Surgeon: What's in that Pack there?
1 *Sol.* 'Tis *Engliſh* Cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both ſtrong, and rich; but yet it has a Virtue

(22) *Get me —— ſome ſeven freſh Whores,*
And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I'm virtuous.] The oldeſt Copy reads thus,
And twenty Pot-Allies and to: *and then*, &c.
Which wou'd induce one to think the Original might run ſo,
And twenty Pot-Allies, and two.
Two is often miſtakenly wrote *too* in the oldeſt Edition, and poſſibly might have been ſo here.

A Twang of the own Country, that ſpoils all;
A Man ſhall ne'er be ſober in't. Where are the Gentlemen
That ventur'd with me, both their Lives and Fortunes?
Come forward, my fair Spirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his Worth, when he forgets your Valours.
You've loſt an Eye, I ſaw ye face all Hazards:
You've one left yet, to chuſe your Miſtreſs.
You have your Leg broke with a Shot; yet ſitting,
I ſaw you make the Place good with your Pike ſtill.
And your Hand's gone; a good Heart wants no Inſtru-
Share that amongſt ye, there's an Eye, an Arm, [ments,
And that will bear you up, when your Legs cannot.
Oh, where's the honeſt Sailor? (23) That poor Fellow,
Indeed that bold brave Fellow, that with his Musket
Taught them new Ways how to put their Caps off,
That ſtood the fire of all the Fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd; welcome aſhore Knave;
Give me thy Hand, if they be not both loſt; [come;
Faith thou art welcome, my tough Knave, thou'rt wel-
Thou'lt not ſhrink i'th' waſhing;
Hold, there's a Piece of Scarlet, get thee handſome.
And this to buy thee Buttons.

Sail. Thank ye Captain.

Command my Life at all Hours.

Nor. Thou durſt give it.

You have deſerv'd too.

3 *Sold.* We have ſeen the Fight, Sir.

Nor. Yes, coil'd up in a Cable, like ſalt Eels,
Or buried low i'th' Ballaſt, d'you call that fighting?
Where be your Wounds? Your Knocks? your want of
Limbs, Rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the Maſter-Gunner
Where thou might'ſt lye ſafeſt? and he ſtrait anſwer'd,
Put thy Head in that Hole, new bor'd with a Cannon,

(23) ——— *That poor Fellow,*
Indeed that bold brave Fellow] The aſcent from *poor* to *bold and brave Fellow* ſeems to be too ſudden, and I imagine the Authors might have given it thus,
That pure *Fellow,*
Indeed that bold, &c.

For

For it was an hundred to one, another Shot would not hit
Your Wages you ſhall have, but for Rewards [there:
Take your own ways, and get ye to the Taverns;
There, when y'are hot with Wine, 'mongſt your Admirers.
Take Ships, and Towns, and Caſtles at your Pleaſures,
And make th' great *Turk* ſhake at your Valours. Bring in
The Priſoners; now (24) my brave Muſslemen.

Enter Priſoners, and Lucinda.

You that are Lords o'th' Sea, and ſcorn us Chriſtians,
Which of your mangy Lives is worth this Hurt here?
Away to Priſon with 'em, ſee 'em ſafe;
You ſhall find we have Gallies too, and Slaves too.
1 *Sold.* What ſhall be done with this Woman, Sir?
Nor. Pox take her,
'Twas ſhe that ſet me on to fight with theſe Rogues,
[*Surgeons dreſs him.*
That Ring-Worm, rot it; what can you do now
With all your Paintings, and your Pouncings, Lady,
T' reſtore my Blood again? You, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbonado of me — Plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye Rogue — this is thy Work, Woman,
Thou lowſie Woman — 'death, you go too deep ſtill —
The ſeeing of your ſimpering Sweetneſs: — ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one Night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, Sweet-heart, and oh my dear Chicken,
Scratching my Head, or fumbling with my Fore-maſt,
Do me good now? Ye've powder'd me for one Year.
I am in ſouce I thank ye; thank your Beauty,
Your moſt ſweet Beauty; pox upon thoſe Goggles,
We cannot fight like honeſt Men, for Honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in ſteps one of you; the Devil's Holineſs
And you muſt have a Dance: away with her,
She ſtinks to me now.
1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, Captain?
2 *Sold.* Or I?

(24) The Copy of 1647 has it,
——— *my brave* Muſulmans.

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her ———
4 *Sold.* Good Captain, I.
3 *Sold.* And make her a good Chriſtian; lay Hands off her; I know ſhe's mine.
2 *Sold.* I'll give my full Share for her; have ye no Manners, To thruſt the Woman ſo?
Nor. Share her among ye;
And may ſhe give y'as many Hurts as I have,
And twice as many Aches.
Luc. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from theſe Soldiers Wildneſs,
'Till I but ſpeak two Words.
Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your Book, proceed.
Luc. Victorious Sir,
Seldom are ſeen in Men ſo valiant,
Minds ſo devoid of Virtue; he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preſerve his Conqueſt,
'Tis but a baſe Theft elſe. Valour's a Virtue,
Crown of Mens Actions here; yours, as you make it.
And can you put ſo rough a Foil as Violence,
As wronging of weak Woman, to your Triumph?
Nor. Let her alone.
Luc. I've loſt my Husband, Sir;
You feel not that: Him that I love; you care not:
When Fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too:
My Liberty I kneel not for; mine Honour
(If ever virtuous Honour touch'd your Heart yet)
Make dear and precious, Sir; you had a Mother ——
Nor. The roguy thing ſpeaks finely, neat; who took ye?
For he muſt be your Guard.
Luc. I wiſh no better:
A noble Gentleman, and nobly us'd me,
They call'd his Name *Miranda.*
Nor. You are his then?
Ye've light upon a young Man worth your Service,
I free ye from th' reſt, and from all Violence;
He that doth offer't, by my Head he hangs for't:
Go ſee her ſafe kept, 'till the noble Gentleman
Be ready to diſpoſe her; thank your Tongue,

You

You have a good one, and preſerve it good ſtill.
Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll ſee ye paid all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda *and* Aſtorius.

Aſto. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuouſly ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haſte: I knew ye priz'd her,
As all fair Minds do Goodneſs.
Mir. Good *Aſtorius*,
I muſt confeſs I do much Honour her,
And worthily I hope ſtill.
Aſto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
For on my Life ſhe's much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was abſent.
Aſto. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera*'s Noble,
Of a try'd Faith and Valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilſt I was not there, and whilſt ſhe ſuffer'd,
Whilſt Virtue ſuffer'd, Friend.—Oh how it loads me!
Whilſt Innocence and Sweetneſs ſunk together——
How cold it ſits here? If my Arm had fought for her,
My Youth, though naked, ſtood againſt all Treaſons,
My Sword here graſp'd, Love on the Edge, and Honour,
And but a Signal (25) from her Eye to ſeal it;
If then ſhe had been loſt. — I brag too late,
And too much I detract from the noble *Peter*.
Yet ſome poor Service I would do her Sweetneſs,
Alas ſhe needs it, my *Aſtorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.
Aſto. Noble Spirit.
Mir. And what I can---prithee bear with this Weakneſs,

(25) ——— *from her Eye to ſeal it*;] *To ſeal a Sword* ſeems a very odd Metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was *Steel*. The Propriety and Elegance of which might be prov'd by forty Paſſages in *Shakeſpear* and our Authors, where 'tis us'd in the ſame Senſe; and the Reader will find it twice before the end of this Act. Mr. *Seward*.

Often

Often I do not uſe theſe Womens Weapons,
But where true Pity is —— I am much troubled,
And ſomething have to do, I cannot form yet.

Aſto. I'll take my Leave, Sir, I ſhall but diſturb ye.

Mir. An't pleaſe you for a while; and pray to Fortune
To ſmile upon this Lady.

Aſto. All my Help, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mir. Gomera's old and ſtiff, and he may loſe her,
The Winter of his Years and Wounds upon him,
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's Fury's in his Heat of Summer,
The whiſtling of his Sword like angry Storms,
Renting up Life by th' Roots: I've ſeen him ſcale
As if a Falcon had run up a Train,
Claſhing his warlike Pinions, his ſteel'd Curaſs.
And at his Pitch (26) inmew the Town below him.
I muſt do ſomething.

Enter Colonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n ſake
Take Pity of a poor afflicted Chriſtian,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another.

Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give
From what Affliction, Sir?

Col. From Cold and Hunger,
From Nakedneſs and Stripes.

Mir. A Priſoner?

Col. A Slave, Sir, in the *Turkiſh* Prize, new taken;
That in the Heat of Fight, when your brave Hand
Brought the *Dane* Succour, got my Irons off,
And put my ſelf to mercy of the Ocean.

Mir. And ſwum to Land?

Col. I did, Sir, Heav'n was gracious;
But now a Stranger, and my Wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preſerve this Life, Sir,
With Honeſty and Truth,) I am not look'd on;
The Hand of Pity that ſhould give for Heav'ns ſake,

(26) —— *inmew the Town below him.*] Mr. *Theobald* wou'd have the Line corrected thus,

The Fowl *below him.*

And

And charitable Hearts, are grown ſo cold, Sir,
Never remembring what their Fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou ſay'ſt too true; of what Profeſſion art thou?
Col. I have been better train'd, and can ſerve truly,
Where Truſt is laid on me.
Mir. A handſome Fellow;
Haſt th' then e'er bore Arms?
Col. I've trod full many a March, Sir,
(27) And ſome Hurts have to ſhew; before me too, Sir.
Mir. Pity this thing ſhou'd ſtarve, or, forc'd for Want,
Come t' a worſe End. I know not what thou may'ſt be,
But if thou think'ſt it fit to be a Servant,
I'll be a Maſter, and a good one to thee,
If ye deſerve, Sir.
Col. Elſe I ask no Favour.
Mir. Then, Sir, to try your Truſt, becauſe I like you,
Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a Woman,
A *Turkiſh* Priſoner, for me receive her,
I hear ſhe is my Prize, look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my Priſoner,
The Chriſtians need no Schoolmaſters for Honour.
Take this to buy thee Cloaths, this Ring, to help thee
Into th' Fellowſhip of my Houſe; y'are a Stranger,
And my Servants will not know ye elſe; there keep her,
And with all Modeſty preſerve your Service.
Col. A foul Example find me elſe; Heav'n thank ye,
Of Captain *Norandine?*
Mir. The ſame.
Col. 'Tis done, Sir:
And may Heav'n's Goodneſs ever dwell about ye.
Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.
Col. I ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

(27) *And ſome Hurts have to ſhew; before me too, Sir.*] I have a ſmall Quarrel to *me* here; *Shakeſpear* does not write ſo, in the laſt Scene of *Mackbeth*: Old *Siward*, upon hearing his Son was dead in Battle, asks *Roſſe*, who told him the heavy News,

Had he his Wounds before.

So here I wou'd ſtrike out *me*, and read the Line thus,

And ſome Hurts have to ſhew, before too, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Mountferrat *with a Letter, and* Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully; moſt unmanly.
Mount. Let me alone.
Abd. Thus leadenly?
Mount. ——— Take ye.
Abd. At every childiſh Fear? At every Shadow?
Are you *Mountferrat*, that have done ſuch Deeds?
Wrought through ſuch bloody Fields, Men ſhake to ſpeak of?
Can ye go back? Is there a Safety left yet
But fore-right? Is not Ruin round about ye? [whole?
Have ye not ſtill theſe Arms, that Sword, that Heart
Is't not a Man ye fight with, and an old Man,
A Man half kill'd already? Am not I here?
As lovely in my Black to entertain thee,
As high and full of Heat to meet thy Pleaſures? ——
Mount. I'll be alone.
Abd. Ye ſhall; farewel, Sir,
And do it bravely, never think of Conſcience;
There is none to a Man reſolv'd; be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, moſt unhappy Wretch as thou haſt made me
More Devil than thy ſelf, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it; how he ſtarts?
All is not handſome in thy Heart, *Mountferrat.*
God ſpeed ye, Sir, I have been ſeeking of ye?
They ſay you are to fight to Day.
Mount. What then? [Sir.
Mir. Nay, nothing but good Fortune to your Sword,
Ye have a Cauſe requires it, th' Iſland's Safety,
The Order's, and your Honour's.
Mount. And do you make a Queſtion
I will not fight it nobly?

Mir.

Mir. Ye dare fight,
Ye have, and with as great Confidence as Juſtice,
I've ſeen ye ſtrike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mount. Why are theſe Queſtions then?
Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.
Ye have a Lady in your Cauſe, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on Ground, a nobler ——
Mount. Do ye come on ſo faſt? I have it for ye.
[*Aſide.*
Mir. The Sun ne'er ſaw a ſweeter.
Mount. Theſe I grant ye;
Nor dare I againſt Beauty heave my Hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly:
But when theſe Excellencies turn to Ruin,
To Ruin of themſelves, and thoſe protect 'em;
When Virtue's loſt, Luſt and Diſhonour enter'd;
Loſs of our ſelves and Souls baſely projected —
Mir. Do you think 'tis ſo?
Mount. Too ſure.
Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought, *Mountferrat*, ſo much Sweetneſs,
So great a Magazine of all things precious,
A Mind ſo heav'nly made? —— prithee obſerve me.
Mount. I thought ſo too; now by my holy Order,
He that had told me, ('till Experience found
Too bold a Proof) this Lady had been vicious ——
I wear no dull Sword, Sir, nor hate I Virtue.
Mir. Againſt her Brother? To the Man has bred her?
Her Blood and Honour?——
Mount. Where ambitious Luſt,
(Deſire to be above the Rule preſcrib'd her,)
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chaſtity, cold Duty,
Like Faſhions old forgot, ſhe flings behind her,
And puts on Blood and Miſchief, Death and Ruin,
To raiſe her new-built Hopes, new Faith to faſten her:
Ma'foy, ſhe is as foul, as Heav'n is beauteous.
Mir. Thou ly'ſt, thou ly'ſt *Mountferrat*, thou ly'ſt baſely;
Stare not, nor ſwell not with thy Pride; thou ly'ſt,
And this ſhall make it good.
Mount. Out with your Heat, firſt

Ye ſhall be fought withal.

Mir. By ——— that Lady,
The Virtue of that Woman, were all th' good deeds
Of all thy Family, bound in one Fagot,
From *Adam* to this hour, but with one ſparkle
Would fire that wiſp, and turn it to light Aſhes.

Mount. Oh pitiful young Man, ſtruck blind with Beauty?
Shot with a Woman's ſmile: poor, poor *Miranda*;
Thou hopeful young Man once, but now thou loſt Man;
Thou naked Man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozen'd? Didſt thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear Honour, (mark me Fool)
Which like a Father I have kept from blaſting,
Thy tender Honour is abus'd — but fight firſt,
And then too late, thou ſhalt know all.

Mir. Thou ly'ſt ſtill.

Mount. Stay, now I'll ſhew thee all, and then I'll kill thee.
I love thee ſo dear, Time ſhall not diſgrace thee.
Read that. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Mir. It is her Hand; it is moſt certain;
Good Angels keep me; that I ſhould be her Agent
To betray *Malta*, and bring her to the *Baſha*,
That on my tender love lay all her Project!
Eyes never ſee again, melt out for ſorrow;
Did the Devil do this?

Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love ſo dearly;
Come, will ye fight again?

Mir. No, prithee kill me,
For Heav'n's ſake, and for Goodneſs' ſake diſpatch me,
For the diſgrace ſake that I gave thee, kill me.

Mount. Why, are ye guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd, *Mountferrat*,
To ſee Diſhonour ſwallow up all Virtue,
And now would die: By Heav'n's eternal Brightneſs,
I am as clear as Innocence.

Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all Knowledge,
And this my Sword from Anger, ye had dy'd elſe.
And yet I lye, and baſely lye.

Mir.

Mir. O Virtue!
Unſpotted Virtue, whither art thou vaniſh'd?
What haſt thou left us to abuſe our Frailties,
In ſhape of Goodneſs?
Mount. Come, take Courage, Man,
I have forgiven and forgot your raſhneſs,
And hold you fair as light in all your Actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your Loves; take comfort,
There be more Women.
Mir. And more Miſchief in 'em.
Mount. The Juſtice I ſhall do, to right theſe Villanies,
Shall make ye Man again: I'll ſtrike it ſure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely, put this puling Paſſion
Out of your Mind; one knock for thee, *Miranda*,
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When ſhe accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy abſence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyiſh, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one ſound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young Spark.
Mir. Boy, did he call me?
Gomera call me Boy?
Mount. It pleas'd his Gravity,
To think ſo of ye then: they that do Service,
And honeſt Service, ſuch as thou and I do,
Are either Knaves or Boys.
Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?
How look'd he when he ſaid it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Humane and ſweet.
Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed Diſſention,
'Tis an unfriendly Office; and had't been
(28) To any of a higher ſtrain than you, Sir,

The

(28) *To any of an* higher ſtrain *than you are,*] At firſt glance, the Reader may think as I once did with Mr. *Seward*, that *lighter*, or *lower*, or ſome ſuch word ſhou'd ſupply the place of *higher*. But poſſibly the Paſſage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even*

The well known. well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: hap'ly 'twas his haſte too,
And zeal to her.
Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?
Shame take me if I ſuffer't; puff, farewel Love.
Mount. Ye know my buſineſs, I muſt leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.
Mir. I muſt not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your Goodneſs
Have granted me one courteſie: ye ſay ye love me?
Mount. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that Courteſie
Nothing concern mine Honour.
Mir. You muſt do it,
Or you will never ſee me more.
Mount. What is it?
It ſhall be great that puts ye off; pray ſpeak it.
Mir. Pray let me fight to day, good, dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*——
Mount. Fie, *Miranda*,
D'ye weigh my Worth ſo little?
Mir. On my Knees,
As ever thou hadſt true touch of a ſorrow
Thy Friend conceiv'd, as ever Honour lov'd thee——
Mount. Shall I turn Recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy Cauſe,
Thou haſt no Reputation wounded in't;
Thine's but a general zeal: death, I am tainted,
The deareſt twyn to life, my Credit's murder'd,
Baffl'd and boy'd.
Mount. I'm glad ye've ſwallow'd it. [*Aſide.*
I muſt confeſs I pity ye; and 'tis a juſtice,
A great one too, you ſhould revenge theſe Injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do't,
And Man, as much as Man may: but *Miranda*,——
Why do ye kneel?

Temper and Diſpoſition of *Miranda*, and means that had he been of an hot fiery Temper prone to Paſſion, *&c.* he ſhou'd not have diſcovered a Secret, which might poſſibly breed Diſſenſion betwixt *Gomera* and him. This I only offer the Reader, in order to give the Text fair Play, if he does not approve of the Explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are ſtill at his Service.

Mir.

Mir. By——I'll grow to th' Ground here,
And with my Sword dig up my Grave, and fall in't,
Unleſs thou grant me—Dear *Mountferrat*, Friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The Honour ſhall be yours.
Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet ſo much I ſhould tender——
Mir. I'll preſerve all:
By——I will; or all the Sin fall with me,
Pray let me.
Mount. Ye have won; I'll once be Coward
To pleaſure you.
Mir. I kiſs your Hands, and thank ye.
Mount. Be tender of my Credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the Fire that flames.
Mount. I'll ſend mine Armour,
My Man ſhall preſently attend ye with it,
For you muſt arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be ſure, and ſecret,
And laſt be fortunate; farewel, y' are fitted:
I'm glad the load's off me.
Mir. My beſt *Mountferrat.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Norandine *and Doctor.*

Nor. Doctor, I'll ſee the Combat, that's the truth on't,
If I had ne'er a Leg, I'd crawl to ſee it.
Doct. You're moſt unfit, if I might counſel ye,
Your Wounds ſo many, and the Air——
Nor. The Halter;
The Air's as good an Air, as fine an Air——
Wouldſt thou have me live in an Oven?
Doct. Beſide the noiſe, Sir,
Which to a tender Body——
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My Body muſt be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my Broth; I never proſper,
With Knuckles o' Veal, and Birds in Sorrel Sops,

Cawdles, and Cullyſſes, they waſh me away
Like a Horſe had eaten Grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled Herring, and a pottle of Sack, Doctor,
(29) And half a dozen Trumpets——
Doct. You're a ſtrange Gentleman——
Nor. As e'er thou knew'ſt; wilt thou give m' another Gliſter,
That I may ſit cleanly there like a *French* Lady,
When ſhe goes to a Mask at Court: Where's thy Hoboy?
Doct. I'm glad y' are grown ſo merry.
Nor. Welcome, Gentlemen.

Enter Aſtorius, *and* Caſtriot.

Aſto. We come to ſee you, Sir; and glad we are
To ſee you thus, thus forward to your Health.
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.
Doct. Nay, thank your ſelf, Sir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'er obſerves any of our Preſcriptions.
Nor. Give me my Mony again then, good ſweet Doctor;
Wilt thou have twenty Shillings a day for vexing me?
Doct. That ſhall not ſerve ye, Sir.
Nor. Then forty ſhall, Sir,
And that will make ye ſpeak well: Hark, the Drums.
[*Drums afar off: A low March.*
Caſt. They begin to beat to th' Field: Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was ſuch a Stake, I hope, of Innocence,
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in Blood, before.
Aſto. It makes us hang our Heads all.
Nor. A bold Villain;
If there be Treaſon in it— Accuſe poor Ladies?
And yet they may do miſchief too——I'll be with ye:
If ſhe be innocent I ſhall find it quickly,
And ſomething then I'll ſay——
Aſto. Come, lean on us, Sir.
Nor. I thank ye, Gentlemen: and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little ſneezing Powder in your Pocket,

(29) Mr. *Theobald* has explain'd this in his firſt Note on *The Scornful Lady*.

For

For fear I ſwoon (30) when I ſee Blood.

Doct. You're pleaſant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Marſhals.

1 *Marſh.* Are the Combatants come in?

[*The Scaffold ſet out, and the Stairs.*

2 *Marſh.* Yes.

1 *Marſh.* Make the Field clear there.

2 *Marſh.* That's done too.

1 *Marſh.* Then to the Priſoner, the grand Maſter's coming,

Let's ſee that all be ready there.

2 *Marſh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very Ends are?

Alas, ſweet Lady, if ſhe be innocent, [*Flouriſh.*

No doubt but Juſtice will direct her Champion.

Away, I hear 'em come.

1 *Marſh.* Pray Heav'n ſhe proſper.

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Aſtorius, Caſtriot, *&c.*

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a Chair.

Nor. I thank your Lordſhip.

Val. Sit, Sir, and take your eaſe; your Hurts require it:

You come to ſee a Woman's Cauſe decided,

(That's all the Knowledge now, or Name I've for her:)

They ſay a falſe, and baſe, and treach'rous Woman,

And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity't ſhould be ſo:

And if your Lordſhip durſt ask my Opinion,

Sure I ſhould anſwer No; ſo much I honour her:

And anſwer't with my Life too: But *Gomera*

Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,

And if he be not good, Dogs gnaw his Fleſh off,

And one above 'em both will find the Truth out.

He never fails, Sir.

(30) All the other Books, but the firſt Folio, read,

——*when I ſee* my *Blood.*

Val. That's the hope reſts with me.

Nor. How Nature and his Honour ſtruggle in him!
A ſweet, clear, noble Gentleman.

[*Within, make room there.*

Guard. Make room there.

Val. Go up, and what you have to ſay, ſay there.

Enter Oriana, *Ladies, Executioner,* Abdella, *and Guard.*

Ori. Thus I aſcend; nearer I hope to Heav'n;
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black Manſion,
The Image of my Grave, each foot we move
Goes to it ſtill; each hour we leave behind us,
Knolls ſadly toward it: My noble Brother,
For yet mine Innocence dares call ye ſo,
And you the Friends to Virtue, that come hither,
The Chorus to this Tragick Scene, behold me,
Behold me with your Juſtice, not with Pity,
(My Cauſe was ne'er ſo poor to ask Compaſſion,)
Behold me in this ſpotleſs White I wear,
The Emblem of my Life, of all my Actions,
So ye ſhall find my Story, though I periſh:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,
Tender and full of fears our bluſhing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentleſs Thoughts; (31) unhatcht
With Blood and bloody Practice: 'las, we tremble
But when an angry Dream afflicts our Fancies,
Die with a Tale well told; had I been practis'd,
And known the way of Miſchief, travell'd in it,
And giv'n my Blood and Honour up to reach it;
Forgot Religion, and the Line I ſprung of;
Oh Heav'n! I had been fit then for thy Juſtice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I'd howl'd here.
Laſt, in your own Opinions weigh mine Innocence;
Amongſt ye I was planted from an Infant,
(Would then, if Heav'n had ſo been pleas'd, I'd periſh'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear Fruit,
The honourable Fruit of Marriage:
And am I blaſted in my Bud, with Treaſon?

(31) See Note 51 on *The Cuſtom of the Country.*

Boldly

Boldly and baſely of my fair Name raviſh'd,
And hither brought to find my Reſt in Ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all Wrongs,
And in his time reſtores, knows me: I've ſpoken.
Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye,
And ſo I leave ye to his Sword ſtrikes for ye;
Farewel.
Ori. Oh that went deep, farewel dear Brother,
And howſoe'er my Cauſe goes, ſee my Body
(Upon my Knees, I ask it) buried chaſtely;
For yet, by holy Truth, it never treſpaſs'd.
Aſto. Juſtice ſit on your Cauſe, and Heav'n fight for ye.
Nor. Two of ye, Gentlemen, do me but the Honour
To lead me to her; good my Lord, your Leave too.
Val. You have it, Sir.
Nor. Give me your fair Hand fearleſs,
As white as this I ſee your Innocence,
As ſpotleſs, and as pure, be n't afraid, Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler Fortune,
To add unto your Life immortal Story:
Virtue, through hardeſt things arrives at Happineſs,
Shame follow that blunt Sword that loſes you;
And he that ſtrikes againſt you, I ſhall ſtudy
A Curſe or two for him: Once more your fair Hand,
I ne'er brought ill Luck yet; be fearleſs happy.
Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.
Nor. So I leave ye.
Val. Call in the Knights ſeverally.

Enter ſeverally, Gomera *and* Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my Champion,
And then to Heav'n and him I give my Cauſe up.
Val. Speak quickly, and ſpeak ſhort.
Ori. I have not much, Sir.
Noble *Gomera*, from your own free Virtue,
You've undertaken here a poor Maid's Honour,
And with the hazard of your Life; and happily
You may ſuſpect the Cauſe, though in your true Worth
You will not ſhew it; therefore take this Teſtimony,
(And as I hope for Happineſs, a true one,)

And

And may it ſteel your Heart, and edge your good Sword:
Ye fight for her, as ſpotleſs of theſe Miſchiefs,
As Heav'n is of our Sins, or Truth of Errors,
And ſo defie that treacherous Man, and proſper.
Nor. Bleſſing o' thy Heart, Lady.
Val. Give the Signal to 'em. [*Low Alarms.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought; *Gomera*, follow that blow,—
Well ſtruck again, Boy——look upon the Lady,
And gather Spirit: brave again——lye cloſe,
Lye cloſe, I ſay—he fights aloft, and ſtrongly;
Cloſe for thy life— a——o' that fell Buffet:
Retire and gather Breath; ye've Day enough, Knights---
Look lovely on him, Lady; to't again now.
Stand, ſtand, *Gomera*, ſtand—one blow for all now.
Gather thy ſtrength together; God bleſs th' Woman:
Why, where's thy noble Heart? Heav'n bleſs the Lady.
All. Oh, oh!
Val. She is gone, ſhe is gone.
Nor. Now ſtrike it. [quer'd—
Hold, hold—he yields: hold thy brave Sword, he's con-
He's thine, *Gomera*; now be joyful, Lady:
What could this Thief have done, had's Cauſe been equal?
He made my Heart-ſtrings tremble.
Val. Off with's Cask there;
And Executioner, take you his Head next.
Abdel. Oh curſed Fortune! [*Aſide.*
Gom. Stay, I beſeech ye, Sir, and this one Honour
Grant me, I have deſerv'd it; that this Villain
May live one day, to envy at my Juſtice,
That he may pine and die, before the Sword fall,
Viewing the Glory I have won her Goodneſs.
Val. He ſhall, and you the Harveſt of your Valour
Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.
Gom. I've ſav'd her,
(32) Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs Worth from black Deſtruction,
(Her

(32) *Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs Worth from black* Deſtruction,] If by Worth the Poets mean her *worthy ſelf*, to ſave that from Deſtruction, wou'd be only ſaying the ſame thing, wi h preſerving

Her Youth, and Sweetneſs, from a timeleſs Ruin,

Three Lines below. But if by Worth be meant her *Fame* and *Character*,

(Her white Name to Eternity deliver'd,)
Her Youth, and Sweetneſs from a timeleſs Ruin.
Now, Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody Labour
May but deſerve her Favour——
Mir. Stay, hear me firſt.
Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda*'s Voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or elſe mine Eyes abuſe me,
What makes he here thus?
Ori. Ah! the young *Miranda*?
Is he mine En'my too?
Mir. None has deſerv'd her,
If Worth muſt carry it, and Service ſeek her,
But he that ſav'd her Honour.
Gom. That's I, *Miranda*.
Mir. No, no, that's I, *Gomera*, be n't ſo forward;
In bargain for my Love, ye cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it; which is nobler?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did; fought it? that's a poor Deſert, Sir,
They're bound to that; but then to make that Fight ſure,
To do as I did, take all Danger from it,
Suffer that Coldneſs, that muſt call me now
Into Diſgrace for ever, into Pity——
Gom. I undertook firſt, to preſerve her from Hazard.
Mir. And I made ſure no Hazard ſhould come near her.
Gom. 'Twas I defy'd *Mountferrat*.
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him;
You'd had a dark Day elſe; 'twas I defy'd
His Conſcience firſt, 'twas I that ſhook him there,
Which is the brave Defiance.
Gom. My Life and Honour
At ſtake I laid.
Mir. My Care, and Truth lay'd by it,
Leſt that Stake might be loſt: I have deſerv'd her,

racter, I then ſhould think *Deſtruction* a Corruption, and would propoſe reading the Line ſo,

Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs Worth from black Detraction.

And

And none but I; the Lady might have periſh'd,
Had fell *Mountferrat* ſtruck it, from whoſe Malice
With Cunning and bold Confidence I catch'd it,
And 'twas high time—and ſuch a Service, Lady,
For you, and for your Innocence—for who knows
Not th' all-devouring Sword of fierce *Mountferrat?*
I ſhew'd what I could do, had I been ſpightful;
Or Maſter but of half the Poiſon he bears, [Madam,
('Hell take his Heart for't) and beſhrew theſe Hands,
With all my Heart, I wiſh a Miſchief on 'em,
They made ye once look ſad; ſuch another Fright
I would not put ye in, (33) to own the Iſland;
Yet pardon me, 'twas but to ſhew a Soldier,
Which, when I'd done, I ended your poor Coward.

Val. Let ſome look out, for the baſe Knight, *Mountferrat*——

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if's Man be truſty; [*Aſide.*
This was a ſtrange Misfortune; I muſt not know it.

Val. That moſt deboſhed Knight—come down ſweet Siſter,
My ſpotleſs Siſter, now pray thank theſe Gentlemen,
They have deſerv'd both truly, nobly of ye,
Both excellently, dearly, both all th' Honour,
All the Reſpect and Favour——

Ori. Both ſhall have it;
And as my Life, their Memories I'll nouriſh.

Val. Ye're both true Knights, and both moſt worthy Lovers;
Here ſtands a Lady ripen'd with your Service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare ſay) truly honourable:
'Tis my Will ſhe ſhall marry, marry now, [ſerts
And one of you; (ſhe cannot take more nobly) your De-
Begot this Will, and bred it; both her Beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare ye make me your Umpire?

Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.

(33) Thus the firſt Folio: The Octavo,

——*to* owe *the Iſland*;

'Tis no matter which way we read, they are equally good.

Val.

Val. He muſt not then be angry
That loſes her.
Gom. Oh that were, Sir, unworthy.
Mir. A little Sorrow he may find.
Val. 'Tis manly.
Gomera, you're a brave accompliſh'd Gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*.
In the white way of Virtue, and true Valour,
Ye've been a Pilgrim long; yet no Man farther
Has trod thoſe thorny Steps, than young *Miranda*:
You're gentle, he is Gentleneſs it ſelf; Experience
Calls you her Brother; this her hopeful Heir.
Nor. The young Man now, an't be thy Will.
Val. Your Hand, Sir;
You undertook firſt; nobly undertook
This Lady's Cauſe; you made it good, and fought it,
You muſt be ſerv'd firſt, take her and enjoy her,
I give her to you, kiſs her; are you pleas'd now?
Gom. My Joy's ſo much I cannot ſpeak.
Val. Nay, faireſt Sir,
You muſt not be diſpleas'd; you break your Promiſe.
Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though ſomething ſeem ſtrange to me.
Val. I've provided
A bitter Match for you, more full of Beauty;
I'll wed ye to our Order: There's a Miſtreſs,
Whoſe Beauty ne'er decays, Time ſtands below her,
Whoſe Honour, *Ermin-like*, can never ſuffer
Spot, or black Soil, and whoſe eternal Iſſue
Fame brings up at her Breaſts, and leaves 'em ſainted,
Her you ſhall marry.
Mir. I moſt humbly thank ye.
Val. Saint *Thomas' Fort*, a Charge of no ſmall Value,
I give you too, in preſent, to keep waking
Your noble Spirits; and to breed ye pious,
I'll ſend ye a Probation Robe, wear that
Till ye ſhall pleaſe to be our Brother——how now?

Enter Aſtorius.

Aſto. Mountferrat's fled, Sir.

Val.

Val. Let him go a while
'Till we have done theſe Rites, and ſeen theſe coupled:
His Miſchief now lyes open: Come all, Friends now,
And ſo let's march to th' Temple, ſound thoſe Inſtruments,
That were the Signal to a Day of Blood,
Evil beginning Hours may end in good. [*Flouriſh.*

Nor. Come, we'll have Wenches, Man, and all brave things;
——Let her go, we'll want no Miſtreſſes,
Good Swords, and good ſtrong Armours.

Mir. Thoſe are beſt, Captain.

Nor. And fight 'till Queens be in Love with us, and run after us,
I'll ſee ye at the Fort within theſe two Days,
And let's be merry prithee.

Mir. By that time I ſhall.

Nor. Why that's well ſaid; I like a good Heart truly.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Norandine *and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.*

Ser. THE Day's not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis th' cooler riding,
I muſt go ſee *Miranda*; bring my Horſe
Round to the South Port: I'll out here at th' Beach,
And meet ye at the end o' th' Sycamores:
'Tis a ſweet Walk, and if the Wind be ſtirring
Serves like a Fan to cool.

Ser. Which walk?

Nor. Why that, Sir,
Where the fine City Dames meet to make Matches.

Ser. I know it. [*Exit.*

[*Corporal and Watch above, ſinging.*

SONG.

S O N G.

1. *SIT Soldiers, ſit and ſing, the Round is clear,*
And Cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the Day is near.
Each toſs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
2. *To thee a full Pot, my little Lance-preſado,*
And when thou'ſt done, a Pipe of Trinidado.
Our Glaſs of Life runs Wine, the Vintner ſlinks it,
Whilſt with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. *The Drums beat, Enſigns wave, and Cannons thump it;*
Our Game is Ruffe, and the beſt Heart doth trump it:
Each toſs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
4. *I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon,*
After Watch fiercer, than George *did the Dragon;*
What Blood we loſe i' th' Town, we gain i' th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the Wall to Guns.
Each toſs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing, the Soldier has no Fellow.

Nor. Speed ye then; what Mirth is this?
The Watches are not yet diſcharg'd, I take it:
Theſe are brave careleſs Rogues; I'll hear the Song out
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable Order, now for a Trick to tame ye——
Owgh, owgh.

1 *Watch.* Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Bear broke looſe; pray call the Corporal.

1 *Watch.* The *Dutchman*'s huge fat Sow. 2 *Watch.* I ſee her now,
And five fine Pigs. *Nor.* Owgh, owgh.

Enter Corporal.

Cor. Now what's the Matter?

1 *Watch.* Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal,
The *Dutchman*'s Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs;
You have been wiſhing long, ſhe would break looſe.

Nor.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. 'Tis ſhe indeed, there's a white Pig now ſucking? Look, look, d'you ſee it, Sirs?

1 *Watch.* Yes, very well, Sir.

Cor. A notable fat whoreſon; come two of ye, Go down with me, we'll have a tickling Breakfaſt.

2 *Watch.* Let's eat 'em at the *Croſs.*

Cor. There's the beſt Liquor.

Nor. I'll liquour ſome of ye, ye lazy Rogues, Your Minds are of nothing but eating and ſwilling: What a ſweet Beaſt they've made of me? A Sow? Hog upon Hog, I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Cor. Go ſoftly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

1 *Watch.* Bleſs me.

Cor. Why, what's the Matter?

1 *Watch.* Oh the Devil! The Devil, as high as a Steeple.

2 *Watch.* There he goes, Corporal, His Feet are cloven too. *Cor.* Stand, ſtand, I ſay: Death, how I ſhake? Where be your Muskets?

1 *Watch.* There's no good of them: Where be our Prayers, Man?

2 *Watch.* Lord, how he ſtalks: ſpeak to him Corporal.

Cor. Why, what a Devil art thou.

Nor. Owgh, owgh.

Cor. A dumb Devil, The worſt Devil that could come, a dumb Devil. Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me, I' th' Name of—ſpeak, what art thou? — ſpeak Devil, Or I'll put a Plumb in your Belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.

Cor. Fie, fie, in what a Sweat am I! Lord bleſs me, My Musket's gone too, I am not able to ſtir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, ſpeak.

Cor. Sure I am inchanted. Yet here's my Halbert ſtill; nay, who goes there, Sir? What, have I loſt my ſelf? What are ye?

Nor. The Guard.

Cor.

Cor. Why, what are we then? he's not half ſo long now,
Nor h'as no Tail at all; I ſhake ſtill damnably.
Nor. The Word.
Cor. Have Mercy on me, what Word does he mean?
I prithee Devil, if thou be'ſt the Devil, do not
Make an Aſs of me, for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,
I'll lay my Life on't, Devil.
Nor. Thou art damn'd.
Cor. That's all one; but am not I th' Corporal?
I'd give a thouſand Pound to be reſolv'd now;
Had I Soldiers here?
Nor. No, not a Man,
Thou art deboſh'd, and cozen'd.
Cor. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my Hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a *May-pole*.
Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.
Nor. Ye are an arrant Raſcal;
You Corporal of a Watch? *Cor.* 'Tis the *Dane*'s Voice;
You are no Devil then. *Nor.* No, nor no Sow, Sir.
Cor. Of that I am right glad, Sir, I was ne'er
So frighted in my Life, as I am a Soldier.
Nor. Tall Watchmen,
A Guard for a Gooſe, you ſing away your Centries.
A careful Company; let me out o' th' Port here,
I was a little merry with your Worſhips;
And keep your Guards ſtrong, tho' the Devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring y' into your Wits again.
Go off no more to hunt Pigs; ſuch another Trick,
And you will hunt the Gallows.
Cor. Pray Sir, pardon us:
And let the Devil come next, I'll make him ſtand
Or make him ſtink.

Nor. Do, do your Duty truly.
(34) Come let me out, and come away; no more Rage.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella *with a Letter, and* Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me? h'ath fearfully and baſely
Betray'd his own Cauſe; yet to free himſelf,
He now aſcribes the Fault to me.
Rock. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now deſires,
His Letters have inform'd you.
Abd. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the Power he holds
Over my mad Affections: I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better ſteel'd in my ſtrong Reſolutions,
Than he hath ſhown himſelf in his; or thought
There was a Hell hereafter, or a Heav'n
But in enjoying him, I ſhould ſtick here,
And move no further; bid him yet take Comfort;
(35) For ſomething I will do, the Devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this Nuptial Knot of Love,
And make way for his Wiſhes; in the mean time

(34) *Come let me out, and come away; no more Rage.*

SCENE II.

Enter *Abdella* with a Letter and *Rocca.*

Abdella. *Write thus to me?*] If this latter part of the Line belong to *Norandine*, 'tis ſtrangely odd; for why muſt he ſay *no more Rage?* This implies, that the Corporal and the Guard had been in one before, which the Reader knows is ſo far from true, that they were frighted with the mimic Grunt of a Hog, and took it for the Devil; but ſuppoſing *Abdella* had been ſtorming at *Mountferrat*'s Letter, ſome time before *Rocca*'s and her coming upon the Stage, theſe mollifying words of his to her will be exceedingly in Character, and highly proper to introduce the angry Speech of *Abdella.*

(35) *For ſomething I would do,*—] *Would,* which confounds the Senſe, I have changed for *will,* upon the Authority of the 1647 Edition.

Let

Let him lye cloſe, for he is ſtrictly ſought for,
And practice to love her, that for his Ends
Scorns Fear and Danger.

Enter Oriana *and* Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him. [*Exit* Rocca.

Abd. Do ſo; farewel. My Lady, with my Fellow,
So earneſt in Diſcourſe! What-e'er it be,
I'll ſecond it.

Vel. He's ſuch a noble Husband,
In every Circumſtance ſo truly loving,
That I might ſay, and without Flatt'ry, Madam,
The Sun ſees not a Lady but yourſelf
That can deſerve him.

Abd. Of all Men I ſay
That dare (for 'tis a deſperate Adventure)
Wear on their free Necks the ſweet Yoak of Woman,
(For they that do repine, are no true Husbands)
Give me a Soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other Men?

Abd. And love too with more Judgment;
For, but obſerve, your Courtier is more curious
To ſet himſelf forth richly, than his Lady:
His Baths, Perfumes, nay Paintings too, more coſtly,
Than his Frugality will allow to her;
His Cloaths as chargeable, and grant him but
A thing without a Beard, and he may paſs
At all times for a Woman, and with ſome
Have better Welcome: Now, your Man of Lands
For the moſt part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
Breaks oftner for the Debt he owes his Wife,
Than with his Creditors, and that's the Reaſon
She looks elſewhere for Payment: Now your Soldier ——

Vel. Ay marry, do him right.

Abd. Firſt, who has one,
Has a Perpetual Guard upon her Honour;
For while he wears a Sword, Slander herſelf
Dares not bark at it; next, ſhe ſits at home

Like a great Queen, and ſends him forth to fetch in
Her Tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He lays it at her Feet, and ſeeks no further
For his Reward, than what ſhe may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modeſt.

Abd. Why, we may ſpeak of that we're glad to taſte of,
Among our ſelves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, Madam? You have found it ſomething;
Or with the raiſing up this pretty Mount here,
My Lord hath dealt with Sprites.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours abſent?

Gom. Thy Pardon, Sweet: I have been looking on
The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought ſomething,
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiſs,
And then poſſeſs my Purchaſe: There's a piece
Of Cloth of Tiſſue, this of purple Velvet,
And as they ſwear, of the right *Tyrian* dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy uſe, wear them; if not,
Beſtow them on thy Women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea,
Thou ſhalt want nothing; 'tis a Soldier's glory,
However he neglect himſelf, to keep
His Miſtreſs in full Luſtre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the Prize diſpos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miſs'd of,
Being almoſt aſſured, it would have been
A welcome Preſent.

Ori. Pray you ſay, what was it?

Gom. A *Turkiſh* Captive of incomparable Beauty,
And without queſtion, in her Country noble;

Which,

Which, as Companion to thy faithful *Moor*,
I would have giv'n thee for thy Slave. *Ori.* But was ſhe
Of ſuch an exquiſite form? *Gom.* Moſt Exquiſite.
Ori. And well deſcended?
Gom. So the Habit promis'd,
In which ſhe was ta'en.
Ori. Of what Years?
Gom. 'Tis ſaid
A Virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wiſh ſhe were mine, that I might ha' th' means
T'entertain her gently.
Gom. She is now *Miranda*'s,
And I've heard, made it her ſuit to be ſo.
Ori. Miranda's? then her Fate deſerves not Pity,
But Envy rather.
Gom. Envy, *Oriana?*
Ori. Yes, and their Envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, ſhe's fall'n into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in Men we ſtile Goodneſs,
That in her being his Slave, ſhe's happier far
Than if ſhe were confirm'd the *Sultan*'s Miſtreſs.
Gom. Miranda is indeed a Gentleman
Of fair deſert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his Equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for Travels,
But to ſee one that without injury
Might be put in the Scale, or parallell'd,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His Knowledge in all Services of War
And ready Courage to put into act
That knowing Judgment, as you are a Soldier
You beſt may ſpeak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better ſubject.
And Heav'n did well, in ſuch a lovely Feature
To place ſo chaſte a Mind; for he is of
So ſweet a Carriage, ſuch a winning Nature,
And ſuch a bold, yet well-diſpos'd Behaviour;

And to all theſe, h'as ſuch a charming Tongue,
That if he would ſerve under Love's freſh colours,
What monumental Trophies might he raiſe,
Of his free Conqueſts, made in Ladies favours?
Gom. Yet did not you reſiſt him, when he was
An earneſt Suitor to you.
Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again ſought to, I ſhould;
But muſt aſcribe it rather to the Fate
That did appoint me yours, than any Power
Which I can call mine own.
Gom. E'en ſo?
Abd. Thanks, Fortune,
The Plot I'd, to raiſe in him Doubts of her,
Thou haſt effected.
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cauſe I have to love him, with what reaſon.
In thankfulneſs, he may expect from me
All due obſervance; but I paſs that, as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his Debtor.
Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.
Ori. He is not in the City,
Is he, my Lord?
Gom. Who, Lady?
Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any elſe
Worth my enquiry?
Gom. This is ſomewhat more [*Aſide.*
Than Love to Virtue.
Ori. Faith when he comes hither,
(As ſometimes, without queſtion, you ſhall meet him,)
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To Dine with us,
Or Sup.
Gom. And then to take a hard Bed with you;
Mean you not ſo?
Ori. If you could win him to it,

'Twould

'Twould be the better; for his Entertainment,
Leave that to me, he ſhall find noble Uſage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a *Roman* Lady, *Oriana*,
Remembred as a Precedent for Matrons,
(Chaſt ones, I pray you underſtand) whoſe Husband,
Tax'd for his ſow'r Breath by his Enemy,
Condemn'd his Wife, for not acquainting him
With his Infirmity?
Ori. 'Tis a common one;
Her Anſwer was, having kiſs'd none but him,
She thought it was a general Diſeaſe
All Men were ſubject to; but what infer you
From that, my Lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
Had all her Thoughts ſo fix'd upon her Lord,
That ſhe could find no ſpare time to ſing Praiſes
Of any other; nor would ſhe imploy
Her Husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an Inſtrument
To bring home younger Men that might delight her
With their Diſcourſe, or———
Ori. What, my Lord?
Gom. Their Perſons,
Or if I ſhould ſpeak plainer———
Ori. No it needs not,
You've ſaid enough to make my Innocence know
It is ſuſpected.
Gom. You betray yourſelf
To more than a ſuſpicion; could you elſe,
To me that live in nothing but love to you,
Make ſuch a groſs diſcov'ry, that your Luſt
Had ſold that Heart, I thought mine, to *Miranda?*
Or riſe to ſuch a height in Impudence,
As to preſume to work my yielding weakneſs
To play for your bad ends, to my diſgrace,
The Wittal, or the Pander?
Ori. Do not ſtudy
To print more Wounds, (for that were Tyranny)

Upon a Heart that is pierc'd through already.
Gom. Thy Heart? thou haſt pierc'd thro' mine Honour, falſe one,
The Honour of my Houſe; Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving truſt
Of wicked Woman: For thy ſake, vile Creature,
(36) For all I have done well in, in my Life,
I've dig'd a Grave, all buried in a Wife;
For thee I have defy'd my conſtant Miſtreſs,
That never fail'd her Servant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the Fellowſhip of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jeruſalem*:
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all Goodneſs
You wrong my Lady, and deſerve her not,
When you are at your beſt: Repent your Raſhneſs,
'Twill ſhow well in you.
Abd. Do, and ask her Pardon.
Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my Faith,
My try'd Faith, call'd in queſtion, and by him
That ſhould know true Affection is too tender
To ſuffer an unkind touch, without ruin;
Study Ingratitude, all, from my Example;
For to be thankful now, is to be falſe.
But be't ſo, let me dye, I ſee you wiſh it;
Yet dead for truth, and pities ſake, report
What Weapon you made choice of, when you kill'd me.
Vel. She faints.
Abd. What have ye done?
Ori. My laſt Breath cannot
Be better ſpent, than to ſay I forgive you;
Nor is my Death untimely, ſince with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In ſcorn delivered for the doubtful Iſſue
Of a ſuſpected Mother. [*She ſwoons.*
Vel. Oh, ſhe's gone.

(36) *For all I have done well, in my Life,*] The deficient Meaſure of this Verſe I have filled up from the Copy of the earlieſt Date.

Abd.

Abd. For ever gone. Are you a Man?
Gom. I grow here.
Abd. Open her Mouth, and pour this Cordial in it;
If any ſpark of Life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's ſtiff already: Live I, and ſhe dead?
Gom. How like a Murtherer I ſtand? look up,
And hear me curſe my ſelf, or but behold
The Vengeanee I will take for't, *Oriana*,
And then in peace forſake me: Jealouſie,
Thou loathſome Vomit of the Fiends below,
What deſp'rate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my Heart, and Soul? I'll let thee forth,
And ſo in Death find eaſe; and does my fault then
Deſerve no greater Puniſhment? No, I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what Hell is on the Earth:
All Joys and Hopes forſake me; all Men's Malice,
And all the Plagues they can inflict, I wiſh it,
Fall thick upon me: let my Tears be laught at,
And may mine En'mies ſmile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitied of none. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Colonna *and* Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, Sir, why was th' Ordnance o' the Fort
Diſcharg'd ſo ſuddenly?
Col. Twas the Governor's pleaſure,
In honour of the *Dane*, a Cuſtom us'd,
To ſpeak a Soldier's welcome.
Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Maſter here too?
Col. Three days ſince.
Luc. Might I demand without offence ſo much,
Is't Pride in him (however now a Slave)
That I am not admitted to his Preſence?
Col. His courteſie to you, and to Mankind,
May eaſily reſolve you, he is free

From

From that poor Vice which only empty Men
Eſteem a Virtue.
Luc. What's the Reaſon then,
As you imagine, Sir?
(37) *Col.* Why I will tell you;
You are a Woman of a tempting Beauty,
And he, however virtuous is a Man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, ſhould he ſee you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuſes
With care t'avoid the cauſe that may produce
Some ſtrange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare Temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto
Luc. This much increaſes
My ſtrong Deſire to ſee him.
Col. It ſhould rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worſhip,
That you are ſuch a Man's, who though he may
Do any thing which Youth and heat of Blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them:
Your Entertainment's noble, and not like
Your preſent Fortune; and if all thoſe Tears
Which made Grief lovely in you, i' th' relation
Of the ſad Story that forc'd me to weep too,
Your Husband's hard Fate, were not counterfeit;
You ſhould rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaſt Life to his Memory, and bring to him
Thoſe ſweets, which while he liv'd, he could not taſte of;
But if you wantonly beſtow them on
Another Man, you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his griev'd Sprite will ſuffer
For your immodeſt Looſeneſs.
Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingneſs to look on him, to whom
I owe my Life and Service, is no proof
Of any unchaſt purpoſe.
Col. So I wiſh too,

(37) Col. *Why I* will *tell you*;] We are again beholden here to the Folio of 1647. The other Books write,

Why I tell you.

And

And in the Confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will ſee you
This Night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his Chamber, (38) to what end
I eaſily ſhould gueſs, was I *Lucinda*;
And therefore, though I can yield little reaſon,
(But in a general love to Womens goodneſs)
Why I ſhould be ſo tender of your Honour,
I willingly would beſtow ſome Counſel of you,
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me firſt hear it,
And then I can reſolve you.

Col. My Advice then
Is, that you would not, (as moſt Ladies uſe
When they prepare themſelves for ſuch Encounters)
Study to add, by artificial Dreſſings,
To native Excellence; yours, without help,
But ſeen as it is now, would make a Hermit
Leave his Death's Head, and change his after hopes
Of endleſs Comforts, for a few ſhort Minutes
Of preſent Pleaſures; to prevent which, Lady,
Practice to take away from your Perfections,
And to preſerve your Chaſtity unſtain'd;
The moſt deform'd Shape that you can put on,
To cloud your Body's fair Gifts, or your Mind's,
(It being laboured to ſo chaſt an end)
Will prove the faireſt Ornament.

Luc. To take from
The Workmanſhip of Heav'n is an Offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chaſtity
That lodges in Deformity, appears rather
A Mulct impos'd by Nature, than a Bleſſing;

(38) ——————————*to what end*
I eaſily ſhould gueſs, were I Miranda;] Before we condemn this *Miranda*, let us put the Senſe of this Paſſage into plain Proſe. You are intended to be brought into *Miranda*'s Chamber this Night, ſays *Celanna* to *Lucinda*, and if I was *Miranda*, I cou'd eaſily gueſs for what end, &c. i. e. if I ſent for you, I could ſurely tell why I ſent for you. Is not this mighty elegant? I doubt not but my reader ſees where the Fault lies, and has made the Correction for me,
I eaſily ſhould gueſs, was I Lucinda.

And's

And's commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er ſo oft aſſaulted, in reſiſtance:
For me, I'll therefore ſo diſpoſe my ſelf,
That if I hold out, it ſhall be with Honour;
Or if I yield, *Miranda* ſhall find ſomething
To make him love his Vict'ry. [*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning
This Woman argues for her own Damnation?
Nor ſhould I hold it for a Miracle,
Since they are all born *Sophiſters* to maintain
That Luſt is lawful, and the end and uſe
Of their Creation; would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe;
Though ſeen the Ruin, I muſt ever grieve. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *Servants with Lights.*

Mir. I'll ſee you in your Chamber.

Nor. Pray ye no farther:
It is a Ceremony I expect not,
I am no Stranger here, I know my Lodging,
And have ſlept ſoundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
Play'd thick upon it: O 'twas Royal Muſick,
And to procure a ſound Sleep for a Soldier,
(39) Worth forty of your Fiddles. As you love me,
Preſs it no farther.

Mir. You will overcome.
Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I've took, ſince Supper,
A Rouſe or two too much, and by———
It warms my Blood.

Mir. You'll ſleep the better for't.

Nor ——On't, I ſhould, had but I a kind Wench
To pull my Boot-hoſe off, and warm my Night-Cap,
There's no Charm like't: I love old *Adam*'s way;
Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,

(39) *Worth forty of* our *Fiddles.*——] I have given what I take to be the true Reading from the oldeſt Folio.

Hang

Hang up your ſmooth Chin Page; and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkiſh* Pris'ner?
Mir. In the Caſtle,
But yet I never ſaw her.
Nor. Fie upon you:
See her for Shame; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the Friend's part to me, the Friend's part,
It being a Faſhion of the laſt Edition,
From Panderiſm far, now ſend her to me——
(46) You look ſtrange on't, no Entertainment's perfect
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it;
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his Fee,——There's no Suit got without it,
Gold is an Aſs to't.
Mir. Go to bed, to bed.
Nor. Well, if ſhe come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the Sin lye on your Head. Good night.
[*Exit* Nor. *and Servants.*

Enter Colonna *and* Lucinda.

Col. There you ſhall find him, Lady; you know what I've ſaid,
And if you pleaſe you may make uſe.
Luc. No doubt, Sir.
Col. From hence I ſhall hear all. [*He retires.*
Mir. Come hither young one——
Beſhrew my Heart, a handſome Wench; come nearer,——
A very handſome one; do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a Priſoner?
Luc. The loſs of Liberty,
No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and ſharp Burden

(46) Nor. *You look ſtrange on't, no Entertainment's perfect*
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it;
The Paſſage
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his Fee——————
which I have recovered from the Folio of the oldeſt date is not to be found in the ſucceeding Editions; but I muſt confeſs I don't underſtand the latter part of the Speech any more than I know reaſon why the Editors of the Copies of 1679 and 1711, thought proper to drop it.

To

To them that feel it truly: But your Servant,
Your humble Handmaid, never felt that Rigour,
Thanks to that noble Will; no Want, no Hunger
(Companions ſtill to Slaves) no Violence,
Nor any unbeſeeming Act, we ſtart at,
Have I yet met with; all Content and Goodneſs,
Civility, and Sweetneſs of Behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy Maſter,
I cannot ſay I grieve my Liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obſtinate an Enemy to Youth,
That had ſo fair a Jewel in my Cabinet,
And in ſo long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can ſhe ſay now?

Luc. Sir I deſir'd to ſee ye,
And with a longing Wiſh——

Col. There's all her Virtue.

Luc. Purſu'd that full Deſire to give ye Thanks, Sir,
The only Sacrifice I've left, and Service,
For all the virtuous Care you've kept me ſafe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty Fool ſpeaks finely:
Come, ſit down here.

Luc. O Sir, 'tis moſt unſeemly.

Mir. I'll have it ſo; ſit cloſe, now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?

Luc. (41) My Years will anſwer that, Sir.

Mir. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought, Sir.

Mir. Can ye love me ſo?

Col. Now!

Luc. With all my Duty;

(41) *My Years will anſwer that, Sir.*] But what will her Years anſwer? Is it a Conſequence, that becauſe ſhe is young, therefore ſhe muſt have been in Love? The Alteration of a Letter, which is but a ſmall Change, will ſeemingly ſet all right:

My Tears *will anſwer that,*——

i. e. Her Tears for the Loſs of her Husband, which 'tis natural to ſuppoſe ſhe might burſt into, upon *Miranda*'s Queſtion,

Did you e'er love yet?

I

I were unworthy of thoſe Favours elſe,
You daily ſhower on me.
Mir. What think'ſt thou of me?
Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A Pattern, and a Pride to th' Age ye live in,
Sweet as the Commendations all Men give ye. [Man
Mir. A pretty flatt'ring Rogue, dare ye kiſs that ſweet
Ye ſpeak ſo ſweetly of? Come.
Col. Farewel Virtue. [more.
Mir. What haſt thou got between thy Lips? kiſs once
Sure thou haſt a Spell there.
Luc. More than e'er I knew, Sir.
Col. All Hopes go now. [hear me,
Mir. I muſt tell you a thing in your Ear, and you muſt
And hear me willingly, and grant me ſo too,
'Twill not be worth my asking elſe.
Luc. It muſt be
A very hard thing, Sir, and from my Power,
I ſhall deny your Goodneſs.
Mir. 'Tis a good Wench; I muſt lye with ye, Lady.
Luc. 'Tis ſomething ſtrange:
For yet in all my Life I knew no Bedfellow.
Mir. You'll quickly find that Knowledge.
Luc. To what end, Sir?
Mir. Art thou ſo innocent, thou canſt not gueſs at it?
Did thy Dreams ne'er direct thee?
Luc. 'Faith none yet, Sir. [ſure;
Mir. I'll tell thee then; I'd meet thy Youth, and Plea-
Give thee my Youth for that; by Heav'n ſhe fires me;
And teach thy fair white Arms, like wanton Ivies,
A thouſand new Embraces.
Luc. Is that all, Sir?
And ſay I ſhould try, may not we lye quietly?
Upon my Conſcience I could.
Mir. That's as we make it. [then?
Luc. Grant that, that likes ye beſt, what would ye do
Mir. What would I do? certainly I'm no Baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine Ear.
Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.
Mir. I would get a brave Boy on thee,
A warlike Boy.

Luc.

Luc. Sure we ſhall get ill Chriſtians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
Luc. Sweet Maſter.
Col. Never belief in Woman come near me more.
Luc. My beſt and nobleſt Sir, if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by——I'm ſo) ſhould chance ſo far
(42) (Seeing your Excellence, and able Sweetneſs)
To forget herſelf, and ſlip into your Boſome,
Or to your Bed, out of a doating on ye,
Take it the beſt way; have you that cruel Heart,
That murd'ring Mind to?——
Mir. Yes, by my troth, Sweet, have I,
To lye with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done? [Wench,
Mir. That's as ſhe'll think when 'tis done; come to bed,
For thou'rt ſo pretty, and ſo witty a Companion,
We muſt not part to Night. *Luc.* Faith let me go,
Sir, and think better on't. *Mir.* I'faith thou ſhalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.
Luc. I've heard 'em ſay here,
You are a Maid too.
Mir. I am ſure I am, Wench,
If that will pleaſe thee.
Luc. I have ſeen a Wonder.
And would you loſe that, for a little Wantonneſs,
(Conſider my ſweet Maſter, like a Man, now)
For a few hony'd Kiſſes, ſlight Embraces,
That Glory of your Youth? that Crown of Sweetneſs
Can ye deliver? That unvalued Treaſure
Would ye forſake, to ſeek your own Diſhonour,
What gone, no Age recovers, nor Repentance,
To a poor Stranger?
Col. Hold there again, thou'rt perfect.
Luc. I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
I'll try y' a great deal farther; prithee to bed:

(42) (*Seeing your Excellence, and* able *Sweetneſs*)] I have not any clear Idea of *able Sweetneſs*, perhaps we ſhou'd read *amiable*, 'tis true the Meaſure reclaims againſt, tho' the Senſe ſeems to demand it. But the Reader is left to his choice.

I love thee, and ſo well——Come kiſs me once more;
Is a Maiden-head ill beſtow'd o' me?
Luc. What's this, Sir? [*Taking hold of his Croſs.*
Mir. Why, 'tis the Badge, Sweet, of that holy Order
I ſhortly muſt receive, the Croſs of *Malta*.
Luc. What Virtue has it?
Mir. All that we call virtuous.
Luc. Who gave it firſt?
Mir. He that gave all, to ſave us.
Luc. Why then 'tis holy too?
Mir. True Sign of Holineſs,
The Badge of all his Soldiers that profeſs him.
Luc. The Badge of all his Soldiers that profeſs him!
Can't ſave in Danger?
Mir. Yes,
Luc. In Troubles, comfort?
Mir. You ſay true, Sweet.
Luc. In Sickneſs, reſtore Health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preſerve from Evils that afflict our Frailties?
Mir. I hope ſhe will be Chriſtian; all theſe truly.
Luc. Why are you ſick then, ſick to Death with Luſt?
In danger to be loſt? No holy Thought,
In all that Heart? nothing but wandring Frailties
Wild as the Wind, and blind as Death or Ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me Heav'n, ſhe ſays true: [neſs?
Luc. Dare ye profeſs that badge, prophane that Good-
Col. Thou haſt redeem'd thy ſelf again, moſt rarely.
Luc. That Holineſs and Truth ye make me wonder at?
Blaſt all the Bounty Heav'n gives? that Remembrance—
Col. O excellent Woman.
Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus reſolv'd; I ſee a Virtue
Appear in't like a Sword, both Edges flaming,
That will conſume ye, and your Thoughts, to Aſhes:
Let them profeſs it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and juſt of Thought, that build the Croſs,
Not thoſe that break it; by——if ye touch me,
Ev'n in the Act, I'll make that Croſs, and curſe ye.

Mir. You ſhall not, Fair; I did diſſemble with ye,
And but to try your Faith, I faſhion'd all this;
Yet ſomething you provok'd me: This fair Croſs,
By me (if he but pleaſe to help, firſt gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a Heart corrupted;
Go to your Reſt, my modeſt, honeſt Servant,
My fair and virtuous Maid, and ſleep ſecure there,
For when you ſuffer, I forget this Sign here.
Col. A Man of Men too: O moſt perfect Gentleman!
Luc. All ſweet Reſt to you, Sir; I'm half a Chriſtian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.
Mir. This is the fouleſt Play I'll ſhew; good night,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat *and* Rocca.

Mount. THE Sun's not ſet yet?
Roc. No, Sir.
Mount. Would it were,
Never to riſe again to light the World.
And yet, to what vain Purpoſe do I wiſh it,
Since though I were inviron'd with thick Miſts,
Black as *Cymerian* Darkneſs, or my Crimes,
There is that here, upon which as an Anvil
Ten thouſand Hammers ſtrike, and every Spark
They force from it, to me's another Sun
To light me to my Shame?
Roc. Take Hope and Comfort.
Mount. They're Aids indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: This Cave, faſhion'd
By provident Nature, in this ſolid Rock
To be a Den for Beaſts, alone receives me,
And having prov'd an Enemy to Mankind,
All human helps forſake me.
Roc. I'll ne'er leave you,
And wiſh you would call back that noble Courage,

That

That old Invincible Fortitude of yours
That us'd to ſhrink at nothing.
Mount. Then it did not,
But 'twas when I was honeſt; then i' th' height
Of all my Happineſs, of all my Glories,
Of all Delights, that made Life precious to me,
I durſt die, *Rocca*; Death itſelf then to me
Was nothing terrible, becauſe I knew
The Fame of a good Knight would ever live
Freſh on my Memory; but ſince I fell
From my Integrity, and diſmiſs'd thoſe Guards,
Thoſe ſtrong Aſſurances of Innocence,
That Conſtancy fled from me, and what's worſe,
Now I am loathſome to my ſelf; and Life
A Burthen to me, rack'd with ſad Remembrance
Of what I have done, and my preſent Horrors
Unſufferable to me, tortur'd with Deſpair
That I ſhall ne'er find Mercy: Hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worſe, put off my wretched Being.

Enter Abdella.

Roc. To ſee this would deter a doubtful Man
(43) From miſchievous Intents, much more the Practice
Of what is wicked: Here's the *Moor*, look up Sir,
Some Eaſe may come from her.
Mount. New Trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat?*
Riſe up for Shame, and like a River dry'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea,
Receive thoſe Tides of Comfort that flow to you;
If ever I look'd lovely, if Deſert
Could ever challenge welcome; if Revenge,
And unexpected Wreak, were ever pleaſing,
Or could endear the Giver of ſuch Bleſſings,
All theſe I come adorn'd with, and, as due,

(43) *From miſchievous Events,*——] Tho' this reading may be defended, yet I have choſe to adopt *Intents* from the firſt Folio Edition.

Make Challenge of thoſe ſo long wiſh'd Embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto deny'd me.
Mount. Why, what have you done for me?
Abd. Made *Gomera*
As truly miſ'rable, as you thought him happy;
Could you wiſh more?
Mount. As if his Sickneſs could
Recover me; the Injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana*'s.
Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.
Mount. How?
Abd. Dead; my Hate could reach no farther:
Taking Advantage of her in a Swoon,
Under Pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poiſon'd her: What ſtupid Dulneſs is this?
What you ſhould entertain with Sacrifice,
Can you receive ſo coldly?
Mount. Bloody Deeds
Are grateful Offerings, pleaſing to the Devil,
And thou, in thy black Shape, and blacker Actions,
Being Hell's perfect Character, art delighted
(44) To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear; thou haſt, in this, ta'en from me
All Means to make amends with Penitence,
To her wrong'd Virtues, and diſpoil'd me of
The poor Remainder of that Hope was left me,
For all I have already, or muſt ſuffer.
Abd. I did it for the beſt.
Mir. For thy worſt Ends,
And be aſſur'd but that, I think, to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy Deſpair muſt force thee
To do unto thy ſelf, and ſo to add to
Thy moſt aſſur'd Damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my Sight; and if Luſt of me
Did ever fire thee (Love I cannot call it)

(44) *To do what I thought*——] This nonſenſical Reading both Mr. *Seward* and my ſelf rejected for *though*, before we ſaw the Copy of 1647, which happily confirmed our Conjecture.

Leap

Leap down from thoſe ſteep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next Tree to hang thy ſelf, and then
I may laugh at it. *Abd.* In the mean time I muſt
Be bold, to do ſo much for you; ha, ha.
Mount. Why grin'ſt thou, Devil?
Abd. That 'tis in my power
To puniſh thy Ingratitude; I made trial
But how you ſtood affected, and ſince I
Know I'm us'd only for a Property,
I can and will revenge it to the full.
For underſtand in thy contempt of me,
Thoſe hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are loſt for ever.
Mount. Why, lives ſhe?
Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much eaſe
To give her freely up to thy Poſſeſſion,
As to remove this Ruſh; which yet deſpair of:
For by my much wrong'd Love, Flattery, nor Threats,
Tears, Prayers, nor Vows, ſhall ever win me to it:
So with my Curſe I leave thee.
Mount. Prithee ſtay,
Thou know'ſt I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peeviſh, and perverſe, ſo apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me.
Abd. To perſwade me
To break my Neck, to hang, then damn my ſelf,
With you are Trifles.
Mount. 'Twas my Melancholy
That made me ſpeak I know not what; forgive,
I will redeem my fault.
Roc. Believe him, Lady.
Mount. A thouſand times I will demand thy Pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy Lips with Kiſſes.
Abd. There's ſomething elſe, that would prevail more with me.
Mount. Thou ſhalt have all thy wiſhes, do but bleſs me
With means to ſatisfie my mad Deſires
For once in *Oriana*, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my beſt *Abdella*.

Abd. Were I aſſur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her——

Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.

Mount. That our ſafety
Muſt of neceſſity urge us to.

Abd. Then know
It was not Poiſon, but a ſleeping Potion
Which ſhe receiv'd; yet of ſufficient ſtrength
So to bind up her Senſes, that no ſign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,
In her beſt Habit, as the Cuſtom is
You know in *Malta*, with all Ceremonies
She's buried in her Family's Monument,
I' th' Temple of St. *John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are diſguis'd; ſome ſix hours hence
The Potion will leave working.

Roc. Let us haſte then.

Mount. Be my good Angel, guide me.

Abd. But remember
You keep your Oath.

Mount. As I deſire to proſper
In what I undertake.

Abd. I ask no more: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

Col. Here, Sir, I've got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the Door is open.

Mir. Look to the Horſes then, and pleaſe the Fellow.
After a few Devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off, there may be ſome uſe of ye,
Give me the Light: Come Friend, a few good Prayers
Were not beſtow'd in vain now, e'en from you, Sir.
Men that are bred in Blood, have no way left 'em,

No

No Bath, no Purge, no Time to wear it out
Or waſh it off, but Penitence, and Prayer:
I am to take the Order, and my Youth
Loaden I-muſt confeſs with many Follies,
Circled and bound about with Sins as many
As in the Houſe of Memory live Figures.
My Heart I'll open now, my Faults confeſs,
(45) And riſe a new Man, Heav'n, I hope, t' a new life.

Nor. I have no great Devotion, at this inſtant,
But for a Prayer or two, I will not out Sir;
Hold up your Finger when you've pray'd enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I ſhall ne'er pray alone ſure,
I have been ſo us'd to anſwer the Clerk: would I had a Cuſhion, for I ſhall ne'er make a good Hermit, and kneel 'till my Knees are Horn; theſe Stones are plaguy hard; where ſhall I begin now? for if I do not obſerve a method, I ſhall be out preſently.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. What's that, Sir? did ye hear?

Mir. Ay; to your Prayers.

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts, (46) 't has put me clean awry now, I ſhall ne'er get in again——ha,—— By Land, and Water, all Children and all Women; ay, there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Ne'er tell me, Sir,
Here's ſomething got amongſt us.

Mir. I heard a Groan,
A diſmal one,——— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir;
A Devil in the Wall.

Mir. 'Tis ſome Illuſion
To fright us from Devotion—— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

(45) *And* riſe *a new Man,*——] So Mr. *Seward* with me corrected the Text, and ſo reads the Copy of 1647.

(46) *'t has put me clean* away *now,*] To put one *away* from one's Prayers, is an odd Expreſſion for putting *out*; I conjectur'd that to make the Paſſage plainer we ſhould read *awry*, but durſt not have propoſed it had it not been confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

Nor. Why 'tis here,
(47) The Spirit of a Huntſman choak'd with Butter:
Here's a new Tomb, new Trickments too.
Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.
Nor. And a Tablet
With Rhimes upon't.
Mir. I prithee read 'em, *Norandine.*
Nor. An Epi--- an Epi---taph, I think 'tis; ay 'tis taph, an Epitaph upon the moſt excell, excel---lent--and——
Mir. Thou canſt not read.
Nor. I've ſpoil'd mine Eyes with Gun-powder.
Mir. An Epitaph upon the moſt virtuous, and excellent Lady, the Honour of Chaſtity, *Oriana.*
Nor. The grand Maſter's Siſter? how a devil came ſhe here? when ſlipt ſhe out o' th' way? the Stone's but half upon her.
Mir. It is a ſudden change: certain the miſchief *Mountferrat* offer'd to her broke her Heart-ſtrings.
Nor. Would he were here, I'd be the Clerk my ſelf,
And by this little light, I'd bury him alive here:
Here's no lamenting now. *Ori.* Oh, oh.
Nor. There 'tis.
Mir. Sure from the Monument, the very Stone groans for her.
Oh, dear Lady, bleſſing of Women, virtue of thy Sex;
How art thou ſet for ever, how ſtol'n from us.
Babling and prating now converſe with Women.
Nor. Sir, it riſes, it looks up. [*She riſes up.*
Mir. Heav'n bleſs us.
Nor. It is in Woman's Cloaths, it riſes higher.
Mir. It looks about, and wonders; ſure ſhe lives, Sir.
'Tis ſhe, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.
Nor. Shall I go to her? *Ori.* Where am I!
Mir. Stand ſtill.

(47) *The Spirit of a* Huntſman *choak'd with Butter:*] As I can ſee no Humour in an *Huntſman's being choak'd with Butter*, I make no doubt of its being a Corruption for *Dutchman*, who are always laugh'd at for eating ſuch Quantities of oyl'd Butter. *T. Seward.*

Ori.

Ori. What Place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
Ori. What ſmell of Earth, and rotten Bones, what dark Place?
Lord, whither am I carried?
Nor. How ſhe ſtares,
And ſets her Eyes on him.
Mir. How is't, dear Lady?
D' you know me? how ſhe ſhakes?
Ori. You are a Man.
Mir. A Man that honours you.
Ori. A cruel Man,
Ye are all cruel; are you in your Grave too?
For there's no truſting cruel Man, above ground.
Nor. By'r Lady that goes hard.
Mir. To do you Service,
And to reſtore ye to the Joys you were in——
Ori. I was in Joys indeed, and hope——
Mir. She ſinks again,
Again ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone; gone as a Shadow,
She ſinks for ever, Friend.
Nor. She is cold now,
She's certainly departed, I muſt cry too.
Mir. The bleſſed Angels guide thee; put the Stone to,
Beauty thou'rt gone to Duſt, Goodneſs to Aſhes.
Nor. Pray take it well; we muſt all have our hours, Sir.
Mir. Ay, thus we are, and all our painted Glory,
A bubble that a Boy blows into th' Air,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad ye ſav'd her Honour yet.
Mir. Would I had ſav'd her Life now too: Oh Heav'n,
For ſuch a Bleſſing, ſuch a timely Bleſſing!
O Friend, what dear content 'twould be, what Story
To keep my Name from Worms? *Ori.* Oh, oh.
Nor. She lives again.
'Twas but a Trance.
Mir. Pray ye call my Man in preſently,
Help with the Stone firſt, oh ſhe ſtirs again.
Oh call my Man, away.
Nor. I fly, I fly, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mir.

Mir. Upon my Knees, O Heav'n, O Heav'n, I thank thee.

Enter Colonna, *and* Norandine.

The living heat ſteals into every Member;
Come, help the Coffin out ſoftly, and ſuddenly;
Where is the Clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is ſure, Sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you muſt be ſecret.

Col. As your Soul, Sir.

Mir. Softly good Friend, take her into your Arms.

Nor. Put in the cruſt again.

Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a Horſeback
My Man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; ſtay you, and watch what iſſue,
And what Enquiry's for the Body.

Nor. Well, Sir.

Mir. And when y' have done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh ſoftly.

Nor. She grows warmer ſtill, Sir.

Col. What ſhall I do with th' Key?

Mir. Thou canſt not ſtir now,
Leave it i'th' Door, go get the Horſes ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, *and* Abdella *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Roc. The Door's already open, the Key in it.

Mount. What were thoſe paſt by?

Roc. Some ſcout of Soldiers, I think.

Mount. It may well be ſo, for I ſaw their Horſes:
They ſaw not us, I hope. *Abd.* No, no, we were cloſe,
Beſide they were far off. *Mount.* What time of Night is't?

Abd. Much about twelve, I think.

Roc. Let me go in firſt,
For by the leaving open of the Door here,
There may be ſome Body i'th' Church; give me the Lanthorn.

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope.

Mount.

Mount. Make that good to me
Your Promiſe is engag'd for.
Abd. Why ſhe's there
Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Roc. Come in, all's ſure,
Not a Foot ſtirring, nor a Tongue.
Mount. Heav'n bleſs me,
I ne'er enter'd, with ſuch unholy Thoughts,
This Place before.
Abd. Ye are a fearful Fool,
If Men have Appetites allowed 'em,
And warm Deſires, are there not ends too for 'em?
Mount. Whither ſhall we carry her?
Roc. Why, to the Bark, Sir,
I have provided one already waits us;
The Wind ſtands wondrous fair too for our Paſſage.
Abd. And there when ye've enjoy'd her, for ye've that liberty,
Let me alone to ſend her to feed Fiſhes:
I'll no more ſighs for her.
Mount. Where is the Monument?
Thou'rt ſure ſhe will awake about this time? *Abd.* Moſt ſure,
If ſhe be n't knockt o'th' Head: give me the Lanthorn,
Here 'tis; how's this, the Stone off?
Roc. Ay, and nothing
Within the Monument, that's worſe; no Body
I'm ſure of that, nor ſign of any here,
But an empty Coffin.
Mount. No Lady?
Roc. No, nor Lord, Sir,
This Pye has been cut up before.
Abd. Either the Devil
Muſt do theſe tricks———
Mount. Or thou, thou damn'd one, worſe
Thou black ſwoln pitchy cloud, of all my Afflictions;
Thou night Hag, gotten when the bright Moon ſuffer'd;
Thou Hell it ſelf confin'd in Fleſh; what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy miſchief

His

Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou haſt remov'd her Body, or by this holy Place
This Sword ſhall cut thee into thouſand pieces,
A thouſand thouſand, ſtrow thee o'er the Temple
A Sacrifice to thy black Sire, the Devil.
Roc. Tell him, you ſee he's angry.
Abd. Let him burſt,
Neither his Sword nor Anger do I ſhake at,
Nor will I yield, to feed his poor Suſpicions,
His idle Jealouſies, and mad Dogs heats,
One thought againſt my ſelf: Ye've done a brave deed,
A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
When ye've kill'd me, reckon't amongſt your Battels;
I'm ſorry y' are ſo poor, ſo weak a Gentleman,
Able to ſtand no Fortune: I diſpoſe of her?
My Miſchief make her away? a likely Project,
I muſt play booty 'gainſt my ſelf; if any thing croſs ye,
I am the Devil, and the Devil's Heir,
All Plagues, all Miſchiefs——
Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?
Abd. I've done too much,
Far, far too much, for ſuch a thankleſs Fellow:
If I be Devil, you created me;
I never knew thoſe Arts, nor bloody Practices
(——o' your cunning Heart, that Mine of miſchief)
Before your Flatt'ries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this Hour to wake again.
Mount. Where is ſhe?
This is the laſt demand.
Abd. Did I now know it,
And were I ſure, this were my lateſt minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curſe thee.
Roc. I ſee a Light, ſtand cloſe, and leave your angers,
We all miſcarry elſe.

Enter Gomera, *and Page with a Torch.*

Abd. I am now careleſs.
Mount. Peace, prithee peace, Sweet, peace, all Friends.
Abd. Stand cloſe then.

Gom.

Gom. Wait there, Boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee:
In darkneſs was my Soul and Senſes clouded
When my fair Jewel fell, the night of Jealouſie
In all her blackneſs drawn about my Judgment;
No light was let into me, to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt my ſudden Anger and her Honour;
A blind ſad Pilgrimage ſhall be my Penance,
No comfort of the day will I look up at:
Far darker than my jealous Ignorance,
Each place of my aboad ſhall be: My Prayers
No ceremonious lights ſhall ſet off more:
Bright Arms, and all that carry Luſtre, Life,
Society, and Solace, I forſake ye.
And were it not once more to ſee her Beauties,
(For in her Bed of Death, ſhe muſt be ſweet ſtill,)
And on her cold ſad Lips ſeal my Repentance;
(48) Thou Child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not miſs thee.

Mount. I know the Tongue, would I were out again.
I've done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Abd. There is no ſhifting now, Boldneſs and Confidence
Muſt carry't now away; he's but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a Strength far under.

Mount. But h'as a Cauſe above me.

Abd. That's as you handle it.

Roc. Peace, he may go again, and never ſee us.

(48) *Thou Child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not miſs thee.*] Mr. *Seward* propoſes reading here, ——*I would not uſe thee*, and owns, indeed, that the Change made is a large one. But either ſome Senſe of the old Text has eſcaped him, or elſe it hath no ſort of Coherence with the reſt of the Sentence, or the evident Intention of *Gomera*. And adds farther, that if a Change be neceſſary, he believes what he has made will bid fair for being the Original, and that this is the greateſt Certainty we can arrive at, in verbal Criticiſms, when all the former Editions concur in the Corruption.

I muſt beg leave to diſſent from my good Friend here, for though I think there is occaſion for a Change, yet ſuch a large one as he recommends, I can by no means allow of. What *Gomera* intends to ſay is only this; that unleſs it was to ſee the Beauty of his (ſuppoſed) dead Wife, *&c.* he never ſhould *deſire* or *want light more*. Now this by an eaſy Change may be made out thus,

——*fair Light, I* ſhou'd *not miſs thee.*

Gom.

Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the Flood,
The torrent of my Tears, to drown my Fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden Cloud,
Begotten in the moiſt South, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.

Roc. Now he muſt diſcover us.

Abd. He has already, never hide your Head,
Be bold and brave, if we muſt die together——

Gom. Who's there? What Friend to Sorrow? th' Tomb wide open,
The Stone off too? the Body gone? by——
Look to the Door Boy: Keep it faſt, who are ye?
What ſacrilegious Villains? Falſe *Mountferrat*,
The Wolf to Honour, has thy helliſh Hunger
Brought thee to tear the Body out o'th' Tomb too?
Has thy foul Mind ſo far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? Nay, then I ſpy a Villany
[*To* Abdella.
I never dream'd of yet, (49) thou ſinful Uſher,
Bred from that Rottenneſs, thou Bawd to Miſchief,
D' you bluſh through all your Blackneſs? Won't that hide it?

Abd. I cannot ſpeak.

Gom. You're well met, with your Dam, Sir;
Art thou a Knight? Did ever on that Sword,
The Chriſtian Cauſe ſit nobly? Could that Hand fight,
Guided by Fame and Fortune? That Heart inflame thee,
With virtuous Fires of Valour?—— To fall off,
Fall off ſo ſuddenly, and with ſuch Foulneſs,
As the falſe Angels did, from all their Glory?
Thou art no Knight; Honour thou never heard'ſt of,
Nor brave Deſires could ever build in that Breaſt.
Treaſon, and tainted Thoughts, are all the Gods

(49) ——*thou ſinful Uſher,*
Bred from that Rottenneſs, that *Bawd to Miſchief,*] That *Bawd* plainly implies *Mountferrat*, but the Reader can't but know this to be a Contradiction: For not *Mountferrat*, but *Abdella* claims that Character. We muſt read, therefore, *thou*, as Mr. *Seward* and my ſelf conjectured, and for which we have the Concurrence of the Folio of 1647.

Thou

Thou worſhip'ſt, all the Strength thou hadſt, and Fortunes;
Thou didſt things out of Fear, and falſe Heart, Villain,
Out of cloſe Traps and Treach'ries, they have raiſed thee.
Mount. Thou rav'ſt, old Man.
Gom. Before thou get'ſt off from me,
Hadſt thou the Glory of thy firſt Fights on thee,
Which thou haſt baſely loſt, thy nobleſt Fortunes,
And in their greateſt Luſtres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confeſs, (nay kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for Mercy, crying:)
Thou art the recreant'ſt Rogue time ever nouriſh'd,
(50) Thou art a Dog, I'll make thee ſwear, a Dog,
A mangy Cur Dog; d' you creep behind the Altar?
Look how it ſweats, to ſhelter ſuch a Raſcal:
Firſt, with thy ven'mous Tooth infect her chaſte Life,
And then not dare to do; next, rob her Reſt,
Steal her dead Body out o'th' Grave——
Mount. I have not.
Gom. Prithee come out, this is no Place to quarrel in,
Valiant *Mountferrat*, come.
Mount. I will not ſtir.
Gom. Thou haſt thy Sword about thee,
That good Sword that ne'er fail'd thee; prithee come,
We'll have but five Stroaks for it; on, on Boy,
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee, [Sir,
Wou'd wondrous fain cleave that Calves Head of yours,
Come, prithee let's diſpatch, the Moon ſhines finely:
Prithee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd elſe;
But it may be, thou longeſt to be hang'd.
Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You ſhall have my Sword too; when he's diſpatch'd once,
We have the World before us.
Gom. Wilt thou walk Fellow,

(50) *Thou art a Dog, I'll make thee ſwear, a Dog,*] The firſt Folio Copy has an Addition to this Verſe, which is wrote there thus,

——*I'll make thee ſwear a Dog* ſtav'd.

But what buſineſs *ſtav'd* has here I can't diſcover; a *ſtav'd Dog* in the Bear-garden Language, I believe, is no more than a Dog taken off the Bear, by wrenching his Mouth open to make him leave his hold. Poſſibly the Poets might have wrote it thus, *a Dog ſtav'd*, and then *A mangy Cur Dog* may follow agreeably enough.

I never knew a Rogue hang Arſe-ward ſo,
And ſuch a deſp'rate Knave too.
Abd. Pray go with him.
Something I'll promiſe too.
Mount. You would be kill'd then?
No Remedy, I ſee.
Gom. If thou darſt do it?
Mount. Yes now I dare; lead out, I'll follow preſently,
Under the Mount I'll meet ye.
Gom. Go before me,
I'll have ye in a String too.
Mount. As I'm a Gentleman,
And by this holy Place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou ſhalt be kill'd, take my Word for it
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou ſcap'ſt thou haſt Cats Luck.
The Mount?
Mount. The ſame; make haſte, I'm there before elſe.
Gom. Go get ye home; now if he ſcape I'm Coward.
Mount. Well, now I am reſolv'd, and he ſhall find it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, *and* Colonna.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the Curſe the divine Juſtice laid
On the firſt ſinful Woman.
Mir. Is ſh' in Travel?
Luc. Yes, Sir, and yet the Troubles of her Mind
Afflict her more, than what her Body ſuffers;
For in th' Extremity of her Pain, ſhe cries out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomera?*
Then ſometimes names *Miranda*, and then ſighs,
As if to ſpeak, what queſtionleſs ſhe loves well,
If heard, might do her Inj'ry.
Col. Heav'n's ſweet Mercy
Look gently on her.

Mir.

Mir. Prithee tell her, my Prayers
Are preſent with her, and good Wench provide
That ſhe want nothing: What's thy Name?
Luc. Lucinda.
Mir. Lucinda? There's a proſperous Omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring Word
That ſhe is ſafe deliver'd of her Burthen,
And thy Reward's thy Liberty: Come *Colonna*
We will go ſee how th' Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Maſter ſent; be careful
To view the Works, and learn the Diſcipline
That is us'd here: I am to leave the World,
And for your Service, which I have found faithful,
The Charge that's mine, if I have any Power,
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I ſtill find
A noble Maſter in you.
Mir. 'Tis but Juſtice,
Thou doſt deſerve it in thy Care, and Duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella *with a Piſtol.*

Gom. Here's even Ground, I'll ſtir no Foot beyond it,
Before I have thy Head.
Mount. Draw, *Rocca.*
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward Guilt robb'd thee as well of Courage
As Honeſty? that without Odds thou dar'ſt not
Anſwer a ſingle En'my?
Mount. All Advantage
That I can take, expect.
Roc. We know you're valiant;
Nor do we purpoſe to make farther Trial
Of what you can do now, but to diſpatch you.
Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.
Gom. Villains,
Whoſe Baſeneſs, all diſgraceful Words made one,

Cannot expreſs; ſo ſtrong is the good Cauſe
That ſeconds me, that you ſhall feel, with Horror
To your proud Hopes, what ſtrength is in that Arm,
Though old, that holds a Sword made ſharp by Juſtice.
Abd. You come then here, to prate? [*Fight.*
Mount. Help, *Rocca*, now,
Or I am loſt for ever; how comes this? [*He is diſarm'd.*
Are Villany and Weakneſs Twins?
Roc. I'm gone too.
Gom. You ſhall not ſcape me, Wretches.
Abd. I muſt do it,
All will go wrong elſe. [*Shoots him.*
Gom. Treach'rous bloody Woman,
What haſt thou done?
Abd. Done a poor Woman's part,
And in an Inſtant, what theſe Men ſo long
Stood fooling for.
Mount. This Aid was unexpected,
I kiſs thee for't.
Roc. His right Arm's only ſhot,
And that compell'd him to forſake his Sword,
He's elſe unwounded.
Mount. Cut his Throat.
Abd. Forbear.
Yet do not hope 'tis with Intent to ſave thee,
But that thou may'ſt live to thy farther Torment,
To ſee who triumphs o'er thee; come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy Foot to mine, and let our Hearts
Meet with our Hands, the Contract that is made
And cemented with Blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy Sanction, and much ſurer,
Than all the ſuperſtitious Ceremonies
You Chriſtians uſe.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?
Mount. Betray'd again?
Nor. By the Report it made, and by the Wind,
The Piſtol was diſcharg'd here.
Gom. Norandine,

As

As ever thou lov'ſt Valour, or wear'ſt Arms
To puniſh Baſeneſs, ſhew it.
Nor. O the Devil,
Gomera wounded, and my *Brache*, *black Beauty*
An Actor in it?
Abd. If thou ſtrik'ſt, I'll ſhoot thee.
Nor. How! fright me with your Pot-Gun? What art thou?
Good Heav'n, the Rogue, the Traitor Rogue, *Mountferrat!*
To ſwinge the Neſt of you, 's a Sport unlook'd for,
Hell's—— conſume you.
Mount. As thou art a Man,
(I'm wounded,) give me time to anſwer thee.
Gom. Durſt thou urge this? this Hand can hold a Sword yet.
Nor. Well done; to ſee this Villain, makes my Hurts
Bleed freſh again, but had I not a Bone whole,
In ſuch a Cauſe I ſhould do thus, thus Raſcals.

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Cor. Diſarm them, and ſhoot any that reſiſts.
Gom. Hold Corporal, I am *Gomera*.
Nor. It's well yet, that once in an Age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your Parties
For ſucking Pigs. 'Tis well, as you will anſwer
The contrary with your Lives, ſee theſe forth coming.
Cor. That we ſhall do.
Nor. You bleed apace; good Soldiers,
Go help him to a Surgeon.
(51) *Roc.* Dare the worſt,
And ſuffer like your ſelf.
Abd. From me learn Courage.
Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this News will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's ſomething for thy Care to Night: my Horſe there.
[*Exeunt.*

(51) Roc. *Dare the worſt.*] I ſuſpect a Speech of *Mountferrat*'s is dropt upon us, here, and perhaps the Reader may be of my Opinion.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Oriana *and* Lucinda.

Ori. HOW does my Boy?

Luc. Oh wondrous luſty, Madam,
A little Knight already: You ſhall live
To ſee him toſs a *Turk*.

Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much muſt I thank thee for thy Care and Service.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

And may I grow but ſtrong to ſee *Valetta*,
My Brother, and my Husband, thou ſhalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Mir. Look Captain, we muſt ride away this Morning,
The Auberge ſits to Day, and the great Maſter
Writes plainly, I muſt, or deliver in
(The Year expir'd) my Probation Weed,
Or take the Cloak; you likewiſe *Norandine*,
For your full Service, and your laſt Aſſiſtance
In falſe *Mountferrat*'s Apprehenſion
Are here commanded to aſſociate me;
My Twin in this high Honour.

Nor. I'll none on't; do they think to bind me to live chaſte, ſober, and temperately, all Days of my Life? they may as ſoon tye an *Engliſhman* to live ſo: I ſhall be a ſweet *Dane*, a ſweet Captain, go up and down drinking ſmall Beer, and ſwearing *'ods neagues*: No, I'll live a Squire at Arms ſtill, and do thou ſo too, and thou be'ſt wiſe: I have found the Myſtery now, why the Gentlemen wear but three Bars of the Croſs, and the Knights the whole one.

Mir. Why Captain?

Nor. Marry, Sir, to put us in Remembrance, we are but three Quarters croſs'd in our Licence, and Pleaſures; but the poor Knights croſs'd altogether: the Brothers at Arms,

Arms, may yet meet with their Siſters at Arms, now and then, in Brotherly Love; but the poor Knights cannot get a Lady for Love nor Mony; 'tis not ſo in other Countries I wis; pray haſte you, for I'll along, and ſee what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. Colonna, ſtrait provide all Neceſſaries
For this Remove, the Litter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* bear her Company,
You ſhall attend on me.

Col. With all my Duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious Miſtreſs?

Ori. O *Miranda*,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair Title
When I was free, and could diſpoſe my ſelf;
But now, no Smile, no Word, no Look, no Touch
Can I impart to any, but as Theft
From my *Gomera*, and who dares accept,
Is an Uſurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee, [*Exit* Lucinda.
(Thou fairer Virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)
Hold but this Teſt, ſo rich an Ore was never
Try'd by the Hand of Man, on the vaſt Earth:
Sit, brighteſt *Oriana*; is it Sin
Still to profeſs I love you, ſtill to vow
I ſhall do ever? Heav'n my Witneſs be,
'Tis not your Eye, your Cheek, your Tongue, no part
That ſuperficially doth ſnare young Men,
Which has caught me; read over in your Thoughts
The Story that this Man hath made of you,
And think upon his Merit.

Ori. Only Thought
Can comprehend it.

Mir. (52) And can you be ſo
Cruel, thankleſs, to deſtroy his Youth

(52) *And can you be ſo*
Cruel, thankleſs,—] Mr. *Seward* propoſes reading *Cruel and*, or which he prefers to the former, *Cruelly thankleſs*,—— I read
Can you be ſo
Cruel, ſo *thankleſs*,—— The Reader may take which he likes beſt.

That ſav'd your Honour, gave you double Life,
Your own, and your fair Infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind Foe to all Beauty, that is good)
Bandied you from one Hazard to another,
Was ev'n Heav'n's Meſſenger, by Providence
Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
Into theſe Arms, to give Eaſe to your Throwes,
As if't had thunder'd, take thy due *Miranda*,
For ſhe was thine: *Gomera*'s Jealouſie
Struck Death unto thy Heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee ſecond Life:
Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
The torturing Fires of my Affections!

Ori. Oh maſter them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
Who follows his Deſires, ſuch Tyrants ſerves
As will oppreſs him inſupportably.
My Flames, *Miranda*, riſe as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my Marriage;
Yet would I now conſent, or could I think
Thou wert in earneſt, (which by all the Souls
That have, for Chaſtity, been ſanctify'd,
I cannot) in a Moment I do know
Thoud'ſt call fair Temperance up to rule thy Blood;
Thy Eye was ever chaſte, thy Countenance too, honeſt,
And all thy Wooing was like Maidens Talk;
Who yieldeth unto Pleaſures, and to Luſt,
Is a poor Captive, that in golden Fetters,
And precious, as he thinks, but holding Gyves,
Frets out his Life.

Mir. Find ſuch another Woman,
And take her for his Labour, any Man.

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my beſt,
Heav'n knew I was not, I had had thee elſe,
Much leſs now, gentle Sir; *Miranda*'s Deeds
Have been as white as *Oriana*'s Fame,
From the Beginning to this Point of time,
And ſhall we now begin to ſtain both thus?
Think on the Legend which we two ſhall breed
Continuing as we are, for chaſteſt Dames
And boldeſt Soldiers to peruſe and read,

Ay and read thorough; free from any Act
To cauſe the Modeſt caſt the Book away,
And the moſt honour'd Captain fold it up.
Mir. Faireſt, let go my Hand; my Pulſe beats thick,
And my mov'd Blood rides high in every Vein,
Lord of thy ſelf now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This Bark of Fleſh, no better Steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat*'s; may you kiſs me, Lady?
Ori. No; though't be no eſſential Injury,
It is a Circumſtance due to my Lord,
To none elſe; and my deareſt Friend, if Hands
Playing together, kindle Heat in you,
What may the Game at Lips provoke unto?
Mir. Oh what a Tongue is here? whilſt ſhe doth teach
My Heart to hate my fond unlawful Love,
She talks me more in Love, with Love to her;
My Fires ſhe quencheth with her Arguments,
But as ſhe breaths 'em, they blow freſher Fires.
Sit further; now my Flame cools; Husband! Wife!
There is ſome holy Myſt'ry in thoſe Names
That ſure th'unmarried cannot underſtand.
Ori. Now thou art ſtrait, and doſt enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly Love,
My very Soul doats on thee, and my Spirits
Do embrace thine, my Mind doth thy Mind kiſs,
And in this pure Conjunction we enjoy
A heav'nlier Pleaſure than if Bodies met:
This, this is perfect Love; the other ſhort
Yet languiſhing fruition, ev'ry Swain
And ſweating Groom may claſp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten Ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our ſpiritual Love, a barren Joy;
For mark what bleſſed Iſſue we'll beget,
(Dearer than Children to Poſterity,)
A great Example to Mens Continence,
And Womens Chaſtity, that is a Child
More fair and comfortable, than any Heir.
Mir. If all Wives were but ſuch, Luſt would not find
One corner to inhabit, Sin would be

So ſtrange, Remiſſion ſuperfluous:
But one Petition, and I've done.
Ori. What, Sweet.
Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard Hand of Death
Seize on *Gomera* firſt.
Ori. Oh, much too worthy;
How much you undervalue your own Price,
To give your unbought ſelf, for a poor Woman,
That has been once ſold, us'd, and loſt her Show?
I am a Garment worn, a Veſſel crack'd,
A *Zone* unty'd, a Lilly trod upon,
A fragrant Flower cropt by another Hand;
My Colour ſully'd, and my Odour chang'd.
If when I was new bloſſom'd, I did fear
My ſelf unworthy of *Miranda*'s Spring;
Thus over-blown, and ſeeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his Bed.
Mir. Riſe, Miracle, ſave *Malta* with thy Virtue:
If words could make me proud, how has ſhe ſpoke,
Yet I will try her to the very Block.
Hard-hearted and uncivil *Oriana*,
Ingrateful Payer of my Induſtries,
That with a ſoft painted Hypocriſie
Cozen'ſt, and jeer'ſt my Perturbation,
(53) Expect a witty and a fell Revenge:
My comfort is, all Men will think thee falſe,
Beſide thy Husband, having been thus long
(On this occaſion) in my Fort, and Power——

Enter Norandine, Colonna, *and* Lucinda *with a Child.*

I'll hear no more words: Captain, let's away,
With all care ſee to her; and you, *Lucinda*,
Attend her diligently; ſhe's a Wonder.
Nor. Have you found ſhe was well delivered?
What, had ſhe a good Midwife, is all well?
Mir. You're merry, *Norandine*.

(53) *Expect a* witty *and a fell Revenge*:] The Coupling of theſe two Epithets, perhaps, never was from the Poet's Pen. I am inclin'd to think that we have the ſame Corruption here, as in *The Wild-goose Chace*; and that in both Places we ſhould read not *witty*, but *weighty*.

Luc.

Luc. Why weep you, Lady?
Ori. Take the poor Babe along.
Col. Madam, 'tis here.
Ori. Diſſembling Death, why didſt thou let me live
To ſee this change, my greateſt Cauſe to grieve? [*Exeunt.*

(54) SCENE II.

[Synnet, i. e. *Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

Enter Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Valetta, Gomera, *Knights, two Biſhops,* Mountferrat *guarded by Corporal and Soldiers,* Abdella, *a Gentleman with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs.*

Val. A tender Husband haſt thou ſhew'd thyſelf,
My deareſt Brother, and (55) thy Memory,
After my Life, in brazen Characters
Shall monumentally be regiſter'd
To Ages conſequent, (56) till Time's running Hand
Beats back the World to undiſtinguiſh'd *Chaos*,
And

(54) SCENE II.

Enter *Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet,* Knights, two Biſhops, *Mountferrat* guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, *Abdella,* a Gentleman with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs; *Gomera.*] This Stage-direction ſeems not to be faultleſs. *Synnet,* a Term us'd oft by *Shakeſpear,* and once before this by our Authors in *Valentinian* for a *Flouriſh of Trumpets,* is here made a Perſon equal in Dignity to *Valetta,* &c. Then to put two *Gomeras* upon us when one was ſufficient, muſt at leaſt be acknowledg'd as another Overſight. But the higheſt Objection is not ſo much againſt the Editors as the Authors of this Play, for the very great Omiſſion of *Rocca*'s Name and Puniſhment. He, 'tis true, was not ſuch an enormous Offender as *Mountferrat* and *Abdella,* yet poetic Juſtice, in ſome Shape, ſhould doubtleſs have arreſted him, for being ſo deeply concern'd in ſupport of their Villany.

(55) —— —— —— —— —— *thy memory,*
After my *life, in brazen Characters*
Shall monumentally be regiſter'd, &c.] If the Reader would give me leave, I would propoſe reading *thy* for *my.* I think it better, and ſo perhaps may he too.

(56) —— —— *till Time's running Hand*
Beats back the World to undiſtinguiſh'd Chaos.] *Running* is, I allow, a proper Epithet to Time, but *Time's running Hand beating the*

And on the Top of that thy Name ſhall ſtand
Freſh, and without Decay.
Gom. O honour'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any Bliſs to come,
Could lift my Load of Grief off from my Soul,
Or expiate the Treſpaſs 'gainſt my Wife,
That in one Hour's Suſpicion I begat,
I might be won to be a Man again,
And fare like other Husbands, ſleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleaſing Penitence;
But till old Nature can make ſuch a Wife
Again, I vow ne'er to reſume the Order
And Habits that to Men are neceſſary;
All Breath I'll ſpend in Sighs, all Sound in Groans,
And know no Comp'ny but my waſting Moans.
Aſto. This will be wilful Murder on yourſelf,
Nor like a Chriſtian do you bear the Chance
Which th' inſcrutable Will of Heav'n admits.
Gom. What would you have my Weakneſs do, that has
Suffer'd itſelf thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd Hell-hound, and his agent Dam,
The impious Midwife to abortive Births,
And cruel Inſtrument to his Decrees?
By Forgery they firſt aſſail'd her Life,
Heav'n playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My deareſt Friend, the Servant to her Virtue,
To Combat me, againſt his Miſtreſs' Truth.
That yet effectleſs, this enchanting Witch
Bred baneful Jealouſy againſt my Lady,
My moſt immac'late Lady, which ſeiz'd on her
Almoſt to Death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my Hand put (to reſtore her Life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their dev'liſh Malice; farther, great with Child
Was this poor Innocent, that too was loſt,
They doubled Death upon her; not ſtaying there,

World to Chaos, does not ſeem to me a very clear and conſiſtent Metaphor; and as *Ruining* is ſo very near the trace of the Letters, and appears to have much more Propriety and Energy than the former, I think it bids fair for having been the Original. Mr. *Seward.*

They

They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting Reſt unto her in the Grave:
I wiſh *Miranda* had enjoy'd my Prize;
For ſure I'm puniſh'd for uſurping her.
Oh what a Tyger is reſiſted Luſt?
How it doth forage all?
Mount. Part of this Tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poiſon giv'n her?
Abd. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been ſo wiſe, and had not now
Stood curt'ſing for your Mercies here.
Mount. Beſides,
What is become o' th' Body we know not.
Val. (57) Peace, Impudents;
And, dear *Gomera*, practice Patience
As I my ſelf muſt; by ſome means at laſt
We ſhall diſſolve this Riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This Villain in this Feſtival Array,
As if he triumph'd for his Treachery?
Caſt. That is by our Appointment: give us leave,
You ſhall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Colonna.

(58) *Val.* One of th' *Eſguard.*
Eſg. The Gentlemen are come.
Val. Truce then a while,
With our ſad thoughts; what, are you both reſolv'd?

(57) *Peace, Impudents*;] So reads the firſt Folio Copy, which I prefer to the Lection of the other Books,

Peace, Impudence.

(58) Valetta. *One of th'* Eſguard.

Eſg. *The Gentlemen are come.*] Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me, that to put *One of the* Eſguard into *Valetta*'s Mouth, was falſe and ridiculous. The Stage Direction was undoubtedly given by our Authors thus,

Enter one of the *Eſguard.*

Eſg. *The Gentlemen are come.*
Valetta. *Truce then a while*
With your ſad Thoughts.
Enter *Miranda, Norandine* and *Colonna.*
What, are you both reſolv'd? &c.

Nor.

Nor. Not I, my Lord, your down-right Captain ſtill,
I'll live, and ſerve you, not that altogether
I want compunction of Conſcience,
I have enough to ſave me, and that's all;
Bar me from Drink, and Drabs? — ev'n hang me too—
You muſt ev'n make your Captains Capons firſt;
I have too much Fleſh for this ſpiritual Knighthood,
And therefore do deſire forbearance, Sir,
'Till I am older, or more mortify'd;
I am too ſound yet.

Val. What ſay you, *Miranda?*

Mir. With all pure Zeal to Heav'n, Duty to you,
I come to undergo't.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony. [Title

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd
Admir'd *Miranda*, pardon what in Thought
I ever did tranſgreſs againſt your Virtue;
And may you find more Joy with your new Bride,
Than poor *Gomera* e'er enjoy'd with his;
But 'twas mine own Crime, and I ſuffer for't:
Long wear your Dignity, and worthily,
Whilſt I obſcurely in ſome (59) Corner vaniſh.

Mir. Have ſtronger thoughts, and better; firſt I crave,
According to the Order of the Court,
I may diſpoſe my Captives, and the Fort,
That with a clean and purified Heart
The fitlier I may endue my Robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana *vail'd*, *Ladies*, Lucinda *with a Child.*

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
And ſtaid Tuition, my moſt noble Friend,
I then commend this Lady; ſtart not off,
A fairer and a chaſter never liv'd;
By her own choice you are her Guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,

(59) ——*Corner vaniſh.*] The firſt Folio Edition happily knows of no ſuch ridiculous Reading as this, and 'tis from that Copy that I have reformed the preſent Text.

Her

Her own requeſt was, to *Gomera*'s Hands
She might be giv'n in Cuſtody, for ſhe'ad heard
He was a Gentleman, wiſe, and temperate,
Full of Humanity to Women-kind,
And 'cauſe he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a Lady.
Val. What Country-woman is ſhe?
Mir. Born a *Greek*.
Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A Lady, that unto your Refuge flies,
And ſeeks to ſhrowd her under Virtue's Wing.
Gom. Excuſe me, noble Sir; (60) oh think me not
So dull a Devil, to forget the loſs
Of ſuch a matchleſs Wife as I poſſeſs'd,
And ever to endure the ſight of Woman:
Were ſhe the Abſtract of her Sex for Form,
The only Warehouſe of Perfection,
Were there no Roſe nor Lilly but her Cheek,
No Muſick but her Tongue, Virtue but hers,
She muſt not reſt near me; my Vow is graven
Here in my Heart, irrevocably breath'd,
And when I break it———
Aſto. This is rudeneſs, *Spaniard*,
Unſeaſonably you play the *Timoniſt*,
Put on a Diſpoſition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir.
Caſt. We cannot force you, but we would perſwade.
Gom. Beſeech you, Sir, no more, I am reſolv'd
To forſake *Malta*, tread a Pilgrimage

(60) ——————————*think me not*
So dull *a Devil*,—] Thoſe Errors, which leave ſome poor Senſe, are often the moſt dangerous: This I believe was the Caſe of *Time's running Hand*, quoted above; the ſame I think in this Inſtance. I heſitated upon it from the lowneſs of the Expreſſion, when I perceived that the Change of a ſingle Letter wou'd give a noble and a nervous Senſe,

So *full a Devil*,——

i. e. Think me not ſo *altogether* a Devil as to forget the worth of her I have killed. The uſe of *full* in this manner I cou'd give many Inſtances of. Mr. *Seward*.

To

To fair *Jeruſalem*, for my Lady's Soul,
And will not be diverted.
Mir. You muſt bear
This Child along w' ye then.
Gom. What Child?
All. How's this?
Mir. Nay then, *Gomera*, thou'rt injurious;
This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou haſt as often known, as thine own Wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my Sword.
Gom. Thou durſt as well blaſpheme: if ſuch a ſcandal—
(I crave the Rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman, unvail.
Ori. Will you refuſe me yet?
Gom. My Wife!
Val. My Siſter!
Gom. Some Body thank Heav'n,
I cannot ſpeak.
All. All Praiſe be ever given.
Mount. This ſaves our lives, yet would ſhe had been dead;
The very ſight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of Puniſhment, or my Diſgrace.
Val. How came you to the Temple?
Mir. Sir, to do
My poor Devotions, and to offer Thanks
For ſcaping a Temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I reſtore a Wife
Earth cannot parallel; and buſie Nature,
If thou wilt ſtill make Women, but remember
To work 'em by this Sampler——take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.
Gom. When I do,
Death take me ſuddenly.
Mir. T' increaſe your Happineſs
To your beſt Wife take this Addition.
[*Gives him the Child.*
Gom. Alack my poor Knave.
Val. The confeſſion
The *Moor* made 't ſeems was truth.

Nor.

Nor. Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever iſſued out of Hell, which her black Jaws reſemble; a plague o' your Bacon-face, you muſt be giving drinks with a Vengeance; ah thou branded Bitch, do ye ſtare goggles? I hope to make Winter-boots o' thy Hide yet, ſhe fears not damning: Hell fire cannot parch her blacker than ſhe is: D' ye grin, Chimney-ſweeper?

Ori. What is't, *Miranda?*

Mir. That you would pleaſe *Lucinda* might attend you.

Col. That Suit, Sir, I conſent not to.

Luc. My Husband?
My deareſt *Angelo?*

Nor. More *Jiggam-bobs*; is not this the Fellow that ſwum like a Duck to th' Shore in our Sea-ſervice?

Col. The very ſame; do not you know me now, Sir,
My Name is *Angelo*, though *Colonna* vail'd it,
Your Country-man and Kinſman, born in *Florence*,
Who from the Neighbour-Iſland here of *Goza*
Was Captive led, in that unfortunate Day
When the *Turk* bore with him three thouſand Souls;
Since, in *Conſtantinople* have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this *Turkiſh* Damſel firſt.
A tedious Suitor was I for her Love,
And pitying ſuch a beauteous Caſe ſhould hide
A Soul prophan'd with Infidelity,
I labour'd her Converſion with my Love,
And doubly won her; to fair Faith her Soul
She firſt betroth'd, and then her Faith to me;
But fearful there to conſummate this Contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By thoſe ſame Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought:
Since in your Service I attended her,
Where, what I ſaw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my paſt Afflictions griev'd before. [*randa*,

Val. Wonders crown Wonders; take thy Wife: *Mi-*
Be henceforth called our *Malta*'s better Angel,
And thou her evil, *Mountferrat.*

Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black Gib there, his *Succuba*, his Devil's Seed, his Spawn of *Phlegethon*, that o' my Conſcience was bred o' the Spume of *Cocytus*;

Cocytus; do ye ſnarle, you black Jill? ſhe looks like th
Picture of *America*.

Val. Why ſtay we now?

Mir. This laſt Petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my Kinſman, tow'rd the Maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous Wife; Diſcreet,
Loyal, and Valiant I dare give him you.

Val. You muſt not ask in vain, Sir.

Col. My beſt thanks
To you my noble Couſin, and my ſervice
To the whole Court; may I deſerve this Bounty.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony, one of our *Eſguard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* firſt.

Mount. I will not ſue
For Mercy, 'twere in vain; Fortune thy worſt. [*Muſick.*

An Altar diſcover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The two Biſhops ſtand on each ſide of it; Mountferrat, *as the Song is ſinging, aſcends up the Altar.*

See, ſee, the ſtain of Honour, Virtue's foe,
Of Virgin's fair Fames the foul Overthrow,
That broken hath his Oath of Chaſtity,
Diſhonour'd much this holy Dignity,
Off with his Robe, expel him forth this Place,
Whilſt we rejoyce, and ſing at his Diſgrace.

Val. Since by thy Actions thou haſt made thy ſelf
Unworthy of that worthy Sign thou wear'ſt,
And of our ſacred Order, into which
For former Virtues we receiv'd thee firſt,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For Praiſe unto the good, a Terror to
The bad, and an Example to all Men;
We here deprive thee of our Habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our Society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted and contagious Member.

Eſg. Uſing th' authority the Superior
Hath giv'n unto me, I untie this Knot,

And

And take from thee the pleaſing Yoak of Heav'n:
We take from off thy Breaſt this holy Croſs
Which thou haſt made thy Burthen, not thy Prop;
Thy Spurs we ſpoil thee of, (61) leaving thy Heels
Bare of thy Honour, that have kick'd againſt
Our Order's Precepts; next we reave thy Sword,
And give thee armleſs to thy Enemies,
For being Foe to Goodneſs, and to Heav'n;
Laſt, 'bout thy ſtiff Neck, we this Halter hang,
And leave thee (62) to the Mercy of the Court.

Val. Inveſt *Miranda.*

SONG.

Fair Child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning Zeal doſt come,
With Joy to ask the White-croſs Cloak,
And yield unto this pleaſing Yoak,
That being young, vows Chaſtity,
And chuſeſt wilful Poverty;
As this Flame mounts, ſo mount thy Zeal, thy Glory
Riſe paſt the Stars, and fix in Heav'n thy Story.

1 *Biſh.* What crave you, gentle Sir?

Mir. Humble admittance
To be a Brother of the holy Hoſpital
Of great *Jeruſalem.*

2 *Biſh.* Breath out your Vow.

Mir. To Heav'n, and all the Bench of Saints above,
(Whoſe Succour I implore t' enable me,)
I vow henceforth a chaſte Life; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my ſelf; Obedience

(61) ——————*leaving thy Heels*
Bare of thy Honour,——] I don't think the Poets wou'd imagine themſelves wrong'd, if I ſay we ſhould read,
Bare of their *Honour,*————
and 'tis poſſible the Manuſcript might originally run ſo.

(62) So the oldeſt Folio. The reſt,
————*to the Mercy of* thy *Court.*

To my Superiors, whom Religion
And Heav'n ſhall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and t' oppunge
E'en unto Death the *Chriſtian* Enemy:
This do I vow t' accompliſh.
Eſg. Who can tell.
Has he made other Vow, or promis'd Marriage
To any one, or is in Servitude?
All. He's free from all theſe.
1 *Biſh.* Put on his Spurs, and gird him with the Sword,
The ſcourge of Infidels, and Types of ſpeed.
Build'ſt thou thy Faith on this? [*Preſenting the Croſs.*
Mir. On him that dy'd
On ſuch a ſacred Figure, for our Sins.
2 *Biſh.* Here, then we fix it on thy left ſide, for
Thy increaſe of Faith, *Chriſtian* Defence, and Service
To th' poor; and thus near to thy Heart we plant it
That thou mayſt love it ev'n with all thy Heart;
With thy right Hand protect, preſerve it whole;
For if thou fighting 'gainſt Heav'n's Enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the Croſs
The Enſign of thy holy General,
With Shame thou juſtly ſhalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our Company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified Limb.
Mir. I ask no Favour.
1 *Biſh.* Then receive the Yoak
Of him that makes it ſweet and light, in which,
Thy Soul find her eternal Reſt.
Val. Moſt welcome.
All. Welcome, our noble Brother.
Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your Deeds,
Conſpiring 'gainſt the Lives of Innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not ſtain
Our white Croſs with your Blood; your Doom is then
To marry this Coagent of your Miſchiefs,

Which

Which done, (63) we baniſh you the Continent;
If either, after three Days, here be found,
The Hand of Law lays hold upon your Lives.

Nor. Away *French* Stallion, now you have a *Barbary* Mare of your own, go leap her, and engender young devilings.

Val. We will find ſomething, noble *Norandine*,
To quit your Merit; ſo to civil Feaſts,
According to our Cuſtoms; and all pray
The Dew of Grace, bleſs our new Knight to Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(63) —*we baniſh you the Continent*;] Wou'd not one think, tho' they are here in an Iſland, that they were actually upon the Continent? Certainly the *Engliſh* of our Days, and that of our Poets, has undergone great Alterations, if we ought not to read by a ſmall Addition,

——*we baniſh you* to th' *Continent*.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY NY

LOVE's CURE:

OR,

The Martial Maid.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE,

On the reviving of this Play.

Statues and Pictures challenge Price and Fame;
If they can juſtly boaſt, and prove they came
From Phidias *or* Apelles. *None deny,*
Poets and Painters hold a Sympathy;
Yet their Works may decay, and loſe their Grace,
Receiving blemiſh in their Limbs or Face.
When the Mind's Art has this Preheminence,
She ſtill retaineth her firſt Excellence.
Then why ſhould not this dear Piece be eſteem'd
Child to the richeſt Fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meaneſt Off-ſpring, that came forth,
But bore the Image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumont's, *and* Fletcher's, *whoſe Deſert out-ways*
The beſt Applauſe, and their leaſt ſprig of Bays
Is worthy Phœbus; *and who comes to gather*
Their fruits of Wit, he ſhall not rob the Treaſure.
Nor can you ever ſurfeit of the Plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own Delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ASſiſtant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young Gentleman, Enemy to* Alvarez.
Lamoral, *a fighting Gallant, Friend to* Vitelli.
Anaſtro, *an honeſt Gentleman, Friend to* Vitelli.
Don Alvaraz, *a noble Gentleman, Father to* Lucio, *and* Clara.
Syavedra, *Friend to* Alvarez.
Lucio, *Son to* Alvarez, *a brave young Gentleman in Woman's Habit.*
Alguazeir, *a ſharking panderly Conſtable.*
Pachieco, *a Cobler,*
Mendoza, *a Botcher,* } *of Worſhip.*
Metaldie, *a Smith,*
Lazarillo, Pachieco *his hungry Servant*
Bobadilla, *a witty Knave, Servant to* Eugenia, *and Steward to* Alvarez.
Herald,
Officer.

W O M E N.

Eugenia, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to* Don Alvarez.
Clara, *Daughter to* Eugenia, *the martial Maid, Valiant and Chaſte, enamoured of* Vitelli.
Genevora, *Siſter to* Vitelli, *in love with* Lucio.
Malroda, *a wanton Miſtreſs of* Vitelli.

SCENE *SEVIL.*

LOVE's CURE:

OR,

The Martial Maid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, *and* Anaſtro.

VITELLI.

Alvarez pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I ſaw him Land
At St. *Lucars*, and ſuch a general welcome,
Fame, as Harbinger to his brave Actions,
Had with the eaſie People prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and Fortune,
Holland, with thoſe low Provinces, that hold out
Againſt the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
With their Obedience to give up their Lives
To be at his Devotion.

Vit. You amaze me:
For though I've heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*
To ſave his Life (then forfeited to Law
For murthering *Don Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extream Wants enforc'd him to take pay

I' th'

I' th' Army, fate down then before *Oſtend*;
'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe Favour
He durſt preſume to entertain a Thought
Of coming home with Pardon.
Ana. 'Tis our Nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wiſh far from our Enemies.
Lam. Sir, 'tis moſt certain, the *Infanta*'s Letters
Aſſiſted by the Arch-Duke's, to King *Philip*,
Have not alone ſecur'd him from the Rigour
Of our *Caſtilian* Juſtice, but return'd him
A free Man, and in Grace.
Vit. By what curs'd means
Could ſuch a Fugitive ariſe unto
The knowledge of their Highneſſes? Much more
(Though known) to ſtand but in the leaſt Degree
Of favour with them?
Lam. To give ſatisfaction
To your Demand, (though to praiſe him I hate,
Can yield me ſmall contentment) I will tell you,
And truly; ſince ſhould I detract his Worth,
'Twould argue want of Merit in my ſelf.
Briefly to paſs his tedious Pilgrimage.
For ſixteen years, a baniſh'd guilty Man,
And to forget the Storms, th' Affrights, the Horrours,
His Conſtancy, not Fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little Son, grown Man
(Though 'twas ſaid here, he took a Daughter with him)
To *Oſtend*'s bloody Siege, that ſtage of War,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Chriſtian World Spectators were;
There by his Son, or were he by Adoption,
Or Nature his, a brave Scene was preſented,
Which I make choice to ſpeak of, ſince from that
The good ſucceſs of *Alvarez* had beginning.
Vit. So I love Virtue in an Enemy
That I deſire in the relation of
This young Man's glorious Deed, you'll keep your ſelf
A Friend to Truth, and it.
Lam. Such was my purpoſe.

Th

The Town being oft aſſaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud Defendants to a Sally,
Weary of eaſe, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
Son to the General of our *Caſtile* Forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within ſhot of their Walls,
From whence the Muſqueteers plaid thick upon him;
Yet he, brave Youth, as careleſs of the Danger,
As careful of his Honour, drew his Sword,
And waving it about his Head, as if
He dar'd one ſpirited like himſelf, to trial
Of ſingle Valor, he made his Retreat
With ſuch a ſlow, (1) and yet majeſtic, pace,
As if he ſtill call'd loud, Dare none come on?
When ſuddenly, from a Poſtern of the Town
Two gallant Horſemen iſſued, and o'ertook him,
The Army looking on, yet not a Man
That durſt relieve the raſh Adventurer;
Which *Lucio*, Son to *Alvarez*, then ſeeing
As in the Vant-guard he ſate bravely mounted,
(Or were it pity of the Youth's Misfortune,
Care to preſerve the Honour of his Country,
Or bold Deſire to get himſelf a Name,)
He made his brave Horſe like a Whirlwind bear him
Among the Combatants; and in a Moment
Diſcharg'd his Petronel, with ſuch ſure aim
That of the adverſe party from his Horſe
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A Faulchion, ſwift as Lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one ſtrong Blow,
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
He ſtruck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
With double Honour to himſelf.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the ſucceſs of this?

(1) —*and* yet *majeſtic, pace,*] The Particle *yet* makes but bad Work here. For tho' a majeſtic Pace always implies a ſlow one, yet a ſlow Pace does not always imply a majeſtic one. Nay, the Line by this unlucky *yet*, ſuppoſes the Pace to be *leſs majeſtic for being ſlow.* Perhaps we may do the Poets no wrong if we ſuppoſe they wrote ſo,

—*a ſlow, and* that *majeſtic, pace.*

Lam.

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
With Acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for Addition to the fair reward,
(Being a maſſy Chain of Gold giv'n to him
By young *Peralta*'s Father,) he was brought
To the *Infanta*'s Preſence, kiſs'd her Hand,
And from that Lady, (greater in her Goodneſs
Than her high Birth) had this encouragement;
Go on young Man; yet not to feed thy Valour
With hope of Recompence to come, from me,
For preſent Satisfaction of what's paſt,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take, and be aſſur'd of it.

Ana. Excellent Princeſs.

Vit. And ſtil'd worthily
The Heart-blood, nay, the Soul of Soldiers.
But what was his Requeſt?

Lam. That the Repeal
Of *Alvarez* makes plain; he humbly begg'd
His Father's Pardon, and ſo movingly
Told the ſad Story of your Uncle's Death
That the *Infanta* wept, and inſtantly
Granting his Suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they ſo prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.

Ana. Not in the King? What Subject
Dares contradict his Pow'r?

Vit. In this I dare,
And will; and not call his Prerogative
In Queſtion, nor preſume to limit it.
(2) I know he is the Maſter of his Laws,
And may forgive the Forfeits made to them,
But not the Injury done to my Honour;
And ſince (forgetting my brave Uncle's Merits

(2) *I know he is the Maſter*—] So the oldeſt Folio. The reſt, *I know he is Maſter.*——

And

And many Services, under Duke *D'Alva*)
He ſuffers him to fall, wreſting from Juſtice
The powerful Sword, that would revenge his Death,
I'll fill with this *Aſtrea*'s empty Hand,
And in my juſt wreak, make this Arm the King's;
My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his Houſe,
Which as I grew in Years, hath ſtill increas'd,
(As if it call'd on Time to make me Man,)
Slept while it had no Object for her Fury,
But a weak Woman, and her talk'd of Daughter;
But now, ſince there are (3) Quarries, worth her Flight
Both in the Father, and his hopeful Son,
I'll boldly caſt her off, and gorge her full
With both their Hearts; (4) to further which, your Friendſhip,
And Oaths, will your Aſſiſtance: let your Deeds
Make anſwer to me; uſeleſs are all Words
Till you have writ Performance with your Swords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bobadilla *and* Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my Work; this Ruff was not well ſtarch'd,
So tell the Maid, 't has too much blue in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean Meat, and freſh Water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't.

(3) —*Quarries, worth her fight,*] This *fight*, tho' it is not altogether void of Senſe, diſcontinues the Chain of Metaphors taken from Falconry. Our buſineſs then muſt be to join it again (a thing not hard to be done) by changing one Letter, and adding another, thus,

But now, ſince there are Quarries, worth her Flight.

Mr. *Seward* concurred too in the ſame Correction.

(4) ——*to further which, your Friendſhip,*
And Oaths; will your Aſſiſtance, let your Deeds.] Thus point the two laſt Editions, and the firſt not a great deal better. Had the Editors of any one of the Copies underſtood this Paſſage, they would have taken better care in the Punctuation, and given the Text as Mr. *Seward* and my ſelf have done in the preſent Edition.

Bob.

Bob. Oh good St. *Jaques* help me: Was there ever ſuch an Heramophrodite heard of? Would any Wench living, that ſhould hear and ſee what I do, be wrought to believe, that the beſt of a Man lies under this Petticoat, and that a Cod-piece were far fitter here, than a pinn'd Placket?

Luc. You had beſt talk filthily, do; I have a Tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as Ears to hear
Your Ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten Womens Tongues that way, I am ſure: Why my youug Maſter or Miſtreſs, Madam, Don, or what you will, what the Devil have you to do with Pullen, or Partridge? or to ſit pricking on a Clout all Day? You have a better Needle, I know, and might make better Work, if you had grace to uſe it.

Luc. Why, how dare you ſpeak this before me, Sirrah?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I ſpeak? ——Tho' my Lady your Mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and his Faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and has kept you theſe twenty Years, (which is ever ſince you were Born,) a cloſe Priſoner within Doors; yet ſince you are a Man, and are as well provided as other Men are, methinks you ſhould have the ſame Motions of the Fleſh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cauſe to love thoſe wanton Motions,
(5) They having holpe you to an excellent Whipping,
For doing ſomething, I but put y' in mind of it,
With th' *Indian* Maid, the Governor ſent my Mother
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spaniſh* trick in Charity, and holpe the King to a Subject that may live (6) to take grave

(5) *They having holpe you to an*——] The Abſurdity of this Lection any Reader will eaſily perceive, and read with Mr. *Theobald* and my ſelf as I have given the Text.

(6) *to take* Grave Maurice *Priſoner*] *Grave* is printed in the laſt Editions with a great Letter and in *Italics*, as if it was a proper Name, whereas it is an Epithet only, and a Characteriſtic of Prince *Maurice* of *Naſſau*, who after performing great Actions againſt the *Spaniards*, is ſaid to have dy'd of Grief, on account of the Siege of *Breda*.

grave *Maurice* Priſoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thouſand ſuch as you are ever like to do: and I will tell you, (in a Fatherly care of the Infant I ſpeak it) if he live (as bleſs the Babe, in Paſſion I remember him) to your Years, ſhall he ſpend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he ſhall to the Wars, uſe his *Spaniſh* Pike, tho' with the danger of the laſh, as his Father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* deſperately, as——

Luc. You will not kill me? oh.

Bob. I knew this would ſilence him: how he hides his Eyes? If he were a Wench now, as he ſeems, what an advantage had I, drawing two *Toledo's* when one can do this? But oh me, my Lady; I muſt put up: Young Maſter, I did but jeſt: Oh cuſtom, what haſt thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia *and Servant.*

Eug. For bringing this, be ſtill my Friend; no more
A Servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
E'en here, where I am happy to receive
Aſſurance of my *Alvarez* return,
I will kneel down; and may thoſe holy Thoughts
That now poſſeſs me wholly, make this place
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for Bleſſing, Heav'n's kind Hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my Duty, Madam,
Preſume if you have cauſe of Joy, t' intreat
I may ſhare in it.

Breda. Strada de Bello Belgico, tho' a bigotted *Jeſuit,* and extremely prejudic'd againſt the Proteſtants, gives Prince *Maurice* the following Character. *Hic illi Mauritius eſt, à nobis ſæpe, nec ſine fortis & cauti Ducis laude memorandus,* i. e. This is that *Maurice* whom we ſhall often ſpeak of, and never without the Character of a brave and *cautious* General. Mr. *Seward.*

Bob.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot (7) how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou ſhalt; but firſt kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Poſthumia* now, thou haſt a Father,
A Father living to take off that Name,
Which my too credulous Fears, that he was dead,
Beſtow'd upon thee; thou ſhalt ſee him *Lucio*,
And make him young again, by ſeeing thee,
Who only hadſt a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio:* Oh my Joys
So far tranſport me, that I muſt forget
The Ornaments of Matrons, Modeſty,
And grave Behaviour; but let all forgive me
If in th' Expreſſion of my Soul's beſt Comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine Age,
And play the Wanton in the Entertainment
Of thoſe delights I have ſo long deſpair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then ſee my Father?

Eug. This hour, *Lucio*;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life, in which thou ſhalt appear
To be ſuch as I brought thee forth, a Man;
This womaniſh Diſguiſe, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou ſhalt now caſt off,
And change thoſe Qualities thou didſt learn from me,
For maſculine Virtues, for which ſeek no Tutor,
But let thy Father's actions be thy Precepts;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true Service.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know me more reſpectively; how doſt thou think I ſhall be-

(7) ——*how I frighted him* yet.] Here, as before, we have another troubleſome *yet:* It has nothing to do with *Bobadilla*'s Speech, but is undoubtedly the firſt Word of *Eugenia*'s, which I would read ſo,

Luc. *Let my Duty, Madam,*
Preſume, if you have cauſe of Joy, t' intreat
I may ſhare in it.
Bob. *'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him.*
Eug. That *thou ſhalt*; &c.

come

come the Steward's Chair, ha? (8) will not theſe ſlender Hanches ſhow well with a Chain, and a gold Night-cap after Supper, when I take the Accompts?

Eug. Haſte, and take down thoſe Blacks with which my Chamber
Hath like the Widow, her ſad Miſtreſs, mourn'd,
And hang up for it the rich *Perſian* Arras,
Us'd on my wedding Night, for this to me
Shall be a ſecond Marriage: Send for Muſick,
And will the Cooks to uſe their beſt of cunning
To pleaſe the Palat.

Bob. Will your Ladyſhip have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good ſtirring diſh for an old Lady, after a long *Lent.*

Eug. Begone I ſay: Why Sir, you can go faſter?

Bob. I could, Madam: but I am now to practiſe the Steward's Pace, that's the reward I look for; every Man muſt faſhion his Gate, according to his Calling; you fellow *Stephano* may walk faſter, to overtake Preferment; ſo, uſher me.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let the Waſtecoat I laſt wrought
Be made up for my Father: I will have
A Cap, and Boot-hoſe, ſuitable to't.

Eug. Of that
We'll think hereafter, *Lucio*; our Thoughts now
Muſt have no object but thy Father's welcome,
To which thy help——

Luc. With humble gladneſs, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

(8) *Will not theſe ſlender Hanches ſhow well with a* Chain, *and a* Gold Night-cap] Gold Helmets and Armour I have oft read and heard of, but never before this do I remember to have ſeen a *Gold Night-cap.* The true Reading here is, *A Gold Chain, and Night-cap.*

Thus Act III. Scene II. of this Play, *Piorato* asks *Bobadilla*, *Is your Chain* right? *i. e.* is it pure Gold?

SCENE III.

Enter Alvarez, *and* Clara.

Alv. Where loſt we *Syavedra?*
Cla. He was met,
Ent'ring the City, by ſome Gentlemen,
Kinſmen, as he ſaid, of his own, with whom
For compliment ſake (for ſo I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to ſtay; tho' I much wonder
A Man that knows to do, and has done well
I'th' Head on's Troop, when the bold Foe charg'd home,
Can learn ſo ſuddenly t' abuſe his time
In apiſh Entertainment; for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of War)
I'd rather meet ten Enemies i'th' field,
All ſworn to fetch my Head, than be brought on
To change an Hour's diſcourſe with one of theſe
Smooth City-fools, or Tiſſue-Cavaliers,
(The only Gallants, as they wiſely think,)
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiſs
From a Court-lip, though painted.
Alv. (9) My lov'd *Clara*,
(For *Lucio* is a Name thou muſt forget
With *Lucio*'s bold Behaviour) though thy Breeding
I'th' Camp, may plead ſomething in the Excuſe
Of thy rough manners, Cuſtom having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the ſoftneſs of thy Nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel Step-dame to thee,
Impos'd upon thy tender ſweetneſs, burthens
Of Hunger, Cold, Wounds, Want, ſuch as would cra
The Sinews of a Man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now ſhe ſmiles, and like a nat'ral Mother
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain
Her proffer'd Bounties with a willing Boſom;
Thou ſhalt no more have need to uſe thy Sword;

(9) *My Love* Clara,] Our Authors might poſſibly, as Mr. *Sew* thinks with me, have wrote *lov'd* Clara. The Reader will perc that *Love* is more proper to a Wife, and *lov'd* to a Daughter.

T

Thy Beauty (which e'en *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a ſtronger Guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cla. Sir, I know only that
It ſtands not with my Duty to gain-ſay you
In any thing: I muſt and will put on
What faſhion you think beſt, though I could wiſh
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [*Muſick.*
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,
As you were born, a Woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, *and Servants.*

Eug. Let choice Muſick,
In the beſt voice that e'er touch'd humane Ear,
For joy hath ty'd my Tongue up, ſpeak your welcome.

Alv. My Soul (for thou giv'ſt new life to my Spirit)
[*Embraces her.*
Myriads of joys, though ſhort in number of
Thy Virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th' aſſurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty Years of ſorrow but a Dream;
And by the Nectar, which I take from theſe,
I feel my Age reſtor'd, and like old *Æſon*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wiſh'd for, welcome;
'Tis a ſweet briefneſs, yet in that ſhort word
All Pleaſures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increaſe, before they find
A ſecond Period: Let mine Eyes now ſurfeit
On this ſo wiſh'd-for Object, and my Lips
Yet modeſtly pay back the parting Kiſs
You truſted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my ſweet Daughter; lives ſhe?
Yet I could chide my ſelf, having you here,
For being ſo covetous of all Joys at once,
T' enquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my ſelf,
Nay more than all the World.

Alv. As you, to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the Story
Of your paſt dangers, now you're here in ſafety;
It will give Reliſh, and freſh Appetite
To my Delights, if ſuch Delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez*; let me firſt yield you
Account of my Life in your Abſence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preſerv'd
The Jewel left lock'd up within my Womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,
Suffer'd a civil Death.

Alv. Do, my *Eugenia*,
'Tis that I moſt deſire to hear.

Eug. Then know——

Alv. What Noiſe is that? [*Within claſhing of Swords.*

Sya. [*within*] If you are noble Enemies,
Oppreſs me not with odds, but kill me fairly.

Vit. [*within.*] Stand off, I am too many of my ſelf.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murther, Murther, Murther, your Friend, my Lord, *Don Syavedra* is ſet upon in the Streets, by your Enemy *Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almoſt kill'd with looking on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him; draw thy Sword
And follow me.

Cla. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this Occaſion once more to uſe it. [*Exit.*

Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hang me.

Luc. Oh I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
Your Cloſet, Mother.

Eug. No hour of my Life
Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once diſpatch me.

Enter Vitelli, *purſued by* Alvarez *and* Syavedra, Clara *beating off* Anaſtro.

Cla. Follow him,
Leave me to keep theſe off.

Alv.

Alv. Aſſault my Friend,
So near my Houſe?
Vit. Nor in it will ſpare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the Prieſt, and thou the Sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.
Alv. Haſte thou to him,
And ſay I ſent thee.
Cla. 'Twas put bravely by——
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare
I'th' Wars, where Emulation and Example
Join to increaſe the Courage, and make leſs
The Danger; Valour, and true Reſolution
Never appear'd ſo lovely——brave again——
Sure he is more than Man, and if he fall,
The beſt of Virtue, Fortitude would die with him:
And can I ſuffer it? Forgive me Duty,
So I love Valour, as I will protect it
Againſt my Father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on,
All is not loſt yet: You ſhall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
Cla. Fear me not,
Thy Worth has took me Priſoner, and my Sword
For this time knows thee only for a Friend,
And to all elſe I turn the Point of it.
Sya. Defend your Father's En'my?
Alv. Art thou mad?
Cla. Are ye Men rather? Shall that Valour, which
Begot you lawful Honour in the Wars,
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Baſtard
So foul, yet ſo long liv'd, as Murther will
Be to your ſhames? Have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchas'd Glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing
Thoſe neareſt to you, to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Againſt a ſingle Oppoſite? Hath the Mercy
Of the great King, but newly waſh'd away

The Blood, that with the forfeit of your Life
Cleav'd to your Name and Family, like an Ulcer,
In this again to ſet a deeper Dye upon
Your Infamy? You'll ſay he's your Foe,
And by his raſhneſs call'd on his own Ruin;
Remember yet, he was firſt wrong'd, and Honour
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
Where now he is, your Houſe, which by the Laws
Of hoſpitable Duty ſhould protect him;
Have you been twenty years a ſtranger to't,
To make your entrance now in Blood? Or think you
Your Country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be
An Off'ring fit, to pleaſe the Genius of it?
No, in this I'll preſume to teach my Father,
And this firſt Act of Diſobedience, ſhall
Confirm I am moſt dutiful.

Alv. I'm pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to.
Unnatural Wretch, what wilt thou do?

Cla. Set free
A noble En'my: Come not on, by——
You paſs to him, through me. The way is open,
Farewel, when next I meet you, do not look for
A Friend, but a vow'd Foe; I ſee you worthy,
And therefore now preſerve you, for the Honour
Of my Sword only.

Vit. Were this Man a Friend,
How would he win me, that being my vow'd Foe
Deſerves ſo well? I thank you for my Life;
But how I ſhall deſerve it, give me leave
Hereafter to conſider. [*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy Fear,
All Danger is blown over, I have Letters
To th' Governor, i'th' King's Name, to ſecure us
From ſuch attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
That have ſuch ſtrong Guards of our own, dread others;
And to increaſe thy Comfort, know, this young Man,
Whom with ſuch fervent Earneſtneſs you eye,
Is not what he appears, but, ſuch a one
As thou with joy wilt bleſs, thy Daughter *Clara*.

Eug.

Eug. A thouſand Bleſſings in that word.
Alv. The reaſon
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leiſure
I will impart to you; wonder not at
What you have ſeen her do, it being th' leaſt
Of many great and valiant Undertakings
She hath made good with Honour.
Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my *Alvarez*: You, in a Man,
Have giv'n to me a Daughter; in a Woman,
I give to you a Son; this was the Pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Diff'rent from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like ſucceſs; as ſhe appears
Alter'd by Cuſtom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his ſoft Life, is leſs than Man.
Alv. Fortune in this gives ample Satisfaction
For all our ſorrows paſt.
Luc. My deareſt Siſter.
Cla. Kind Brother.
Alv. Now our mutual care muſt be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, loſt by Cuſtom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge; and we'll contend
With loving Induſtry, who ſooneſt can
Turn this Man Woman, or this Woman Man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pachieco, *and* Lazarillo.

Pac. (10) BOY, my Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my Rank, to walk the Streets in *Querpo*.

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman; Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a Man's Head; and your Neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me the other Day to have fiſh'd with me, becauſe he had loſt his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo*, being the cauſe of other Mens wits as in thine own; live lean and witty ſtill: Oppreſs not thy Stomach too much; (11) groſs Feeders, great Sleepers, great Sleepers, fat Bodies; fat Bodies, lean Brains: No *Lazarillo*, I will make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing; belike that's the reaſon the Poets are ſaid to be immortal, for ſome of them live upon their Wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Maſter, let me be mortal ſtill, and let's go to Supper.

Pac. Be abſtinent, ſhew not the corruption of thy Generation; he that feeds, ſhall die, therefore, he that feeds not, ſhall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long ſhall he live? There's the Queſtion.

(10) *Boy, and Cloak, and Rapier*;] Thus the Copy of 1711, the Text is from the Edition of 1647.

(11) *groſs Feeders, great Sleepers, fat Bodies; fat Bodies, lean Brains:*] The Repetition in the latter made me ſuſpect that there was the ſame to be obſerved in the former Part of this Paſſage; and upon conſulting the Folio of 1647, I found my Suſpicion fully confirmed. Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture too was the ſame as mine.

Pac.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: Didſt thou never read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders?*——

Laz. No, nor of any Maid elſe; for the Miracle of Virginity now-a-days ceaſes, e'er the Virgin can read Virginity?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other Suſtenance, than the ſmell of a Roſe.

Laz. I've heard of her, Signior, but they ſay her Guts ſhrunk all into Lute-ſtrings, and her Neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpent's Tail, ſo that though ſhe continued a Woman ſtill above the Girdle, yet beneath ſhe was Monſter.

Pac. So are moſt Women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all Women, Signior, that can live only upon the ſmell of a Roſe.

Pac. No part of the Hiſtory is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Hiſtorical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious Stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal Hunger will ſuffer; put me to a certain ſtint Sir, allow me but a red Herring a Day.

Pac. O'. de dios, would'ſt thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red Herring a Day, ſhall ne'er be broil'd for the Devil's Raſher; a Pilchard, Signior, (12) a Sardina, an Olive, that I may be a Philoſopher firſt, and immortal after.

Pac. Patience, *Lazarillo,* let Contemplation be thy Food awhile: I ſay unto thee, one Peaſe was a Soldier's Provant a whole Day at the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem.*

Enter Metaldi, *and* Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, and it were any where but at the deſtruction of a Place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signior *Pachieco Alaſto,* my moſt ingenious Cobler of *Sevil,* the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

(12) *A Surdiny, an Olive*] Mr *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me the Neceſſity of altering this Place. *Vide* Note 3 upon *The Lover's Pilgrimage.*

Pac.

Pac. Signior *Metaldi de Forgio*, my moſt famous Smith, and Man of Metal, I return your Courteſie ten-fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-ſole of your Coggie; the like to you Signior *Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini*, my moſt exquiſite Hoſe-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith and a Botcher, they all belong to the Foot, which makes them ſtand ſo much upon their Gentry.

Mend. Signior *Lazarillo*.

Laz. Ah *Signor*, *sì*; Nay, we are all Signiors here in *Spain*, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*; this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake: his Father's Diet was new Cheeſe and Onions, when he got him; what a Scallion-fac'd Raſcal 'tis?

Met. But why, Signior *Pachieco*, do you ſtand ſo much on the priority, and antiquity of your Quality (as you call it) in compariſon of ours?

Mend. Ay; your reaſon for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith, and thou Woollen-witted Hoſe-heeler, hear what I will ſpeak indifferently, and according to antient Writers, of our three Profeſſions, and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both Judge and Moderator.

Laz. Still am I the moſt immortally hungry, that may be.

Pac. Suppoſe thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like ſome of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your Godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I ſay, *Saturn* was a crabbed Block-head, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his Wife was a Strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy Original muſt of neceſſity ſpring from Baſtardy: (13) Further, what can be a more deject Spirit in Man, than to lay his Hands under every one's Horſes

(13) *Further, what can be a more deject Spirit,*] I cannot help thinking but the judicious Reader will wiſh, with me, that the Authors had wrote, *what can ſhew* &c.

Feet,

Feet, to do him ſervice, as thou doſt? For thee, I will be brief, thou doſt botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of Enormities, *viz.* Scabs, Chilblains, and kib'd Heels; much prone thou art to Sects, and Hereſies, diſturbing State and Government; for how canſt thou be a ſound Member in the Common-wealth, that art ſo ſubject to ſtitches in the Ankles? bluſh, and be ſilent then, oh ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers, in old time, have Propheſied; what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every Man's Foot? Are we not daily Menders? Yea, and what Menders? Not Horſe-menders.——

Laz. Nor Manners-menders.

Pac. But Soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wiſe Man, ſpin out our own Threads, (or our Wives for us?) Do we not, by our ſowing the Hide, reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilſt both you are but Crafts-men; you will ſay, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the Fire; I muſt anſwer you again tho', all this but Forgery; you may likewiſe ſay, a Man's a Man, that has but a hoſe on his Head: I muſt likewiſe anſwer, that Man is a Botcher, that has a heel'd hoſe on his Head; to conclude, there can be no compariſon with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politick Eye and Ends on every Man's Steps that walks, and whoſe Courſe ſhall be laſting to the World's end.

Met. I give Place; the Wit of Man is wonderful; thou haſt hit the Nail on the Head, and I will give thee ſix Pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch Shooe again.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*; as arrant a Knave as e'er wore one Head under two Offices; he is one ſide *Alguazier*.

Met. The other ſide Serjeant.

Mend. That's both ſides Carrion, I am ſure.

Pac. This is he apprehends Whores in the way of Juſtice, and lodges 'em in his own Houſe, in the way of Profit;

Profit; he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the Mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this preſent lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing, Signior, ſhe can ask:
What loſs or injury you may ſuſtain
I will repair, and recompence your Love:
Only that Fellow's coming I miſlike,
And did fore-warn her of him; bear her this
With my beſt love, at Night I'll viſit her.

Alg. I reſt your Lordſhip's Servant.

[Mendoza, *&c. come up to the* Alguazier *and pretend to familiarity with him.*

Vet. Good Ev'n, Signiors:
Oh *Alvarez*, thou haſt brought a Son with thee
Both brightens and obſcures our Nation,
Whoſe pure ſtrong Beams on us, ſhoot like the Sun's
On baſer fires; I would to Heav'n my Blood
Had never ſtain'd thy bold unfortunate Hand,
That with mine Honour I might emulate,
Not perſecute ſuch Virtue; I will ſee him,
Though with the hazard of my Life; no reſt
In my contentious Spirits, can I find
Till I have gratify'd him in like kind. [*Exit.*

Alg. I know you not; what are ye? hence ye baſe *Beſognios.*

Pac. Marry, *Cazzo*! Signior *Alguazier*, d' ye not know us? why, we are your honeſt Neighbours, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have ſo often ſate ſnoaring (14) Cheek by Joll with your Signiorie, in rug at Midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry; you muſt underſtand, a Cat, and ſuch an Officer ſee beſt in the Dark.

Met. By this Hand, I could find in my Heart to ſhooe his Head.

(14) *Cheek by Joll with* your *Signior, in rug at Midnight.*] I had corrected the Paſſage once thus, *with you Signior*; but *Signiorie*, which is from the old Folio, is undoubtedly the right Reading.

Pac.

Pac. Why then we know you, Signior? thou Mungril, begot at Midnight, at the Gaol-gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpole's Wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for Perjury?

Men. Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for Pilfery, there to the Bulls-pizel?

Met. And after call'd to the Inquiſition, for Apoſtacy?

Pac. Are not you he that, rather than you durſt go an induſtrious Voyage, being preſs'd, to the Iſlands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Ryal a day by ſquiring Puncks and Puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portugueſe* Born, deſcended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Maſter, an arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket louſie; though now your Block-head be cover'd with the *Spaniſh* Block, and your laſhed Shoulders with a Velvet-pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty Callings, yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a Chandler firſt, profeſs'd Sincerity, and would ſell no Man Muſtard to his Beef on the Sabbath, and yet ſold Hypocriſie all your Life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were ſince a Surgeon to the Stews, and (15) undertook to cure, what the Church it ſelf could not, Strumpets? that riſe to your Office by being a great Don's Bawd?

Laz. That commit Men nightly, offenceleſs, for the gain of a Groat a Priſoner, which your Beadle ſeems to put up, when you ſhare three Pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a Kiſſer of Men, in Drunkenneſs, and a Betrayer in Sobriety?

Alg. Diabolo: They'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we ſpeak of all

(15) *Undertook to cure what the Church it ſelf could not, Strumpets that riſe to your Office* &c.] What unintelligible Stuff has falſe Stops made of this Paſſage. I have with Mr. *Seward* attempted, in the preſent Text, to point the Place into Senſe, and perhaps the Reader will think our Pains well beſtowed.

this

this while; thou may'ſt by thy Place now, lay us by the Heels, 'tis true; But take heed, be wiſer, pluck not ruin on thine own Head; for never was there ſuch an Anatomy, as we ſhall make thee then; be wiſe therefore, thou Child of the Night! Be Friends, and ſhake Hands, thou art a proper Man, if thy Beard were redder: Remember thy worſhipful Function, a Conſtable; tho' thou turn'ſt Day into Night, and Night into Day, what of that? Watch leſs, and pray more: Let not thy mittens (16) abate the talons of thy Authority, but gripe Theft and Whoredom, whereſoever thou meet'ſt 'em; bear 'em away like a Tempeſt, and lodge 'em ſafely in thine own Houſe.

Laz. Would you have Whores and Thieves lodg'd in ſuch a Houſe?

Pac. They ever do ſo; I have found a Thief, or a Whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furniſh me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pac. That they may be ſafe and forth-coming; for in the Morning uſually, the Thief is ſent to the Gaol, and the Whore proſtrates her ſelf to the Juſtice.

Men. Admirable *Pacbiecho.*

Met. Thou Cobler of Chriſtendom.

Alg. There is no railing with theſe Rogues, I will cloſe with 'em, till I can cry quittance. Why Signiors, and my honeſt Neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my Friends, which is an Imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my Infancy; to make you amends you ſhall Sup with me.

Laz. Shall we Sup with ye, Sir? O' my Conſcience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

Alg. And after Supper, I have a Project to employ you in, ſhall make you drink and eat merrily this Month: I am a little Knaviſh; why, and do not I know all you to be Knaves?

Pac. I grant you, we are all Knaves, and will be your

(16) *That is,* Let not thy Mittens be the ſame to thy Talons, as a Button is to a Foil.

Knaves;

Knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud Knave.

Alg. On then, paſs; I will bear out my Staff, and my Staff ſhall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to Supper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry, *Diabolo*; what ſhould you do in the Kitchin? Cannot the Cooks lick their Fingers without your Overſeeing? Nor the Maids make Pottage, except your Dog's-head be in the Pot? Don *Lucio?* — Don *Quot-Quean*, Don *Spinſter*, wear a Petticoat ſtill, and put on your Smock a' *Monday*; I will have a Baby o' Cloues made for it, like a great Girl; nay, if you will needs be ſtarching of Ruffs, and ſowing of Black-work, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant; your Father has committed you to my Charge, and I will make a Man or a Mouſe on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? This ſcurvy Sword
So galls my Thigh, I would 'twere burnt; piſh, look,
This Cloak will ne'er keep on; theſe Boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk ſtiff, as if my Legs were frozen,
And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer:
Lord, how my Head akes with this roguiſh Hat;
This maſculine Attire is moſt uneaſie,
I'm bound up in it; I had rather walk
In *folio* again, looſe, like a Woman.

Bob. In *Folio*, had you not?
Thou Mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy Parents
Thou tender Leg of Lamb! oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiſs'd himſelf, and fleers!
Is this a Gate for the young Cavalier,
Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez?*
Has it a Corn? Or do's it walk on Conſcience,
It treads ſo gingerly? Come on your ways;
Suppoſe me now your Father's foe, *Vitelli*,
And ſpying you i'th' Street, thus I advance——

I twiſt my Beard, and then I draw my Sword.

Luc. Alas!

Bob. And thus accoſt thee: Traiterous Brat,
How durſt thou thus confront me? impious Twig
Of that old Stock, dew'd with my Kinſman's gore,
Draw, for I'll quarter thee in Pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prithee *Bobadilla*, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy Sword. I will not meddle with ye;
Ay, juſtle me, I care not, I'll not draw,
Pray be a quiet Man.

Bob. D' ye hear; anſwer me, as you would do Don *Vitelli*, or I'll be ſo bold as to lay the Pomel of my Sword over the hilts of your Head;
My Name's *Vitelli*, and I'll have the Wall.

Luc. Why then I'll have the Kennel: what a coil you keep?
Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your
Kinſman, was long before I ſaw the World,
No fault of mine, nor will I juſtifie
My Father's Crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive,
'Tis Chriſtianity: I pray put up your Sword,
I'll give you any Satisfaction,
That may become a Gentleman; however
I hope you're bred to more Humanity,
Than to revenge my Father's wrong on me,
That crave your Love and Peace: law-you-now *Zancho*,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellis?*

Bob. Oh Craven-chicken of a Cock o' th' game;
Well, what remedy? Did thy Father ſee this, O' my Conſcience, he would cut off thy Maſculine gender, crop thine Ears, beat out thine Eyes, and ſet thee in one of the Pear-trees for a Scare-crow:
As I am *Vitelli*, I am ſatisfied;
But as I am *Bobadilla Spindola Zancho* Steward of the Houſe, and thy Father's Servant, I could find in my Heart to lop off the hinder part of thy Face, or to beat all thy Teeth into thy Mouth: Oh thou whay-blooded Milk-ſop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou ſhalt ev'n wait upon me: Come your ways, Sir, I ſhall take a little Pains with ye elſe.

Enter

Enter Clara.

Cla. Where art thou, Brother *Lucio?* ran, tan tan ta,
Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan.
Oh, I ſhall no more ſee thoſe golden Days;
Theſe Clothes will never fadge with me: A——o'
This filthy Vardingale, this hip-hape: Brother,
Why are Womens Hanches only limited, confin'd,
Hoop'd in, as't were, with theſe ſame ſcurvy Vardingales?

Bob. Becauſe Womens Hanches only are moſt ſubject to diſplay and flie out.

Cla. Bobadilla, Rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce of thy Cod-piece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my Life, Siſter; I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your Brother, *Lucio*; what a fright you have put me in?

Cla. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Maſter Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change; he does nothing but miſ-uſe me, and call me Coward, and ſwears I ſhall wait upon him.

Bob. Well; I do no more than I have Authority for; would I were away tho'; for ſhe's as much too Maniſh, as he too Womaniſh; I dare not meddle with her, yet I muſt ſet a good Face on't, if I had it: (17) I have like charge of you Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to qualifie him; what have you to do with Armors, and Piſtols, and Javelins, and Swords, and ſuch Tools? Remember Miſtreſs, Nature hath given you a Sheath only, to ſignifie Women are to put up Mens Weapons, not to draw them; look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You ſhall ſee the Court-Ladies move like Goddeſſes, as if they trode Air; they will ſwim you their Meaſures, like Whiting-mops, as if their Feet were finns, and the hinges of their Knees oyl'd; do they love to ride great Horſes, as you do? no; they love to ride great Aſſes ſooner; faith, I know not what to ſay t' ye both: Cuſtom hath turn'd Nature topſie-turvy in you.

(17) *I have like charge of you Madam,*] All the copies except that of 1647, read,

I have like charge of Madam.

Cla. Nay, but Maſter Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot ſo faſt, but he ambles as ſlowly.

Cla. Signior *Spindle*, will you hear me?

Bob. He that ſhall come to beſtride your Virginity, had better be a-foot o'er the Dragon.

Cla. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spaniſh* Lady pace ſo?

Cla. Hold theſe a little.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Cla. Firſt do I break your Office o'er your Pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd Rogue, Pilcher, you poor *John*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fiſh.

Luc. Siſter!

Bob. Madam!

Cla. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?
You naſty, ſtinking, and ill-count'nanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your Brother for this, when I get him alone.

Cla How? kick him, *Lucio*; he ſhall kick you, *Bob*,
Spight o' thy noſe, that's flat; kick him, I ſay,
Or I will cut thy Head off.

Bob. Softly, y' had beſt.

Cla. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous viſag'd Knave,
Thou falſe and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.

Luc. Good Siſter, do not choak him.

Bob. Murder! Murder! [*Exit.*

Cla. Well; I ſhall meet w' ye: *Lucio*, who bought this?
'Tis a reaſonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's Champion ne'er us'd truer; with this Staff
Old *Alvarez* has led up Men ſo cloſe,
They could almoſt ſpit in the Cannon's Mouth;
Whilſt I with that, (18) and this, well mounted, skirr'd
A Horſe troop through and through, like ſwift deſire,
And

(18) — *and this, well mounted,* ſcour'd
A Horſe-troop through and through,—] The old Folio reads *ſhurr'd*, which I take to be only a falſe ſpelling of a better word, viz. *skirr'd*: Thus *Shakeſpear* in *Macbeth*, Act 5. Scene 3.

Send out more Horſes skir the country round.

To

And ſeen poor Rogues retire, all gore, and gaſh'd
Like bleeding Shads.
Luc. Bleſs us, Siſter *Clara*,
How deſperately you talk; what d' ye call
This Gun, a dag?
Cla. I'll give't thee; a *French* Petronel:
You never ſaw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*
Beſtow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*;
Walk down, and ſee it.
Luc. What, into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick; the poor Groom there
Was almoſt ſpoil'd the other Day.
Cla. Fie on thee,
Thou wilt ſcarce be a Man before thy Mother.
Luc. When will you be a Woman?

Enter Alvarez *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Would I were none,
But Nature's privy Seal aſſures me one.
Alv. Thou anger'ſt me: Can ſtrong habitual Cuſtom
Work with ſuch Magick on the Mind and Manners,
In ſpight of Sex and Nature? Find out, Sirrah,
Some skilful Fighter.
Bob. Yes, Sir.
Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem either's proper Inclination,
Or bray 'em in a Morter, and new-mold 'em.
Bob. Believe your Eyes, Sir, I tell you, we walh an *Ethiop*. [*Exit.*
Cla. I ſtrike it for ten Duckets.

To *skir* is *velitari*, to fight as the light Horſe do, from whence the Subſtantive *Skirmiſh*.

In *Henry* V. *Shakeſpear* uſes the Word for *flying ſwiftly*, tho' from an Enemy. The King ſays of the *French* Horſe, Act 4. Scene 13.

He'll make 'em skir *away, as ſwift as Stones*
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian *Slings.*

No Reader of Taſte wou'd bear the Change of the word *skir*, which is perfectly poetical, as the Sound is an Echo to the Senſe, for *ſcour*; and *Fletcher* has not ſuffered much leſs by the Change. Mr. *Seward.*

Alv. How now, *Clara*,
Your Breeches on ſtill? And your Petticoat
Not yet off, *Lucio?* Art thou not guelt?
Or did not the cold *Muſcovite* beget thee,
That lay here Lieger, in the laſt great Froſt?
Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a Man indeed
Beneath the Girdle? and a Woman thou?
I'll have you ſearch'd by — I ſtrongly doubt;
We muſt have theſe things mended; come go in. [*Exit.*

Enter Vitelli *and* Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio*, ſay you? There he's for you.
Vit. And there's for thee.
Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice of me; if you chance to have Conference with that Lady there, be very civil, or look to your Head; ſhe has ten Nails, and you have but two Eyes: If any fooliſh hot Motions ſhould chance to riſe in the Horizon, under your Equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as you can, for I fear the Elevation of your Pole will not agree with the *Horoſcope* of her Conſtitution; ſhe is *Bell and the Dragon* I aſſure you. [*Exit.*
Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that ſav'd *Vitelli?*
Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphoſed. [*Exit.*
Vit. D' ye mock me?
Cla. No, he does not: I am that
Suppoſed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*
That is, and Daughter unto *Alvarez.*
Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my Life were Riddles,
So you were ſtill my fair Expoſitor:
Protected by a Lady from my Death!
Oh, I ſhall wear an everlaſting bluſh
Upon my Cheek from this diſcovery:
Oh, you the faireſt Soldier I e'er ſaw;
Each of whoſe Eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious.
Cla. Sir, guard your ſelf, you're in your En'mies Houſe,
And may be injur'd.

Vit.

Vit. 'Tis impoſſible:
Foe, nor oppreſſing odds, dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* ſide him, and will call him Friend;
I would the diff'rence of our Bloods were ſuch
As might with any ſhift be wip'd away:
Or would to Heav'n your ſelf were all your Name;
That having loſt Blood by you, I might hope
To raiſe Blood from you. But my black-wing'd Fate
Hovers averſely over that fond hope:
And he, whoſe Tongue (19) thus gratifies the Daughter,
And Siſter of his Enemy, wears a Sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that ſav'd this wretched Life of mine,
Have ſav'd it to the ruin of your Friends.
That my Affections ſhould promiſcuouſly
Dart Love and Hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiſs your Hand.

Cla. You're treacherous,
And come to do me Miſchief.

Vit. Speak on ſtill,
Your words are falſer (Fair) than my intents,
And each ſweet accent far more treach'rous; for
Though you ſpeak ill of me, you ſpeak ſo well,
I do deſire to hear you.

Cla. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you pleaſe.

Vit. Oh, neither can I,
For to be gone, were to deſtroy my Life;
And to kill you, were to deſtroy my Soul:
I am in Love, yet muſt not be in Love;
I'll get away apace; yet valiant Lady,
Such Gratitude to Honour I do owe,
And ſuch Obedience to your Memory,

(19) ——*thus gratifies the Daughter,*] This *gratifies* ſeems to come in oddly; for what Gratification does *Vitelli* make *Clara* here? He gives her good Words, 'tis true, and ſets off the Service ſhe had done him at her firſt Appearance on the Stage, but this ought rather to be called a *Panegyrick*, than a Gratification, and who knows but the Authors might have given it

——*thus glorifies the Daughter.*

That if you will beſtow ſomething, that I
May wear about me, it ſhall bind my Wrath,
My moſt invet'rate Wrath, from all Attempts,
Till you and I meet next.
Cla. A Favour, Sir?
Why, I'll give you good Counſel.
Vit. That already
You have beſtowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove———
Cla. Nay, thoſe are Tokens for a Waiting-maid
To trim the Butler with. *Vit.* Your Feather--- *Cla.* For
The Wenches give them to the Serving-men.
Vit. That little Ring———
Cla. 'Twill hold you but by th' Finger;
And I would have you faſter.
Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Cla. This Smile; my good Opinion; or my ſelf,
But that it ſeems you like not.
Vit. Yes, ſo well,
When any ſmiles, I will remember yours;
Your good Opinion ſhall in weight poize me
Againſt a thouſand Iſſ: Laſtly, your ſelf,
My curious Eye now figures in my Heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whiteſt Angels guard you.
Cla. Stay Sir, I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not diſdain to wear.
Vit. What's that?
Cla. This Sword.
I never heard a Man ſpeak till this hour.
His Words are golden Chains, and how I fear
The Lioneſs hath met a Tamer here:
Fie, how his Tongue chimes! what was I a ſaying?
Oh this Favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a Love-knot, faſt, ne'er to hurt my Friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainſt all your Foes
(For I have neither Friend, nor Foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,
And value it, next my Virginity.—

But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, ſhou'd have me too.
Vit. Would that were poſſible, but 'las it is not;
Yet this aſſure your ſelf, moſt honour'd *Clara*,
I'll not infringe a particle of Breath
My Vow hath offer'd t'ye; nor from this part
Whilſt it hath Edge, or Point, or I a Heart. [*Exit.*
Cla. Oh, leave me living, — what new Exerciſe
Is crept into my Breaſt, that blaunceth clean
My former Nature? I begin to find
I am a Woman, and muſt learn to Fight
A ſofter ſweeter Battel, than with Swords.
I'm ſick methinks, but the Diſeaſe I feel
Pleaſeth, and puniſheth; I warrant, Love
Is very like this, that Folks talk of ſo;
I skill not what it is, yet ſure e'en here,
E'en in my Heart, I ſenſibly perceive
It glows, and riſeth like a glimmering Flame,
But know not yet the Eſſence on't, nor Name. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Malroda, *and* Alguazier.

Mal. HE muſt not? Nor he ſhall not? Who ſhall let him?
You, Politick *Diego*, with your Face of Wiſdom?
Don-blirt? the——upon your Aphoriſmes,
Your Grave and Sage-Ale Phyſiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,
Whoſe Dunghil all the Pariſh Scavengers
Could never rid? Thou Comedy to Men,
Whoſe ſerious Folly is a Butt for all
To ſhoot their Wits at; whilſt thou haſt not Wit,
Nor Heart, to anſwer, or be angry.
Alg. Lady.
Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, ſupported by
A ſtaff of rott'ner Office; dare you check
Any's Acceſſes that I will allow?

Piorato is my Frinnd, and viſits me
In lawful ſort, t' eſpouſe me as his Wife;
And who will croſs, or ſhall, our Enterviews?
You know me Sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
That caſt her Belly and her Waſtecoat lately;
Thou think'ſt thy Conſtableſhip is much: not ſo,
I am ten Offices to thee: Ay, thy Houſe,
Thy Houſe and Office is maintain'd by me.
Alg. My Houſe-of-office is mantain'd i' th' Garden:
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd,
You're a Delinquent, but I have contriv'd
A Poiſon, though not in the third Degree:
I can ſay, black's your Eye, though it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this your Friend, and you;
But what is got by this Connivency?
(20) I like his Feature well, a proper Man,
Of good Diſcourſe, fine Converſation,
Valiant, and a great Carrier of the Buſineſs,
Sweet-Breaſted, as the Nightingale, or Thruſh;
Yet I muſt tell you, you forget your ſelf,
My Lord *Vitelli*'s Love, and Maintenance,
Deſerves no other Jack i' th' Box, but he;
What though he gather'd firſt the golden Fruit,
And blew your Pigs-coat up into a Bliſter,
When you did wait at Court upon his Mother;
Has he not well provided for the * Barn?
Beſide, what Profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me ſerve your Pleaſure, Lady,
Your Pleaſure muſt accommodate my Service;
As good be Virtuous and Poor, as not
Thrive by my Knav'ry; all the World would be
Good, proſper'd Goodneſs like to Villany.

(20) *I like his* Feather *well, a proper Man,*] To begin the Deſcription of *Piorato*, with the mention of what was only accidental to his Dreſs, not eſſential to his Perſon, is certainly ſo contrary to good Senſe, that no Man can think our Authors could be guilty of ſuch a Fault. To wipe off this Aſperſion from the Poet's Character, Mr. *Seward* propoſes reading with me,

I like his Feature (or Favour) *well, a proper Perſon.*

* *i. e.* Child.

I am the King's Vice-gerent by my Place;
His right Lieutenant in mine own Precinct.
Mal. Thou'rt a right Raſcal in all Mens Precincts;
Yet now my pair of Twins, of Fool, and Knave,
Look, we are Friends, there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wiſe:
Thou ſhalt be my Bawd, and my Officer;
Thy Children ſhall eat ſtill, my good Night Owl,
And thy old Wife ſell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanc'd by th' Dons, and wear a Hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-houſe; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poiſonous Red-hair'd Deel,
And Gold ſhall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Iſland of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an *Indian* Queen.
Alg. And I will be thy Devil, thou my Fleſh,
With which I'll catch the World.
Mal. Fill ſome Tobacco,
And bring it in: If *Piorato* come
Before my Don, admit him; if my Don
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. [*Exit.*
Alg. I will my dear Fleſh: Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd.
Well ſaid.
Oh equal Heav'n, how wiſely thou diſpoſeſt
Thy ſeveral Gifts? One's born a great rich Fool,
For the ſubord'nate Knave to work upon;
Another's poor, with Wit's Addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up,
And that too from the Sire oft deſcends;
Only fair Virtue, by Traduction
Never ſucceeds, and ſeldom meets Succeſs;
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by Heav'n, makes me or good, or ill:
Now ſince Vice gets more in this vicious World
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my Diſpoſition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practiſe
War, and grow that way great; Religious,
And that way good; my chief Felicity

Is Wealth, the nurſe of Senſuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Muſt ſcratch great Scabs, and claw a Strumpet's Itch.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Piorato, *and* Bobadilla, *with Letters.*

Pio. To ſay, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to underſtand my ſelf.
Bob. To ſay, Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to underſtand my Lord.
Pio. I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His Son a Man again; the Cure is eaſie,
I have done divers——
Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir?
Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir: Be there but one ſpark
Of Fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my diſcourſe I'll blow it to a Flame,
And with my practice, into Action:
I have had one ſo full of childiſh Fear,
And womaniſh-hearted, ſent to my Advice,
He durſt not draw a Knife to cut his Meat.
Bob. And how, Sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Sev'n Days in a dark Room by Candle-light,
A plenteous Table ſpread, with all good Meats,
Before his Eyes, a Caſe of keen broad Knives
Upon the Board, and he ſo watch'd he might not
Touch the leaſt modicum, unleſs he cut it:
And thus I brought him firſt to draw a Knife.
Bob. Good!
Pio. Then for ten Days did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and Gammons of Bacon;
A Pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds Choler aduſt, you know——
Bob. 'Tis true. [Crudities,
Pio. And to purge Phlegmatick Humour, and cold
In

In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing elſe but——
Bob. *Aqua-vitæ*, Signior,
For *Aqua-fortis* poiſons.
Pio. *Aqua-fortis*
I ſay again: What's one Man's Poiſon, Signior,
Is another's Meat and Drink.
Bob. Your Patience, Sir;
By your good Patience, he'ad a huge cold Stomach.
Pio. I fir'd it, and gave him then three ſweats
In the Artillery-yard three * drilling Days:
And now he'll ſhoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any Man in Chriſtendom.
Bob. A Receipt for a Coward: I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good Preſcription.
Pio. Sir, hereafter
You ſhall, and underneath it put *probatum*:
Is your Chain right?
Bob. It is both right and juſt, Sir;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no Man's wrong.
Pio. You're very witty,
Bob. So, ſo.
Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too raſh,
And over-daring? (There now's my Diſeaſe:)
Fool-hardy as they ſay? for that in ſooth
I am.
Pio. Moſt eas'ly.
Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,
With ſmall Beer once a Day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over, if that help not,
Knock out your Brains.
Bob. This is ſtrong Phyſick, Signior,
And never will agree with my weak Body:
I find the Med'cine worſe than th' Malady,
And therefore will remain Fool-hardy ſtill;
You'll come, Sir?
Pio. As I am a Gentleman.

* To *drill*, is to marſhal or diſcipline Soldiers.

Bob.

Bob. A Man o' th' Sword ſhould never break his Word.

Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir,
A complimental Viſitation
To offer to a Miſtreſs lodg'd here by.

Bob. A Gentlewoman?

Pio. Yes, Sir.

Bob. Fair, and comely?

Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-pareil
Of *Sevil*, the moſt wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For Beauty and Perfection.

Bob. Say you ſo?
Might not a Man entreat a Courteſie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruſe
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't, Signior?
Hauh——I hope you'll not deny me being a Stranger;
Though I'm a Steward, I am Fleſh and Blood,
And frail as other Men.

Pio. Sir, blow your Noſe——
I dare not for the World; no, ſhe is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli.*

Bob. How?

Pio. 'Tis true,

Bob. See, things will veer about, this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to ſeek now, to deliver Letters
From my young Miſtreſs *Clara*; and I tell you,
Under the Roſe, (becauſe you are a Stranger,
And my eſpecial Friend,) I doubt there is
A little fooliſh Love betwixt the Parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.

Pio. Happy diſcovery:
My Fruit begins to ripen. Hark you, Sir,
I would not wiſh you now to give thoſe Letters:
But home, and ope this to *Madonna Clara*,
Which when I come I'll juſtifie, and relate
More amply and particularly.

Bob. I approve
Your Council, and will practiſe it; *bazilos manos:*

Here's

(21) Here's two chewres chewr'd; when Wiſdom is imploy'd
'Tis ever thus: Your more acquaintance, Signior;
I ſay not better, leſt you think, I thought not
Yours good enough [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your Servant, excellent Steward.
Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more Brains.
Here comes the *Alguazier: Dieu vous guarde Monſieur.*
Is my Cuz ſtirring yet?
Alg. Your Cuz, good Couſin?
A Whore is like a Fool, a-kin to all
The Gallants in the Town: Your Cuz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other Couſin,
My Lord *Vitelli*; ſince when there hath been
Some dozen Couſins here t'enquire for her.
Pio. She's greatly ally'd, Sir.
Alg. Marry is ſhe, Sir,
Come of a luſty Kindred; the truth is,
I muſt connive no more; no more Admittance
Muſt I conſent to; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you muſt pardon——
Pio. Out upon thee Man,
Turn honeſt in thine Age? one foot i' th' Grave?
Thou ſhalt not wrong thy ſelf ſo, for a Million;
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for Wit
I mean) here is one Sop, and two, and three,
For ev'ry Chop a Bit.
Alg. I marry Sir:
Well, the poor Heart loves you but too too well.

(21) *Here's two Chewres chewr'd;*—] That is, *Here are two Buſineſſes diſpatched. Chewre* may be a South Country Word for *Buſineſs*, but in the North we ſhould ſay,

Here's two Chares char'd.——

So in *Noble Kinſmen*, we have the ſame Word, Act 3. Scene 2. The Jaylor's Daughter ſpeaking of *Palamon*, ſays,

All's char'd *when he is gone. No, no, I lye,*
My Father's to be hang'd for his Eſcape, &c.

We

We have been talking on you 'faith this Hour;
Where, what I ſaid — go too; ſhe loves your Valour;
Oh, and your Muſick moſt abominably
She is within, Sir, and alone; what mean you?
[Piorato *changes ſide.*

Pio. That's your Sergeant's ſide, I take it, Sir;
Now I endure your Conſtable's much better;
There is leſs danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmleſs Monſter in the Light,
The Sergeant, ſalvage both by Day and Night.
Alg. I'll call her to you, for that.—*Pio.* No, I will
Charm her. *Alg.* She's come. *Pio.* My Spirit!

Enter Malroda.

Mal. Oh my Sweet!
Leap Hearts to Lips, and in our Kiſſes meet.

SONG.

Pio. *Turn, turn thy beauteous Face away,*
How pale and ſickly looks the Day,
In emulation of thy brighter Beams!
Oh envious Light, flie, flie, begone,
Come Night, and piece two Breaſts as one;
When what Love does, we will repeat in Dreams
Yet, thy Eyes open, who can Day hence fright,
Let but their Lids fall, and it will be Night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your Fortitude,
And you to Temperance; ah, ye pretty Pair,
'Twere Sin to ſunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and Day and Night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the Peace;
You know my Place elſe. [*Exit.*
Mal. No, you will not marry;
You are a Courtier, and can Sing, my Love,
And want no Miſtreſſes; but yet I care not,
I'll love you ſtill, and when I'm dead for you,
Then you'll believe my Truth.
Pio. You kill me, Fair,

It is my Leſſon that you ſpeak; have I
In any Circumſtance deſerv'd this doubt?
I am not like your falſe and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his Faith;
And yet attempts in way of Marriage
A Lady not far off.
Mal. How's that?
Pio. 'Tis ſo:
And therefore Miſtreſs, now the time is come
You may demand his Promiſe; and I ſwear
To marry you with ſpeed.
Mal. And with that Gold
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll (22) walk ſome Voyage,
And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a Whore, and gull'd a Lord.
Pio. You anger me extremely; fare you well.
What ſhould I ſay to be believ'd? expoſe me
To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*,
Th' incenſed Step-mother of *Hercules*,
Deſign me (23) Labours moſt impoſſible,
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; ſo at laſt
You will believe me.
Mal. Come, we're Friends, I do;
I'm thine, walk in; my Lord has ſent me outſides,
But thou ſhalt have 'em, th' Colours are too ſad.
Pio. 'Faith Miſtreſs, I want Clothes indeed.
Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my Servant.

(22) ——*walk ſome Voyage,*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to Journies at Sea; but it properly ſignifies a Journey either by Land or Sea, as the *French* uſe the word *Voyage*. The word *Journey* is deriv'd from *Jour* the Day; Voyage is from *Voye, Via*, the *Way*: And here is us'd in its proper Signification. Mr. *Seward*.

(23) ——*Labours moſt impoſſible,*] This Place, at firſt Sight, appears to be a Contradiction: for if the Labours were impoſſible they could not be done either by *Piorato* or *Hercules*. *Moſt*, I take it here ſhould be wrote thus,

——*Labours 'moſt impoſſible,*

i. e. almoſt. The uſing of a ſimple for a compound Word is frequent in our Poets; and we have it again in this very Play, Act 5. Scene 2.

——*being by your Beams of Beauty* form'd, i. e. *inform'd.*

Pio.

Pio. And I have
A better Mettal for my Miſtreſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Alg. Undone——Wit, now or never help me——my Maſter——
He'll cut my Throat—I'm a dead Conſtable——
And he'll not be hang'd neither—there's the Grief.—
The Party, Sir, is here——
Vit. What?
Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordſhip mercy; but I ratled him;
I told him here was no Companions
For ſuch debauch'd, and poor condition'd Fellows;
I bid him venture not ſo deſp'rately
The cropping of his Ears, ſlitting his Noſe,
Or being gelt——
Vit. 'Twas well done.
Alg. Pleaſe your Honour,
I told him there were Stews, and then at laſt
Swore three or four great Oaths ſhe was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in Conſcience,
Being for your Lordſhip.
Vit. What became of him?
Alg. Faith, Sir, he went away with a Flea in's Ear,
Like a poor Cur, clapping his trundle Tail
Betwixt his Legs—*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*—now luck.

Enter Malroda *and* Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee; bleſs the Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.
Vit. Malroda, what alone?
Mal. She never is alone, that is accompany'd
With noble Thoughts, my Lord; and mine are ſuch,
Being only of your Lordſhip.
Vit. Pretty Laſs!

Mal.

Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done; but 'faith,
It is not like; nay, this way, Sir, the Light
Strikes beſt upon it here.
Pio. Excellent Wench! [*Exit.*
Alg. I am glad the danger's o'er. [*Exit.*
Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.
Mal. All's clear; another Tune
You muſt hear from me now. *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A moſt perfidious and a perjur'd Man,
As ever did uſurp Nobility.
Vit. What mean'ſt thou, *Mal?*
Mal. Leave your betraying Smiles,
And change the Tunes of your inticing Tongue
To penitential Prayers; (24) for I am great
In labour, e'en with Anger, big with Child
Of Woman's rage, bigger than when my Womb
Was pregnant by thee; go Seducer, flie
Out of the World, let me the laſt Wretch be
Diſhonoured by thee; touch me not, I loath
My very Heart, becauſe thou lay'ſt there long;
A Woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering Outſide of you all:
Would I had honeſtly been match'd to ſome
Poor Country Swain, e'er known the Vanity
Of Court: Peace then had been my Portion,

(24) ——————*for I am great*
In labour, e'en with Anger, big with Child
Of Woman's rage,——] Here we have a ſtrange Anticlimax, ſhe is *in Labour* with Anger, and yet only *big* with Child of Rage. The Editor poſſibly might be the Author of this Inconſiſtency, who ſeeing the Line wrote

——————*E'en with Anger big with Child* &c.

thought that the Meaſure was deficient, and ſo might out of his own Head give us *in Labour* to make up the Deficiency: but he did not ſee the Inconſiſtency of this Addition, which makes the Place Nonſenſe.

Nor had been cozen'd by an Hour's Pomp,
To be a Whore unto my dying Day.
Vit. (25) Oh th' uncomfortable ways ſuch Women have;
Their different ſpeech and meaning, no Aſſurance
In what they ſay or do: Diſſemblers
E'en in their Prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their *Adam*;
Lyers, as if their Mother had been made
Only of all the falſhood of the Man,
Diſpos'd into that Rib; do I know this,
And more; nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my Creation?
Can I with rational Diſcourſe ſometimes
Advance my Spirit into Heav'n, before
'T has ſhook Hands with my Body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy Fleſh to maſter it,
With ſight of ſuch fair frail beguiling Objects?
When I am abſent, eas'ly I reſolve
Ne'er more to entertain thoſe ſtrong deſires
That triumph o'er me, e'en to actual Sin;
Yet when I meet again thoſe Sorcerers Eyes,
Their Beams my hardeſt Reſolutions thaw,
As if that Cakes of Ice and *July* met;
And her Sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light Feather twirl me round about,
And leave me, in mine own low State again,
What ayl'ſt thou? Prithee weep not: Oh, thoſe Tears,
If they were true, and rightly ſpent, would raiſe
A flow'ry ſpring i' th' midſt of *January*;
Celeſtial Miniſters with Chryſtal Cups
Would ſtoop to ſave 'em for Immortal Drink:

(25) *Oh th' uncomfortable ways ſuch Women have;*] *Uncomfortable*, is ſurely not the true Word, becauſe there are ſeveral Words near the Trace of the Letters, which are ſo much more congruous to the Context; *Unconſcionable, unfathomable, unſearchable, inſcrutable.* But all theſe, as well as *uncomfortable*, make the Verſe an ill-running Alexandrine: I think therefore *unſtable*, i. e. mutable, fickle, *&c.* bids faireſt for having been the original. Mr. *Seward.*

But

But from this Paſſion——why all this?
Mal. D' ye ask?
You're marrying: having made me unfit
For any Man, you leave me fit for all;
Porters muſt be my Burthens now, to live,
And fitting me your ſelf for Carts, and Beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the World
But the *Virago*, your great Arch-foe's Daughter?
But on; I care not, this poor ruſh; 'twill breed
An excellent Comedy: ha! ha! 't makes me laugh:
I cannot chuſe: the beſt is, ſome report
It is a Match for Fear, not Love o' your ſide.
Vit. Why how the Devil knows ſhe, that I ſaw
This Lady? are all Whores piec'd with ſome Witch?
I will be merry. 'Faith 'tis true, Sweet-heart,
I am to marry——
Mal. Are you? you baſe Lord,
By——I'll Piſtol thee.
Vit. A roaring Whore?
Take heed, there's a Correction-houſe hard by;
You ha' learn'd this o' your Swordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your Fencers, and your Drunkards; but whereas
You upbraid me with Oaths, why, I muſt tell you
I ne'er promiſed you Marriage, nor have vow'd,
But ſaid I'd love you, long as you remain'd
The Woman I expected, or you ſwore;
And how you've fail'd of that, Sweet-heart, you know.
You fain would ſhew your Power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more Faith with an Infidel.
Mal. Nor I my Boſom for a *Turk*; d' ye hear?
Go, and the Devil take me, if ever
I ſee you more; I was too true.
Vit. Come, piſh:
That Devil take the falſeſt of us two.
Mal. Amen.
Vit. You're an ill Clark, and curſe your ſelf;
Madneſs tranſports you: I confeſs, I drew you
Unto my Will; but you muſt know that muſt not

Make me doat on the habit of my Sin.
I will, to ſettle you to your content,
Be Maſter of my word; and yet he ly'd,
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you ſlave me to your Tyranny
So cruelly, I ſhall not dare to look
Or ſpeak to other Women? make me not
Your Smock's Monopolie; come, let's be Friends:
Look, here's a Jewel for thee; I will come
At Night, and———

Mal. What—y' faith: you ſhall not, Sir.

Vit. I' Faith and Troth, and verily, but I will.

Mal. Half drunk, to make a Noiſe, and rail?

Vit. No, no.

Sober, and dieted for th' nonce: I'm thine,
I've won the Day.

Mal. The Night, though, ſhall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clara, *and* Bobadilla *with Letters.*

Cla. What ſaid he, Sirrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing; faith I ſaw him not,
Nor will not; he doth love a Strumpet, Miſtreſs,
Nay keeps her ſpitefully, under th' Conſtable's Noſe;
It ſhall be juſtified by th' Gentleman,
Your Brother's Maſter, that is now within
A practiſing: There are your Letters, come
You ſhall not caſt your ſelf away, while I live;
Nor will I venture my Right-worſhipful Place
In ſuch a Buſineſs—here's your Mother, down,
And he that loves you; another 'gates Fellow—I wiſh,
If you had any Grace—*Cla.* Well Rogue. *Bob.* I'll in,
To ſee Don *Lucio* manage, he will make
A pretty piece of Fleſh, I promiſe you,
He does already handle's Weapon finely. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Eugenia *and* Syavedra.

Eug. She knows your Love, Sir, and the full allowance
Her Father and my ſelf approve it with,
And I muſt tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought ſome Impreſſion by her Alteration;
She ſighs, and ſays, Forſooth, and cries Heigh-ho;
She'll take ill Words o' th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet anſwer affably, and modeſtly:
Things, Sir, not uſual with her; there ſhe is,
Change ſome few words.

Sya. Madam, I am bound t' ye;
How now, fair Miſtreſs, working?

Cla. Yes, forſooth,
Learning to live another Day.

Sya. That needs not.

Cla. No forſooth; by my truly but it does,
We know not what we may come to.

Eug. 'Tis ſtrange.

Sya. Come, I've begg'd leave for you to play.

Cla. Forſooth,
'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

Sya. Sh'ad better be well-buſied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn, ſhall I ſit by you?

Cla. If you be weary: Sir, y' had beſt be gone,
I work not a true Stitch, now you're my Mate.

Sya. If I be ſo, I muſt do more then, ſide you.

Cla. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

Sya. Shall we Bill?

Cla. Oh no, forſooth.

Sya. Being ſo fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?

Cla. Oh, white Sir,
The faireſt Ladies like the blackeſt Men:
I ever lov'd the Colour; all Black things
Are leaſt ſubject to Change.

Sya. Why, I do love
A Black thing too; and the moſt beauteous Faces

Have oftneſt of them; as the blackeſt Eyes,
Jet-arched Brows, ſuch Hair: I'll kiſs your Hand.
Cla. 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my task.
Sya. Your Mother, nor your Father ſhall chide; you
Might have a prettier Task, would you be rul'd,
And look with open Eyes.
Cla. I ſtare upon you,
And broadly ſee you; a wondrous proper Man!
Yet 'twere a greater Task for me to love you
Than I ſhall ever work, Sir, in ſeven Year,
——— O' this ſtitching, I had rather feel
Two, than ſow one: ——— This Rogue has giv'n m' a ſtitch
Clean croſs my Heart; good faith Sir, I ſhall prick you.
Sya. In gooder faith I wou'd prick you again.
Cla. Now you grow troubleſome; piſh, the Man's fooliſh.
Sya. Pray wear theſe Trifles.
Cla. Neither you, nor Trifles;
You are a Trifle, wear your ſelf, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Sya. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,
Nor faſt, nor die for you.
Cla. Gooſe, be n't deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor faſt, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit.
Sya. Sure this is not the way; nay, I will break
Your Melancholy———
Cla. I ſhall break your Pate then,
Away, you ſanguine Scabbard.
Eug. Out upon thee,
Thou'lt break my Heart, I'm ſure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.

Sya. She's not yet tame.
Alv. On Sir, put home, or I ſhall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:

Oh,

Oh, the brave Age is gone; in my young Days
A Chevalier would (26) ſtock a Needle's point
Three times together ſtrait i' th' Hams; or ſhall I
Give ye new Garters? *Bob.* Faith, old Maſter, there
Is little hope; the Linnen ſure was dank
He was begot in, he's ſo faint and cold:
Ev'n ſend him to *Toledo*, there to ſtudy,
For he will never fadge with theſe *Toledos*;
Bear y' up your Point there; pick his Teeth: Oh baſe!
Pio. Fie, you're the moſt untoward Scholar; bear
Your Body gracefully, what a Poſture's there?
You lie too open-breaſted. *Luc.* Oh! *Pio.* You wou'd
Never make a good Stateſman. *Luc.* Pray no more.
I hope to breathe in Peace, and therefore need not
The practice of theſe dang'rous Qualities;
I do not mean to live by't, for I truſt
You'll leave me better able.
Alv. Not a Button:
Let's go get us a new Heir.
Eug. Ay? by my troth, your Daughter's as untoward.
Alv. I'll break thee Bone by Bone, and bake thee, e'er
I will ha' ſuch a wooden Son t' inherit.
Take him a good knock, ſee how that will work.
Pio. Now for your life, Signior.
Luc. Oh, 'las I'm kill'd,
My Eye is out; look, Father, *Zancho*——
I'll play the Fool no more thus, that I will not.
Cla. 'Heart, ne'er a Rogue in *Spain* ſhall wrong my Brother,
Whilſt I can hold a Sword.
Pio. Hold Madam, Madam!
Alv. Clara!

(26) —*ſtock a* needleſs *point*] Needle's for *needleſs*, is from the oldeſt Folio; but ſtill there remains a ſeeming Corruption in the Line, and that is *Stock*. Mr. *Seward* wou'd read, *ſtrike*. I ſuppoſe it ſhould be corrected thus,

——————ſtick *a Needle's point*.

Eug. Daughter!
Bob. Miſtreſs!
Pio. Bradamante!
Hold, hold I pray.
Alv. The Devil's in her, o' the other ſide ſure:
There's Gold for you; they have chang'd what-ye-calt's;
Will no cure help? Well, I have one Experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, there's an end on't.
Come you along with me, and you, Sir.
Bob. Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt* Alv. Eug. Luc. *and* Bob.
Sya. I'll e'en along with ye; ſhe's too great a
Lady for me, and would prove more than my Match.
[*Exit.*
Cla. You're he ſpoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward?
Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.
Cla. But are you ſure you do not wrong him?
Pio. Sure?
So ſure, that if you pleaſe venture your ſelf,
I'll ſhew y' him and his Cokatrice together,
And you ſhall hear 'em talk.
Cla. Will you? By——Sir,
You ſhall endear me ever, and I ask
Your Mercy.
Pio. You were ſomewhat boyſterous.
Cla. There's Gold to make y' amends; and for this Pains,
I'll gratify you farther; I'll but maſque me,
And walk along w' ye; faith let's make a Night on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, *and* Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on, my brave Water-Spaniels, you that hunt Ducks in the Night, and hide more Knavery under your

your Gowns than your Betters; obſerve my Precepts, and edify by my Doctrine: At yond Corner will I ſet you; if Drunkards moleſt the Street, and fall to brabling, knock you down the Malefactors, and take you up their Cloaks and Hats, and bring them to me, they are lawful Priſoners, and muſt be ranſom'd e'er they receive Liberty; what elſe you are to execute upon occaſion, you ſufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wiſe enough, and warm enough.

Men. Vice this Night ſhall be apprehended.

Pac. The terrour of Rug-gowns ſhall be known, (27) and our Bills diſcharge us of after Reckonings.

Laz. I will do any thing, ſo I may eat.

Pac. Lazarillo, we will ſpend no more; now we are grown worſe, we will live better, let us follow our calling faithfully.

Alg. Away then, the Common-wealth is our Miſtreſs; and who would ſerve a common Miſtreſs, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*

(27) *and our* Bliſs *diſcharge us of after Reckonings.*] If my Reader can underſtand this, 'tis more than I can do, ſuppoſing the Text to ſtand as it does; but if with Mr. *Theobald* and myſelf we alter the word *Bliſs* into *Bills*, our Authors will write Senſe, and the Paſſage will be clear to the moſt unlearned.

I had like to have forgot to acquaint the Reader that the Copy of 1647 confirms our Conjecture.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaſtro, *and two Pages with Lights.*

Lam. I Pray you ſee the Maſque, my Lord.
Ana. 'Tis early Night yet.
Gen. O if it be ſo late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill Tongues
To tax my being here, without your Preſence
To be my warrant.
Vit. You might ſpare this, Siſter,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your Allowance, and his Choice, your Servant,
And may my Counſel and Perſwaſion work it,
Your Husband ſpeedily: For your Entertainment
My Thanks; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Miſtreſs ſome acceptable Service,
In waiting on her to my Houſe.
Gen. My Lord.
Vit. As you reſpect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and taſte thoſe Pleaſures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.
Lam. When you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Malroda *and* Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my Office,
Will be thy Slaves for ever.
Mal. Are you ſo hot?
Alg. But taſte the difference of a Man in place,
You'll find that when Authority pricks him forward,

Your

(28) Your *Don*, nor your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right; no Men pay dearer
For their ſtoln Sweets, than we; three Minutes trading
Affords to any Sinner a Protection,
For three Years after, think on that: I burn:
But one drop of your Bounty———
Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not Grace ſufficient
To have your ſtaff, a bolt to bar the Door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll preſume
To be his Taſter? *Alg.* Is no more reſpect
Due to (29) this Rod of Juſtice?
Mal. Do you diſpute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
———If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.
Alg. Why, I am big enough to anſwer him,
Or any Man.
Mal. 'Tis well. [Vitelli *within.*
Vit. Malroda!
Alg. How?
Mal. You know the Voice, and now crouch like a Cur,
Ta'en worrying Sheep; I now could have you gelded
For a Bawd rampant; but on this Submiſſion
For once I ſpare you.
Alg. I will be reveng'd———
My honourable Lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care.
Alg. I'm mad, ſtark mad; proud Pagan, ſcorn her Hoſt?
Would I were but valiant enough to kick her,

Enter Piorato, *and* Clara, *above.*

I'd wiſh no Manhood elſe.
Mal. What's that?

(28) So the Edition of 1647. The reſt *Your* Don; not yet *your* &c.
(29) *This* I have ſubſtituted for *his*, from the firſt Folio Copy.

Alg.

Alg. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Pio. You ſee I have kept my Word. *Cla.* But in the Object

Hardly deſerv'd my Thanks. *Pio.* Is there ought elſe
You will command me? *Cla.* Only your Sword, which
I muſt have; nay, willingly; I yet know
To force it, and to uſe it.

Pio. 'Tis yours, Lady.

Cla. I ask no other Guard.

Pio. If ſo, I leave you;
And now, if that the Conſtable keep his Word,
A poorer Man may chance to gull a Lord. [*Exit.*

Mal. By this good——you ſhall not.

Vit. By this——
I muſt, and will, *Malroda*; what, d' you make
A Stranger of me? *Mal.* I'll be ſo to you,
And you ſhall find it. *Vit.* Theſe are your old Arts
T' endear the Game, you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have borne too coldly. *Mal.* Do ſo ſtill.
For if I heat you, hang me.

Vit. If you do not,
I know who'll ſtarve for't; why, thou ſhame of Women,
Whoſe Folly, or whoſe Impudence is greater,
Is doubtful to determine; this to me,
That know thee for a Whore?——

Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.

Vit. Why ſhould I but grow wiſe,
And tye that Bounty up, which nor Diſcretion
Nor Honour can give way to, thou would'ſt be
A Bawd e'er twenty; and within a Month
A barefoot, lowſie, and diſeaſed Whore,
And ſhift thy Lodgings oftner than a Rogue
That's whipt from Poſt to Poſt.

Mal. Piſh, all our College
Know you can rail well in this kind.

Cla. 'Fore me
He never ſpake ſo well.

Vit. I have maintain'd thee

The

The envy of great Fortunes, made thee ſhine
As if thy Name were glorious; ſtuck thee full
Of Jewels, as the Firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee ſo remarkable
That it grew queſtionable, whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice ſo ſet forth as it is in thee,
Were ev'n by Modeſty's ſelf to be preferr'd:
And am I thus repaid?

Mal. You're ſtill my Debtor;
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my loſt Honour,
Much leſs my Faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'er known what Luſt was,
Nor what the Sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis falſe.

Mal. 'Tis true:
But how return'd by you? thy whole life being
But one continu'd act of Luſt, and Shipwrack
Of Womens Chaſtities.

Vit. But that I know
That ſhe that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I ſhould admire thy tempting me; but preſume not
O'th' power you think you hold o'er my Affections,
It will deceive you; yield, and preſently,
Or by the inflam'd Blood, which thou muſt quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.

Mal. Touch me not:
You know I have a Throat,——— if you do
I will cry out a Rape, or ſheath this here,
E'er I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat, which luſcious Meats and Wine,
And not Deſire, hath rais'd.

Vit. A deſp'rate Devil!
My Blood commands my Reaſon, I muſt take
Some milder way.

Mal. I hope, dear Don, I fit you.
The Night is mine, although the Day was yours,
You are not faſting now; this ſpeeding trick,
(Which I would as a Principle leave to all,
That make their Maintenance out of their own *Indies*,

As

As I do now;) my good old Mother taught me;
Daughter, quoth ſhe, conteſt not with your Lover
His Stomach being empty, let Wine heat him,
And then you may command him; 'tis a ſure one;
His Looks ſhew he is coming.
Vit. Come, this needs not,
Eſpecially to me; you know how dear
I ever have eſteemed you.
Cla. Loſt again.
Vit. (30) That any ſight of yours hath power to chang
My ſtrongeſt Reſolution; and one Tear
Sufficient to command a Pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all Mankind
Should kneel in vain for.
Mal. Pray you pardon thoſe
That need your Favour, or deſire it.
Vit. Prithee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay as a forfeit
For my raſh Anger, this Purſe fill'd with Gold.
Thou ſhalt have Servants, Gowns, Attires, what not?
Only continue mine.
Mal. 'Twas this I fiſh'd for. [*Aſid*
Vit. Look on me and receive it.
Mal. Well, you know
My gentle Nature, and take Pride t' abuſe it:
You ſee a Trifle pleaſes me, we're Friends;
This Kiſs, and this, confirms it.
Cla. With my Ruin.
Mal. I'll have this Diamond, and this Pearl.
Vit. They're yours.
Mal. But will you not, when you have what yc
came for,

(30) *That any* ſight *of yours*——
——— *and one Tear*]
I don't diſcard the word *Sight*, here, becauſe it may be explain'd i
Senſe; but ſtill I ſuſpect *Sight* has a Letter too much, and that
Original might run,
That any Sigh *or Tear* &c.
Sighs and Tears is common, not ſo *Sight and Tears.*

Tal

Take them from me to Morrow? 'Tis a faſhion
Your Lords of late have us'd.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Cla. That any Man at ſuch a rate as this
Should pay for his Repentance.
Vit. Shall we to bed now?
Mal. Inſtantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better,
There's ſomething firſt that in a word or two
I muſt acquaint you with.
Cla. (31) Can I cry Ayme,
To this againſt my ſelf? I'll break this Match,
Or make it ſtronger with my Blood. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, *&c.*

Alg. I'm yours.
A Don's not privileg'd here more than your ſelf,
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a Prieſt ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this ſcornful Whore to this poor Gallant,
She will make ſuit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-priz'd Wench upon her Knees:
For you, my fine neat *Harpyes*, ſtretch your Tallons
And prove your ſelves true Night-Birds.
Pac. Take my word
For me and all the reſt.
Laz. If there be Meat
Or any Banquet ſtirring, you ſhall ſee
How I'll beſtow my ſelf.
Alg. When they are drawn,
Ruſh in upon 'em, all's fair Prize you light on;
I muſt away: your Officer may give way
To th' Knav'ry of his Watch, but muſt not ſee it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*

(31) *Can I cry* ah me,] Mr. *Theobald*, with whom I had the Happineſs to concur, reads *Ayme*, a Word common in *Shakeſpear*, and the Playwrights of that Age, and the oldeſt Folio confirms the Lection.

Met.

Met. There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord
Had done I know not what to me.
Vit. I'm gull'd,
Firſt cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at;
Sirrah, what makes you here?
Pio. A buſineſs brings me,
More lawful than your own.
Vit. How's that, you Slave?
Mal. He's ſuch, that would continue her a Whore,
Whom he would make a Wife of.
Vit. I'll tread on
The Face you doat on, Strumpet.

Enter Clara.

Pac. Keep the Peace there.
Vit. A Plot upon my Life too?
Met. Down with him.
Cla. Show your old Valour, and learn from a Woman;
One Eagle has a world of odds againſt
A flight of Daws, as theſe are.
Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow inſtantly.
Pac. Run for more help there.
[*Exeunt all but* Vit. *and* Cla.
Vit. Loſs of my Gold, and Jewels, and the Wench too,
Afflicts me not ſo much, as th' having *Clara*
The Witneſs of my Weakneſs.
Cla. He turns from me;
And yet I may urge Merit, ſince his Life
Is made my ſecond Gift.
Vit. May I ne'er proſper
If I know how to thank her.
Cla. Sir, your Pardon
For preſſing thus, beyond a Virgin's bounds,
Upon your Privacies; and let my being
Like to a Man, as you are, be th' excuſe

Of

Of my ſolliciting that from you, which ſhall not
Be granted on my part, although deſir'd
By any other; Sir, you underſtand me,
And 'twould ſhew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther Boldneſs, which I muſt
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loſs of Bluſhes and good Name.

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,
If it were poſſible I could affect
The Daughter of an Enemy.

Cla. That fair falſe one,
Whom with fond Dotage you have long purſu'd,
Had ſuch a Father; ſhe to whom you pay
Dearer for your Diſhonour, than all Titles
Ambitious Men hunt for, are worth.

Vit. 'Tis truth.

Cla. Yet, with her, as a Friend, you ſtill exchange
Health for Diſeaſes, and, to your Diſgrace,
Nouriſh the Rivals to your preſent Pleaſures,
At your own charge, us'd as a Property
To give a ſafe Protection to her Luſt,
Yet ſhare in nothing but the ſhame of it.

Vit. Grant all this ſo, to take you for a Wife
Were greater hazard; for ſhould I offend you
(As 'tis not eaſy ſtill to pleaſe a Woman)
You're of ſo great a Spirit, that I muſt learn
To wear your Petticoat, for you will have
My Breeches from me.

Cla. Rather from this Hour
I here abjure all Actions of a Man,
And will eſteem it happineſs from you
To ſuffer like a Woman; Love, true Love
Hath made a ſearch within me, and expell'd
All but my natural Softneſs, and made perfect
That which my Parents care could not begin.
I will ſhow ſtrength in nothing, but my Duty
And glad deſire to pleaſe you, and in that
Grow every Day more able.

Vit. Could this be,
What a brave Race might I beget? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reaſon why
I ſhould hold longer out; ſhe's young, and fair,
And chaſt, for ſure; but with her leave, the Devil
Durſt not attempt her: Madam, though you have
A Soldier's Arm, your Lips appear as if
They were a Lady's.
Cla. They dare, Sir, from you
Endure the Tryal.
Vit. Ha! once more I pray you——
The beſt I ever taſted; and 'tis ſaid
I have prov'd many; 'tis not ſafe, I fear,
To ask th' reſt now; well, I'll leave Whoring and
Luck herein ſend me with her: Worthieſt Lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forſwear it)
Tell you, you are my Wife.
Cla. Which if you do,
(33) From me, all Man-kind Women, learn to woe.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, *and* Lazarillo.

Alg. A Cloak? Good purchaſe; and rich Hangers? well,
We'll ſhare ten Piſtolets a Man.
Laz. Yet ſtill
I'm monſtrous hungry; could you not deduct
So much out of the groſs ſum, as would purchaſe
Eight Loyns of Veal, and ſome two dozen of Capons?
Pac. O ſtrange Proportion for five.
Laz. For five? I have

(33) Thus runs the Edition of 1647. The Octavo,
From me all Mankind, Women, learn to woe.

A

A Legion in my ſtomach, that have kept
Perpetual Faſt theſe ten Years; for the Capons,
They are to me but as ſo many Black-birds:
May I but eat once, and be ſatisfied,
Let the Fates call me, when my Ship is fraught,
And I ſhall hang in Peace.
Alg. Steal well to Night,
And thou ſhalt feed to Morrow; ſo, now you are
Yourſelves again, I'll raiſe another Watch
To free you from Suſpicion; ſet on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
T'aſſiſt you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. O brave Officer!

Enter Alvarez, Lucio *and* Bobadilla.

Pac. Would every Ward had one but ſo well given,
And we would watch, for Rug, in gowns of Velvet.
Mend. Stand cloſe, a Prize.
Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.
Alv. Why doſt thou hang upon me?
Luc. 'Tis ſo dark
I dare not ſee my way; for Heav'n ſake, Father,
Let us go home.
Bob. No, even here we'll leave you;
Let's run away from him, my Lord.
Luc. Oh 'las.
Alv. Th' aſt made me mad, and I will beat thee dead,
Then bray thee in a Mortar, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be?
He has been three Days practiſing to drink,
Yet ſtill he ſips like to a Waiting-Woman,
And looks as he were murd'ring of a Fart
Among wild *Iriſh* Swaggerers.
Luc. I have ſtill
Your good word, *Zancho*; Father—
Alv. Milk-ſop, Coward;

No Houſe of mine receives thee; I diſclaim thee,
Thy Mother on her Knees ſhall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.
Luc. Pray you ſpeak for me, [*To* Bobadil.
Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine Honour
Alv. There's only one Courſe left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to ſtrike the next Man that you meet;
And if we chance to light upon a Woman,
Take her away, and uſe her like a Man,
Or I will cut thy Hamſtrings.
Pac. This makes for us.
Alv. What doſt thou now?
Luc. I'm ſaying, Sir, my Prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anaſtro, *and Pages with Lights.*

Lam. Madam, I fear
You'll wiſh y' had us'd your Coach; your Brother's Houſe
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better, Sir; this Walk
Will help Digeſtion after your great Supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your Task,
Or elſe you know what follows.
Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me. By your favour,
Sir, I muſt ſtrike you.
Lam. For what cauſe?
Luc. I know not;
And I muſt likewiſe talk with that young Lady,
An Hour in private.
Lam. What you muſt, is doubtful,
But I am certain, Sir, that I muſt beat you.
Luc. Help, help.
Alv. Not ſtrike again?

Lam

Lam. How, *Alvarez?*
Ana. This for my Lord *Vitelli*'s love,
Pac. Break out,
And like true Thieves, make prey on either ſide,
(33) But ſeem to help the Stranger.
Bob. Oh my Lord!
They've beat him on his knees.
Luc. Though I want Courage,
I yet have a Son's Duty in me, and
Compaſſion of a Father's Danger; that,
That wholly now poſſeſſes me.
Alv. Lucio,
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So, *Lazarillo,*
Take up all, Boy; well done.
Pac. And now ſteal off
Cloſely and cunningly.
Ana. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your ſelves
A prey to Rogues?
Lam. Would we were off.
Bob. Thieves, Thieves.
Lam. Defer our own Contention; and down with them.
Luc. I'll make you ſure.
Bob. Now he plays the Devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*
Luc. I'll follow her;
Half of my Penance is paſt o'er. [*Exit.*

(34) *But ſeems to help the Stranger.*] But as they were to be the Harpies of the Night, 'twould be ſomething difficult to diſtinguiſh in the dark betwixt the contending Parties. I freely own this Place (if not corrected) is abſolute Nonſenſe, or not intelligible. The way to ſet it ſound muſt be by changing a Letter, and 'twill then turn out thus,

But ſeem to help the ſtronger.

Enter Alguazier, Aſſiſtant, *and other Watches.*

Alg. What Noiſe? [you.
What Tumult's there? keep the King's Peace, I charge
Pac. I'm glad he's come, yet——
Alv. O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City, when Men of our Rank
Are ſet upon thus in the Streets.
Lam. Th' Aſſiſtant
Shall hear on't, be aſſur'd.
Ana. And if he be
That careful Governor he is reported,
You will ſmart for't.
Alg. Patience, good Signiors;
Let me ſurvey the Raſcals; O, I know them,
And thank you for them; they are pilf'ring Rogues
Of *Andaluzia*, that have perus'd
All Priſons in *Caſtile*; I dare not truſt
The Dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own Houſe.
Pac. We'd rather go to Priſon.
Alg. Had you ſo, Dog-bolts? yes, I know you had;
You there would uſe your cunning Fingers on
The ſimple Locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.
Lam. My Miſtreſs loſt? good Night. [*Exit.*
Bob. Your Son's gone too,
What ſhould be come of him?
Alv. Come of him, what will;
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to Bed:
Look to your Priſoners, *Alguazier*. [*Exit with* Bob.
Alg. All's clear'd;
Droop not for one Diſaſter; let us hug,
And triumph in our Knav'ries.
Aſſiſt. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely.
Alg. I muſt a little glory in the means
We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and ſafely:

How

How we break through the Toils, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far leſs Delinquents;
A ſimple Shopkeeper's carted for a Bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a Smock-gameſter;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my Houſe, as in a Cloyſter,
Without Taint, or Suſpicion.
Pac. But ſuppoſe
The Governor ſhould know it?
Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himſelf with prying into
The Meaſures in the Market, and th' Abuſes
The Day ſtands guilty of; the Pillage of
The Night is only mine, mine own Fee-ſimple
Which, you ſhall hold from me, Tenants at will,
And pay no Rent for't.
Pac. Admirable Landlord!
Alg. Now we'll go ſearch the Taverns, commit ſuch
As we find drinking; and be drunk our ſelves
With what we take from them; theſe ſilly Wretches,
Whom I for form ſake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Aſſiſt. And we will
See you ſafe lodg'd, moſt worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his Comrades.
Met. 'Tis the Governor.
Alg. We are betray'd.
Aſſiſt. My Guard there; bind them faſt:
[*Enter Guard.*
How Men in high Place and Authority
Are in their Lives and Eſtimations wrong'd
By their ſubord'nate Miniſters? yet ſuch
They cannot but imploy; wrong'd Juſtice finding
Scarce one true Servant in ten Officers.
T'expoſtulate with you, were but to delay
Your Crimes due Puniſhment, which ſhall fall on you
So ſpeedily, and ſeverely, that it ſhall
Fright others by th' example; and confirm,

However corrupt Officers may diſgrace
Themſelves, 'tis not in them to wrong their Place.
Bring them away.
Alg. We'll ſuffer nobly yet,
And like to *Spaniſh* Gallants.
Pac. And we'll hang ſo.
Laz. I have no Stomach to't: but I'll endeavour.
[*Exeu*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucio *and* Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude; pray you forbear, you oſ
now
More than the breeding of a Gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
Luc. 'Tis but to kiſs you,
And think not I'll receive that for a Favour
Which was enjoin'd me for a Penance, Lady.
Gen. You've met a gentle Confeſſor, and for once,
(So then you will reſt ſatisfy'd,) I vouchſafe it.
Luc. Reſt ſatisfy'd with a Kiſs? Why, can a Man
Deſire more from a Woman? Is there any
Pleaſure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.
Gen. Sweet Innocence!
Luc. What ſtrange new Motions do I feel? m
Veins
Burn with an unknown Fire; in ev'ry part
I ſuffer Alteration; I am poiſon'd,
Yet languiſh with deſire again to taſte it,
So ſweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'er ſaw
A lovely Man, 'till now.
Luc. How can this be?
She is a Woman, as my Mother is,
And her I have kiſs'd often, and brought off

My Lips unſcorch'd; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And ſo ſhould be leſs hurtful; pray vouchſafe
Your Hand to quench the Heat ta'en from your Lip,
Perhaps that may reſtore me.
Gen. Willingly.
Luc. The flame increaſes; if to touch you, burn thus,
What would more ſtrict Embraces do? I know not;
And yet methinks to die ſo, were t' aſcend
To Heav'n, through Paradiſe.
Gen. I'm wounded too;
Though Modeſty forbids that I ſhould ſpeak
What Ignorance makes him bold in; why d' you fix
Your Eyes ſo ſtrongly on me?
Luc. Pray ſtand ſtill,
There's nothing elſe, that's worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.
Gen. Can you love me?
Luc. To wait on y' in your Chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made Divine,
Were ſuch a happineſs——I am reſolved,
I'll ſell my liberty to you for this Glove,
And write my ſelf your Slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On eaſier Terms
Receive it, as a Friend.
Lam. How! Giving Favour!
I'll have it with his Heart.
Gen. What will you do?
Luc. As you are merciful, take my Life rather.
Gen. Will you depart with't ſo?
Luc. Does that grieve you?
Gen. I know not, but ev'n now you appear'd valiant.
Luc. 'Twas to preſerve my Father, in his Cauſe
I could be ſo again. *Gen.* Not in your own?
Kneel to thy Rival, and thine Enemy?
Away unworthy Creature, I begin

To

To hate my ſelf, for giving entrance to
A good Opinion of thee; for thy Torment,
If my poor Beauty be of any Power,
May'ſt thou doat on it deſp'rately; but never
Preſume to hope for Grace, till thou recover
And wear the Favour that was raviſh'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my Head too then.

Gen. Poor Fool, farewel. [*Exit.*

Luc. My womaniſh Soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward Fleſh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her Beauty is inſpir'd
A new and Maſc'line one, inſtructing me
What's fit to do or ſuffer; powerful Love!
That haſt with loud, and yet a pleaſing Thunder
Rous'd ſleeping Manhood in me, thy new Creature,
Perfect thy work; ſo that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lamoral *and* Lucio.

Lam. CAN it be poſſible, that in ſix ſhort hours,
The Subject ſtill the ſame, ſo many Habits
Should be remov'd? Or this new *Lucio* (he
That yeſternight was baffel'd and diſgrac'd,
And thank'd the Man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a Woman) ſhould now dare
On terms of Honour to ſeek Reparation,
For what he then appear'd not capable of?

Luc. Such Miracles, Men that dare do Injuries
Live to their ſhames to ſee, for puniſhment
And ſcourge to their proud Follies.

Lam. Prithee leave me:

Ha

Had I my Page or Foot-man here to fleſh thee,
I durſt the better hear thee.
Luc. This Scorn needs not:
And offer ſuch no more.
Lam. Why, ſay I ſhould,
You'll not be angry?
Luc. Indeed I think I ſhall,
Would you vouchſafe to ſhew your ſelf a Captain,
And lead a little farther, to ſome Place
That's leſs frequented——
Lam. He looks pale. [*Aſide.*
Luc. If not,
Make uſe of this.
Lam. There's Anger in his Eyes too: [*Aſide.*
His Geſture, Voice, Behaviour, all new faſhion'd;
Well, if it does endure in Act the trial
Of what in ſhow it promiſes to make good,
Ulyſſes' *Cyclops*, *Io's* Transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from Hell, with all the reſt
Of *Ovid's* Fables, I'll put in my Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be,
Write down that *Lucio*, the Coward *Lucio*,
The womaniſh *Lucio* fought.
Luc. And *Lamoral*,
The ſtill employ'd great Dueliſt *Lamoral*,
Took his Life from him.
Lam. 'Twill not come to that ſure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that Confidence.
Luc. It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you ſtand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rival, one that wiſhes
Your Name and Title greater, to raiſe his;
The wrong you did, leſs pardonable than it is,
But your Strength to defend it, more than ever
It was when Juſtice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*,
Of more deſert, (if ſuch incomparable Beauty

Could

Could ſuffer an Addition) your Love
To Don *Vitelli* multiply'd, and your Hate
Againſt my Father and his Houſe increas'd;
And laſtly, that the Glove which you there wear
To my Diſhonour, (which I muſt force from you)
Were dearer to you than your Life.
Lam. You'll find
It is, and ſo I'll guard it.
Luc. (35) All theſe muſt meet then
With the black Infamy, to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a Man; to help your Valour,
That falling by your Hand, I may, or die,
Or win in this one ſingle Oppoſition
My Miſtreſs, and ſuch Honour as I may
Inrich my Father's Arms with.
Lam. 'Tis ſaid nobly,
My Life with them are at the ſtake.
Luc. At all then. [*Fight.*
Lam. She's your's; this and my Life too, follow you
Fortune,
And give not only back that part, the Loſer
Scorns to accept of———
Luc. What's that?
Lam. My poor Life,
Which do not leave me as a farther Torment,
Having deſpoil'd me of my Sword, mine Honour,
Hope of my Lady's Grace, Fame, and all elſe
That made it worth the keeping.
Luc. I take back
No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;
And with a worſer Title; yet think not
That I'll diſpute this, as made inſolent
By my Succeſs, but as one equal with you,
If ſo you will accept me; that new Courage,
(Or call it Fortune if you pleaſe,) that is

(35) The Folio of the oldeſt Date reads thus,
All theſe meet then.

Conferr'

Conferr'd upon me by the only ſight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not beſtow'd on me
To bloody purpoſe: Nor did her Command
Deprive me of the happineſs to ſee her,
But till I did redeem her Favour from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and ſhare with you
In all you ſuffer elſe.

Lam. This Courteſie
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make uſe of either, and diſpatch me.

Luc. The barbarous *Turk* is ſatisfy'd with Spoil;
And ſhall I, being poſſeſt of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?

Lam. You were better be ſo,
Than publiſh my Diſgrace, as 'tis the Cuſtom,
And which I muſt expect.

Luc. Judge better of me:
I have no Tongue to trumpet mine own Praiſe
To your diſhonour; 'tis a Baſtard Courage
That ſeeks a Name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all Goodneſs,
But to her virtuous ſelf, the beſt part of it,
I never will diſcover on what terms
I came by theſe; which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the deſire of being a Friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of Manhood in me, ſeek me when you pleaſe,
(And though I might refuſe it with mine Honour)
Win them again, and wear them: ſo good Morrow.
[*Exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true Valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this Diſgrace, than all
The Honours I have won; they made me proud,
Preſumptuous of my Fortune; a mere Beaſt,
Faſhion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no Reaſons for my wilful Actions
But what I ſtuck on my Sword's point, preſuming

It

It was the beſt Revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with ſhame, teach us to know our ſelves.
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral.
Lam. My Lord?
Vit. I came to ſeek you.
Lam. And unwillingly,
You ne'er found me till now; your pleaſure, Sir?
Vit. That which will pleaſe thee, Friend, thy vow'
Love to me
Shall now be put in Action; means are offer'd
To uſe thy good Sword for me, that which ſtill
Thou wear'ſt (36) as if it were a part of thee,
Where is't?
Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more Fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.
Vit. Why, (37) I ne'er thought
That there was Magick in it, but aſcrib'd
The Fortune of it to thy Arm. *Lam.* Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your Friendſhip: I am one new vanquiſh'd,
Yet ſhame to tell by whom.
Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainſt whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy Honour loſt, if there be any ſuch:

(36) Thus the Copy of 1647. The reſt,]
——— *as if it were a part of* that.

(37) ——————*I ne'er thought*
That there was Muſick *in it.*—] My Reader, no doubt, will ſurpriz'd with the *Muſick of a Sword.* It may be the firſt time he e heard of ſuch a thing, and I aſſure him 'tis quite new to me and M *Seward* too. We ſuppoſe the Line might originally run thus,
——*there ne'er was* Magick *in it,*
i. e. the Wonders of his Sword were not owing to any Charm, Enchantment like the Swords of Knights-Errant, but only to powerful arm that wielded it.

T

The King, by my long Suit, at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my ſelf, with either's Second,
Shall end the difference between our Houſes,
Which he accepts of; I make choice of thee;
And where you ſpeak of a Diſgrace, the Means
To blot it out, by ſuch a publick Trial
Of thy approved Valour, will revive
Thy antient Courage. If y' embrace it, do;
If not, I'll ſeek ſome other.
Lam. As I am,
You may command me.
Vit. Spoke like that true Friend
That loves not only, for his private end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Genevora *with a Letter, and* Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madonna Clara?*
Bob. Yes, an't pleaſe you.
Gen. *Alvarez'* Daughter?
Bob. The ſame Lady.
Gen. She,
That ſav'd my Brother's Life?
Bob. You're ſtill i' th' right;
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and knowing
How neceſſary a diſcreet, wiſe Man
Was, in a buſineſs of ſuch weight, ſhe pleas'd
To think on me; it may be in my Face
Your Ladyſhip, not acquainted with my Wiſdom,
Finds no ſuch matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you pleaſe.
Gen. 'Tis ſtrange——
Bob. That I ſhould be wiſe, Madam?
Gen. No, thou art ſo;
There's for thy Pains, and prithee tell thy Lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy Thanks and Duty in thy preſent Abſence:
Farewel,

Farewel, farewel, I ſay, now thou art wiſe. [*Exit* Bob.
She writes here, ſhe hath ſomething to impart
That may concern my Brother's Life; I know not,
But general Fame does give her out ſo worthy,
That I dare not ſuſpect her; yet wiſh *Lucio*

Enter Lucio.

Were Maſter of her Mind; but fie upon't;
Why do I think on him?—See I am puniſh'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for Preſence: Now I muſt
Endure another tedious piece of Courtſhip,
Would make one forſwear courteſie.
Luc. Gracious Madam, [*Kneels.*
The Sorrow paid, for your juſt Anger tow'rds me,
Ariſing from my weakneſs, I preſume
To preſs into your Preſence, and deſpair not
An eaſie Pardon.
Gen. He ſpeaks Senſe: Oh ſtrange!
Luc. And yet believe, that no deſire of mine,
Though all are too ſtrong in me, had the Power
For their Delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded; it being in your part
To leſſen your great Rigour when you pleaſe,
And mine to ſuffer with an humble Patience
What you'll impoſe upon it.
Gen. Courtly too.
Luc. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to ſerve you)
(38) Recover'd what with Violence, not Juſtice,
Was taken from him; and here at your Feet
With theſe, he could have laid the conquer'd Head
Of *Lamoral* ('tis all I ſay of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a Relick

(38) *Recover'd what with Violence,*——] So the Edition of 1647, which was eaſily corrupted into
Recover'd that with Violence,——
of the other Copies.

I ever would have worſhip'd, ſince 'twas yours.
Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could [*Aſide.*
Wiſh in her Servant.
Luc. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the Oppoſite to baſe Luſt,
Which would have all Men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your Beams of Beauty form'd,
Cheriſh as your own Creature.
Gen. I am gone
Too far now to diſſemble: Riſe, or ſure
I muſt kneel with you too; let this one Kiſs
Speak the reſt for me; 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chaſtity would, I could wiſh more.
Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown ſad;
What is it, Madam? by——
(39) There's nothing that's within my Nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I ſhould as much as Man)
But when you pleaſe, now, or on all Occaſions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Diſpoſe of at your Pleaſure.
Gen. If you break
That Oath again, you loſe me. Yet ſo well
I love you, I ſhall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: Reſt ſatisfied
With that you have receiv'd now, there are Eyes
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our Friends are ended, I would not
Be ſeen ſo private with you.
Luc. I obey you.
Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember

(39) *There's nothing that's within my Nerves——*
But *when you* pleaſe——
——————but *you may*
Diſpoſe of at your Pleaſure.] Our Authors, here, have certainly had ſome foul Play. I can't think it probable, that they could be guilty of ſuch glaring Tautology in the expreſſing of a thing ſo eaſy, as that himſelf and all things in his Power were at his Miſtreſs's Service.

I am *Vitelli*'s Sister.

Luc. What's that Madam?

Gen. Nay nothing: fare you well, who feels Love's fire,
Would ever ask * to have means to desire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, *Herald, and Attendants.*

Assist. Are they come in?

Her. Yes.

Assist. Read the Proclamation,
That all the People here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the King's dear love
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with Silence: Read aloud.

Herald Reads.

FOrasmuch as our high and mighty Master, Philip, *the Potent and most Catholick King of* Spain, *hath not only in his own Royal Person, been long and often sollicited, and grieved, with the* (40) *the deadly and uncurable Hatred, sprung up betwixt the two antient and most honourably descended Houses of these his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects,* Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, *and Don* Pedro de Vitelli; (*all which in vain his Majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualifie:*) *But that also through the Debates, Quarrels, and Outrages daily arising, falling, and*

(40) '*deadly and* honourable *hatred, sprung up between the two antient and most* uncurable *descended Houses*] Here is a glorious Piece of Nonsense, which was born in the Year 1679, and begat a Son of the same likeness with itself in the Year 1711. The present Text which I have given is from Mr. *Seward*'s and my own Conjecture confirm'd by the Copy of 1647.

* *i. e.* To have the Means to compass his desire.

flowing

flowing from theſe great Heads, his publick civil Government is ſeditiouſly and barbarouſly moleſted and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry, (no leſs tender to his Royal Majeſty, than the very Branches of his own ſacred Blood) ſpoil'd, loſt, and ſubmerged, in the impious Inundation and Torrent of their ſtill-growing Malice: It hath therefore pleaſed his Sacred Majeſty, out of his infinite Affection to preſerve his Common-wealth, and general Peace, from farther Violation, (as a ſweet and heartily loving Father of his People,) and on the earneſt Petitions of theſe Arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-choſen and beloved Friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Caſtle of St. Jago, *on this preſent* Monday *Morning betwixt eight and nine of the Clock, where (before the Combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) this to be read aloud for the publick Satisfaction of his Majeſty's well beloved Subjects.*

'Save the King. [*Drums within.*

Sya. (41) Hark, how their Drums ſpeak their inſatiate thirſt
Of Blood, and ſtop their Ears 'gainſt pious Peace,
Who gently whiſpering, implores their Friendſhip.
Aſſiſt. Kings nor Authority can maſter Fate;
Admit 'em then, and Blood extinguiſh Hate.

Enter ſeverally, Alvarez *and* Lucio, Vitelli *and* Lamoral.

Sya. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring,
(Wherein Men now-a-days exceed even Beaſts,
And think themſelves not Men elſe,) ſo tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of Chriſtianity;
Lord *Alvarez*, *Vitelli*, Gentlemen,
No Town in *Spain*, from our *Metropolis*
Unto the rudeſt Hovel, but is great

(41) *Hark, their Drums ſpeak*—] So the Text of 1679, and the Copy of 1711. The oldeſt Edition gives the Reading here adopted.

You know, if Argument, or Time, or Love,
Could reconcile, long ſince we had ſhook Hands;
I dare proteſt, your Breath cools not a Vein
In any one of us, but blows the Fire,
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.
Alv. *Vitelli*, thou ſay'ſt bravely, and ſayſt right,
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee ſo.
Vit. Ha! ha! old Man, upon thy Death I'll build
A ſtory with this Arm, for thy old Wife
To tell thy Daughter *Clara* ſeven Years hence,
As ſhe ſits weeping by a Winter's Fire,
How ſuch a time *Vitelli* ſlew her Husband
With the ſame Sword his Daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet; come, *Lamoral*,
Redeem thy ſelf.
Lam. *Lucio*, *Genevora*
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding Heart,
For my preſented Hat, laid at her Feet.
Luc. Thou talk'ſt well *Lamoral*, but 'tis thy Head
That I will carry to her to thy Hat:
Fie, Father, I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh Boy!
Thy Father's true Son:
Beat Drums, ——— and ſo good Morrow to your Lordſhip.

Ana. Brave, and *Spaniſh*, right.
Gen. Lucio!
Cla. Vitelli!
Eug. Alvarez!
Alv. How the Devil
Got theſe Cats into th' gutter? my Puſs too?
Eug. Hear us.
Gen. We muſt be heard.
Cla. We will be heard.
Vitelli, look, ſee *Clara* on her Knees,
Imploring thy Compaſſion; Heav'n, how ſternly
They dart their emulous Eyes, as if each ſcorn'd
To be behind the other in a Look!
Mother, Death needs no Sword here; oh my Siſter,
(Fate fain would have it ſo,) perſuade, entreat,
(42) A Lady's Tears are ſilent Orators,
Or ſhould be ſo at leaſt, to move beyond
The honeſt-tongued Rhetorician;

Why

(42) *A Lady's Tears are ſilent Orators,*
——————to move beyond
The honeſt-tongu'd Rhetorician;] That there is no proper Antitheſis between the *ſilent Oratory of a Lady's Tears* and the *Honeſty of a Rhetorician's Tongue*, muſt be clear to any Reader of common Senſe. The Incorrectneſs of the Preſs is evident alſo in the ſame Line both by the Conſtruction of *tongu'd*, which ſpoils the Verſe, and that the *Hyphen* was miſplac'd. The ſame Inaccuracy therefore undoubtedly put *honeſt* for *loudeſt*, which is not far from the Trace of the Letters, and is the Epithet which the Antitheſis evidently requires. Mr. *Seward.*

The Corruption in this Line Mr. *Seward* has judiciouſly remark'd, though with Submiſſion, I can't think he has been ſo happy in his Correction here, as he uſually is elſewhere. *Loud* and *ſilent*, according to his Conjecture preſerves the Antitheſis well; but as *Loudneſs* is the leaſt part of an Orator, ſerving more to *deaf* than *perſuade* an Audience, I can't help thinking, but we muſt ſeek for another Word, to ſupply the Place of *honeſt*. I would therefore propoſe reading thus,

The honey-tongued *Rhetorician*;

or to keep nearer the Trace of the Letters ſtill,

The honieſt-tongued *Rhetorician.*

Why will you fight? Why do's an Uncle's Death,
Twenty Year old, exceed your Love to me
But twenty Days? Whoſe forc'd cauſe, and fair manner
You could not underſtand, only have heard.
Cuſtom, that wrought ſo cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my Sex, and knew not
Whether my Body Female were, or Male,
You did unweave, and had the Power to charm
A new Creation in me, made me fear
To think on thoſe deeds I did perpetrate;
How little Pow'r though you allow to me,
That cannot with my Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers
Move you from your own loſs, if you ſhould gain.
Vit. I muſt forget you *Clara:* 'till I have
Redeem'd my Uncle's Blood, that brands my Face
Like a peſtif'rous Carbuncle, I'm blind
To what you do; deaf to your cries; and Marble
To all impulſive Exorations.
(43) When on this Point I've perch'd thy Father's Soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking Hand,
Drawn forth the Bowels of that Murtherer;
If thou canſt love me then, I'll marry thee,
And for thy Father loſt, get thee a Son;
On no Condition elſe.
Aſhſt. Moſt barbarous!
Sya. Savage!
Ana. Irreligious.
Gen. Oh *Lucio!*
Be thou more merciful; thou bear'ſt fewer Years,
Art lately wean'd from ſoft Effeminacy;

Our Poets who were admirers of the Claſſics, might poſſibly have had *Neſtor* in their Eye, who is thus deſcrib'd by *Homer*,

Experienc'd Neſtor, *in* Perſuaſion skill'd,
Words ſweet as Honey, *from his Lips diſtill'd.*
Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation.

(43) *When in this Point.*—] *On* for *in* is only to be found in the firſt Folio.

As

A Maiden's Manners, and a Maiden's Heart
Are Neighbours ſtill to thee; be then more mild,
Proceed not to this Combat; be'ſt thou deſp'rate
Of thine own Life; yet, Deareſt, pity mine:
Thy Valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
Theſe Eyes begot it, this Tongue bred it up,
This Breaſt would lodge it; do not uſe my Gifts
To mine own ruin; I have made thee rich,
Be not ſo thankleſs, to undo me for't.

Luc. Miſtreſs, you know I do not wear a Vein
I would not rip for you, to do you Service;
Life's but a Word, a Shadow, a melting Dream,
Compar'd t' eſſential and eternal Honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your Brother? if I firſt caſt down my Sword,
May all my Body here be made one Wound,
And yet my Soul not find Heav'n thorough it.

Alv. You would be Catter-walling too, but Peace,
Go, get you home, and provide Dinner for
Your Son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry;
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee Cock of all
The proud *Vitellis* that do live in *Spain*;
Fie, we ſhall take cold: Hunch: —— I'm hourſe
Already.

Lam. How your Siſter whets my Spleen!
I could eat *Lucio* now.

Gen. Vitelli, Brother,
Ev'n for your Father's Soul, your Uncle's Blood,
As you do love my Life; but laſt, and moſt,
As you reſpect your own Honour, and Fame,
Throw down your Sword; he is moſt valiant
That herein yields firſt.

Vit. Peace, you Fool.

Cla. Why, *Lucio*,
Do thou begin; 'tis no Diſparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy Valour
Is in his Infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,

To whom thou ow'ſt it; Oh, that conſtant Time
Would but go back a Week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'ſt not dare to fight.
Eug. Lucio, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it; throw thy Sword down firſt.
Alv. I'll throw his Head down after then.
Gen. Lamoral,
You've often ſwore you'd be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this; your Spight and Scorn, *Genevora*,
Has loſt all Power on me.
Gen. Your hearing for ſix Words.
Aſſiſt. Sya. Ana. Strange Obſtinacy!
Alv. Vit. Luc. Lam. We'll ſtay no longer.
Cla. Then by thy Oath, *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadful Oath, thou would'ſt return that Sword
When I ſhould ask it, give it to me now,
This inſtant I require it.
Gen. By thy Vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to ſtrike a ſtroak; now he
Of our two Brothers that loves Perjury
Beſt, and dares firſt be damn'd, infringe his Vow.
Sya. Excellent Ladies!
Vit. Piſh, you tyrannize.
Luc. We did equivocate.
Alv. On.
Cla. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my Husband, (for he is ſo,
Wanting but Ceremony,) that I pray
His 'vengeful Sword may fall upon thy Head
Succeſsfully, for Falſe-hood to his Siſter.
Gen. I likewiſe pray, *Vitelli*, *Lucio*'s Sword
(Who equally's my Husband as thou hers,)
May find thy falſe Heart, that durſt gage thy Faith,
And durſt not keep it.
Aſſiſt. Are you Men, or Stones?

Alv.

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our Swords.
Eug. Your hearing for ſix Words, and we have done.
Zancho, come forth——We'll fight our Challenge too;
Now ſpeak your Reſolutions.

Enter Bobadilla, *with two Swords and a Piſtol.*

Gen. Theſe they are,
The firſt blow giv'n betwixt you, ſheathes theſe Swords
In one another's Boſoms.
Eug. And Rogue, look
You at that inſtant do diſcharge that Piſtol
Into my Breaſt; if you ſtart back, or quake,
I'll ſtick you like a Pig. *Alv.* — Hold, you are
Mad. *Gen.* This we have ſaid; and by our hope of Bliſs
This we will do; ſpeak your intents.
Cla. Gen. Strike.
Eug. Shoot.
Alv. Vit. Lam. Luc. Hold, hold; all Friends.
Aſſiſt. Come down.
Alv. Theſe dev'liſh Women
Can make Men Friends and En'mies when they liſt.
Sya. A gallant Undertaking, and a happy;
Why this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer Preſent to our Maſter
Philip, than the return from his *Indies.*

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Father, your Bleſſing.
Alv. Take her; if ye bring not
Betwixt you, Boys that will find out new Worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a falſe Prophet.
Vit. Brother,
There is a Siſter; long divided Streams
Mix now at length, by Fate.
Bob. I am not regarded; I was the careful Steward that provided theſe Inſtruments of Peace, I put the longeſt Weapon in your Siſter's Hand, my Lord, becauſe ſhe

ſhe was the ſhorteſt Lady: For likely the ſhorteſt Ladies love the longeſt ——— Men: And for mine own part, I could have diſcharged it: my Piſtol is no ordinary Piſtol, it has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why ſhould I ſhoot my two Bullets into my old Lady? If they had gone, I would not have ſtaid long after; I would ev'n have died too, bravely i' faith, like a *Roman* Steward; hung my ſelf in mine own Chain, and there had been a ſtory of *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, for after Ages to lament. Hum; I perceive, I am not only not regarded, but alſo not rewarded.

Alv. Prithee Peace; 'ſhalt have a new Chain, next St. *Jaques* Day, or this new gilt.

Bob. I am ſatisfied; let Virtue have her due: And yet I am melancholy upon this Atonement; pray Heav'n the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitelli's* Steward, and I could meet; they ſhould find it ſhould coſt 'em a little more to make us Friends. Well, I will forſwear Wine and Women for a Year; and then I will be drunk to Morrow, and run a whoring like a Dog with a broken Bottle at's Tail; then will I repent next Day, and forſwear 'em again more vehemently; be forſworn next Day again, and repent my Repentance; for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Aſſiſt. Nay, you ſhall dine with me; and afterward
I'll with ye to the King: But firſt, I will
Diſpatch the Caſtle's Buſineſs, that this Day
May be compleat. Bring forth the Malefactors,

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, *and Guard.*

You *Alguazier*, the Ring-leader of theſe
Poor Fellows, are degraded from your Office,
You muſt return all ſtol'n Goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelve Month without any Pay:
This, if you fail of, (all your Goods confiſcate,)

You're

You're to be Whipt, and ſent into the Gallies.
Alg. I like all, but reſtoring; that Catholick Doctrine
I do diſlike: learn, all yé Officers
By this, to live uprightly —— if you can. [*Exit.*
Aſſiſt. You Cobler, to tranſlate your Manners new,
Are doom'd to th' Cloiſters of the Mendicants,
With this your Brother, Botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel Hoſe for the poor Friers,
Till they allow your Penance for ſufficient,
And your Amendment; then you ſhall be freed,
And may ſet up again,
Pach. Mendoza, come,
Our Souls have trode awry in all Men's ſight,
We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Ex.* Pach. *and* Mend.
Aſſiſt. Smith, in thoſe Shackles you for your hard Heart
Muſt lie by th' Heels a Year.
Met. I've ſhod your Horſe, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Aſſiſt. Away: For you, my hungry white-loaf'd Face,
You muſt to th' Gallies, where you ſhall be ſure
To have no more Bits, than you ſhall have Blows.
Laz. Well, tho' I Herrings want, I ſhall have Rows.
Aſſiſt. Signior, you have prevented us, and puniſh'd
Your ſelf ſeverelier than we would have done.
You have married a Whore; may ſhe prove honeſt.
Pio. Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honeſt Woman,
That may prove a Whore.
Vit. 'Tis a handſome Wench; and thou canſt keep her tame
I'll ſend you what I promis'd.
Pio. Joy to your Lordſhips.
Alv. Here may all Ladies learn, to make of Foes
The perfect'ſt Friends; and not the perfect'ſt Foes

Of

Of deareſt Friends, as ſome do now a-days.

Vit. (44) Behold the Pow'r of Love, to Nature loſt
By Cuſtom irrecoverably paſt the hope
Of Friends reſtoring, Love hath here retriev'd
To her own Habit, made her Bluſh to ſee
Her ſo long monſtrous Metamorphoſes;
May ſtrange Affairs never have worſe Succeſs.

[*Exeunt.*

(44) *Behold the Power of Love, to Nature loſt*

——— ——— *Love hath here retriev'd*] Here is another difficult Paſſage, at leaſt to me, *Behold the Power of Love*, which (Love) hath here *to* loſt Nature retrieved *to* her own Habit. This the Reader may make Senſe of if he can, while I endeavour to ſet the Place right thus,

Behold the Power of Love, Nature tho' loſt

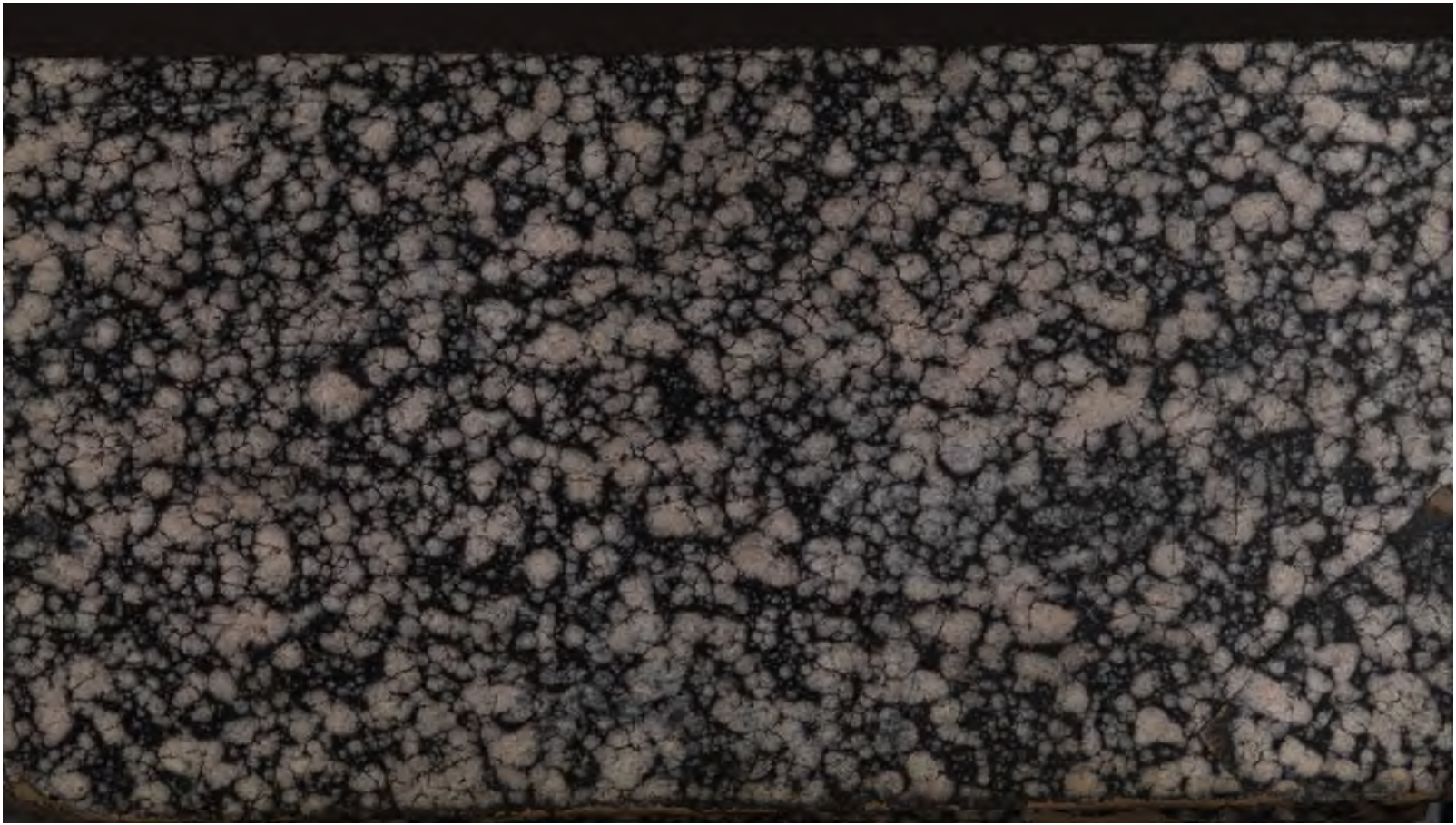
——— ——— *Love hath retriev'd*
To her own Habit &c.

Here we have a glimmering of Senſe and Reaſon, and the Poets are clear'd from a Blunder they could hardly be guilty of.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

OUR Author fears there are ſome Rebel Hearts,
Whoſe Dullneſs doth oppoſe Love's piercing Darts;
Such will be apt to ſay there wanted Wit,
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ
With Spirit and Life; ſuch odd things as theſe
He cares not for, nor ever means to pleaſe;
For if your ſelves, a Miſtreſs or Love's Friends,
*Are * lik'd with this ſmooth Play, he hath his End.*

* *i. e.* pleas'd.

The End of the Seventh Volume.